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# Ballads and Songs of Indiana

Collected and Edited by

PAUL G. BREWSTER



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PAUL G. BREWSTER, A.M.



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Indiana University, Bloomington

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The Indiana University Publications, Folklore Series,  
was founded in 1939 for the publication of occasional  
papers and monographs in the field of folklore.

Ballads and Songs  
of Indiana

To the memory of my father

HAROLD O. BREWSTER

himself a lover of the old songs

## PREFACE

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To those who have been accustomed to think that American folksong survives only in mountain recesses of the South, the increasing number of fine collections recently issued from less isolated regions comes as evidence of a surprising vitality.

Mr. Brewster's volume of ballads from Southern Indiana opens up a new field, and shows us what riches of traditional song have awaited his skillful discovery and enthusiastic recording. The section of the state covered was settled about a century ago, largely from the South, though there is a sufficient mixture of other traditions to complicate the problem of comparative study.

The hundred folksongs, including twenty-seven versions of traditional English and Scottish ballads and the tunes for fourteen of these, will be of great interest not only to the folksong scholar, for whom a whole new territory is explored, but to residents of this section, who will find preserved here a part of their traditional life that might otherwise have perished.

STITH THOMPSON





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## INTRODUCTION

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### BEGINNINGS AND GROWTH OF THE INDIANA COLLECTION

THE present attempt at a comprehensive and systematic collecting of Indiana folksong had its inception four years ago in an assignment to an English Literature class of mine in Oakland City High School. Members of the group, which was at the time studying some of the English and Scottish ballads, were asked to make a search for texts and fragments of similar songs known to their parents, grandparents, or other relatives. Each student was furnished a mimeographed sheet of song titles and opening lines or stanzas, and was cautioned against accepting songs of late date and songs obviously derived from the printed page.

Frankly, I had little hope that anything of value would be recovered as a result of this hunt for songs. I knew, of course, that ballads had been sung in the state and that a few specimens had appeared in the columns of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* and elsewhere, but felt, in common with most other students of folksong, that Indiana was a rather sterile field for the song collector. Imagine my surprise, not to say delight, when during the next week some half-dozen valuable songs were brought in, among them some fragments, sadly corrupted but recognizable, of two Child ballads!

Encouraged by this initial success, we enlisted the aid of students in other English classes, first explaining carefully what kind of song was desired, and giving each student a list of titles and opening lines and also full instructions as to the data to be obtained from each contributor. A letter of explanation to Mr. J. Roy Strickland, of Owensville, secured for our undertaking much helpful publicity in his PARAGRAPHY column in the *Evansville Courier*; and, as Mr. Strickland was at that time president of the Southern Indiana McGuffey Club, he was largely instrumental in interesting members of that organization in what was being attempted.

Publicity in the columns of the *Courier* was followed by editorials, feature stories, and commendatory articles in the *Evans-*

ville Press, the *Indianapolis News*, and the *Indianapolis Star*. The late Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, special writer for the latter, on several occasions generously gave us space for queries in her column, A HOOSIER LISTENING-POST. Publishers of the *Oakland City Journal*, the *Western Star* (Mount Vernon), the *Grandview Monitor*, the *Boonville Standard*, and other local papers also helped the cause by allowing us to run informative articles, and to print specimen songs in their pages.

Soon after the first mention by Mr. Strickland of our project, we were fortunate enough to gain the attention and the interest of Mrs. Inez Lysle Johnson, of Mount Vernon, who not only gave freely of songs which she had previously taken down from the singing of her father, but also kindly offered to take over the musical side of the collecting. Supervisor of music for several years in the Mount Vernon schools and a folksong enthusiast herself, she has rendered an invaluable service in noting for us the old tunes, many of which, but for her tireless effort, would not be included in this volume.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS

Contributions to the Indiana collection, which numbers at present approximately three hundred texts (exclusive of variants) and nearly one hundred tunes, have come from eighteen counties, most of them in the southern part of the state. The counties represented in the collection are: Crawford, Delaware, Gibson, Hendricks, Jennings, Marion, Monroe, Morgan, Orange, Parke, Perry, Pike, Posey, Spencer, Vanderburg, Vigo, Warrick, and Washington.

Something should be said here perhaps regarding the racial stock and the ancestry of our contributors, though lack of space makes it impossible to present a thorough study. Suffice to say that we have not been unmindful of the very important relation of genealogy to the preservation and the transmission of folksong, and that we have endeavored to obtain from each contributor all possible data regarding his forebears both in this country and in the country of his family's origin. The following brief sketches, which I think may be fairly considered typical, will give a general idea as to the background of the contributors and of the songs themselves.

My paternal great-grandfather was George Row, a lieutenant in the Northampton County State Militia, Pennsylvania, during the Revolutionary

War. My great-grandmother was Martha Peel, daughter of William Peel and niece of Sir Robert Peel (so runs the family legend!). My mother's people were Barretts. They came to Posey County, Indiana, from South Carolina and entered land here on July 30, 1817.

My great-great-grandfather was a French Huguenot who came to this country for religious freedom early in the eighteenth century. His name was DeBruler.

My paternal great-grandfather, William Stoker, was a Revolutionary soldier. My paternal grandfather, Benjamin Stoker, came from Virginia to Indiana in 1804, twelve years before its admission as a state. He settled in Gibson (then Knox) County. He enlisted in the "Rangers," a volunteer organization to keep the Indians in check on the frontier of Illinois Territory. Later, under the command of Captain Jacob Warrick, he fought against the Shawnee Indians, taking part in the Battle of Tippecanoe, November 7, 1811. My maternal great-grandmother was Irish—an O'Neil; my maternal grandfather came to Indiana from North Carolina in 1813.

The Indiana collection contains no songs of any foreign groups, such as Italians, Polish, Swedish, or French. The population of Southern Indiana, the section of the state from which most of these songs have been recovered, is largely of Anglo-Saxon stock, with a considerable number of Germans and a sprinkling of Irish, Scotch, French, and Swiss. The following names, taken at random from the list of contributors, are indicative of the racial stock of their bearers: Bryant, Sullivan, Toole, MacDonald, Mavity, Fowler, Elliott, Jardine, McAllister, Baynes, McGregor, Johnson, Roberts, Davis, McAtee, Baldwin, Riley, McCullough, Murphy, and Carr. No Negro songs have been collected as yet.

Contributions to the collection have been made by individuals of widely varied professions and occupations. A good version of "The Elfin Knight" was furnished us by a doctor; one of "The Two Sisters" by a college professor; one of "Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight" by a merchant; and one of "Lord Lovel" by a disabled Spanish-American War veteran. The sole version of "The Wife of Usher's Well" was sung to me by a retired contractor; that of "Lizie Lindsay" by a Scotch mine superintendent. Other contributors are farmers, miners, plasterers, dentists, librarians, teachers, ministers, cooks, newspapermen, truck-drivers, and housewives. Many of the songs recovered were sent us by former Hoosiers now living in other states.

It must be added regretfully that ballad-singing, as an active tradition, is practically nonexistent in Indiana. In some half-

dozen instances, however, I have found English and Scottish traditional ballads being taught to small children by their parents and grandparents.

## TYPES OF FOLKSONG RECOVERED

The songs thus far collected in Indiana fall roughly into the following groups: 1, English and Scottish traditional ballads; 2, later ballads (both Old World and American); 3, game-songs; 4, folk-lyrics (chiefly English and American); 5, songs more or less definitely Hoosier in character; and 6, carols.

## TREATMENT OF TEXTS AND TUNES

In the case of texts, a scrupulous adherence to the original copy furnished by the contributor has been our aim. Where demonstrably incorrect renderings appear, necessary corrections have been made and the original given in a footnote. Suggested readings have been indicated in the notes by questions. Errors in spelling have been corrected except in the case of archaic words, where the original spelling has been retained. At no time has there been any intention of "improving" a text, or any attempt to do so.

No pains have been spared to take down the tunes of the following songs exactly as they were sung by their contributors. A very small percentage of tunes was sent in already noted, by far the greater number having been taken down by Mrs. Johnson and by Miss Lucile Wilkin, of Connersville, while they were being sung. After the air was noted, it was played or sung over to the singer, who passed judgment upon the correctness of the transcription, pointing out any variations or necessary changes.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT

There remains, finally, the pleasant task of recording here my indebtedness to various persons for information and counsel. To the friendly interest of Professor Ralph S. Boggs, my old instructor in folklore, I owe the honor of having been invited in 1935 to read before the Popular Literature Section of the Modern Language Association of America a paper on the folksongs of Indiana, and thus to bring this material to the attention of folklorists present at that meeting. To Professor George Lyman



Kittredge, to Professor H. M. Belden, and to Professor Reed Smith I am grateful for help in identifying many of the songs given here. Professor Newman I. White has generously aided me with a note on "Simon Slick." To Professor Stith Thompson I am indebted for kindly encouragement and bibliographical assistance.

My thanks are due also to the officials of the Indiana State Library, the Indiana University Library, and the Cleveland Public Library for courteous and efficient service in procuring needed books, and to Miss Anne G. Gilchrist, of Lancaster, England, for much helpful information regarding English and Scottish collections and texts.

I am indebted to Dr. Ruth Benedict, editor of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, for permission to reprint here several ballad texts and tunes from my "Traditional Ballads from Indiana" (XLVIII (1935), No. 190); to the Clarendon Press for the privilege of quoting two stanzas from Clark, *The Shirburn Ballads*; and to the Harvard University Press for permission to quote from Rollins, *The Pepys Ballads*. The University of North Carolina Press has kindly allowed me to use a stanza from Odum and Johnson, *The Negro and His Songs*; and Mr. Arthur Wallace Peach, agent for the Committee on Traditions and Ideals, has given me permission to reproduce in full a version of "The Twelve Days of Christmas" from Flanders and Brown, *Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads*.

To these and to all others, unnamed here but remembered, who have helped to make this book possible, my grateful thanks.

PAUL G. BREWSTER

Oakland City, Indiana  
July 1, 1939

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## THE ELFIN KNIGHT

(Child, No. 2)

Five variants, all more or less fragmentary, of this ballad have been recovered in Indiana. They correspond most closely to Sargent and Kittredge A, although, as is usually the case in ballads of this type, all traces of the wooer's supernatural character have disappeared.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 3 (four variants and two airs); Gray, p. 78 (one variant); *Journal*, VII, 228; XVIII, 49, 212; XIX, 130; XXIII, 430; XXVI, 174; XXX, 283; *PTFLS*, X, 137; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 31 (fragment).

English texts are to be found in Sharp, *Folk-Songs of England*, III, 21; Greig, *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs*, 1-2 (two airs); Baring-Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 3; Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, p. 12 (with air); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, I, 83; II, 212; III, 274.

The ballad seems to be known locally as "The Two Lovers" or "I Want You to Make Me a Cambric Shirt."

## A

"The Two Lovers." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. January 14, 1936.

1. "I want her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
With very fine needle and very coarse work,  
Then she shall be true lover of mine.
2. "Go tell her to wash it in yonder spring,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
No water there and never has been,  
Then she shall be true lover of mine."
3. "Go tell him to plant an acre of land,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
Between the salt sea and the dry sand,  
Then he shall be true lover of mine.
4. "Go tell him to plow it with one hog's horn,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
Plant it all over with one grain of corn,  
Then he shall be true lover of mine.

5. "Go tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
And bind it all up in a peafowl feather,  
Then he shall be true lover of mine.
6. ".....  
.....  
Bind it all up and cart it all home,  
Then he shall be true lover of mine.
7. "Go tell that old fool when he's done his work,  
Rivers and seas are merry in time,  
To bring me my corn and I'll give him his shirt,  
Then he shall be true lover of mine."

## B

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. January 2, 1936.

1. "As you go out to yonders town,  
Every rose grows merry in time,  
Give my respects to that young lady;  
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.<sup>1</sup>
2. "Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,  
Every rose grows merry in time,  
And make it without any needle-work;  
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.
3. "Tell her to wash it in yonders spring,  
Every rose grows merry in time,  
Where water never flows nor never's been seen;  
Then she shall be a true lover of mine.
4. "Tell her to hang it on yonders thorn,  
Every rose grows merry in time,  
That's never been budded since Adam was born;  
Then she shall be a true lover of mine."

---

<sup>1</sup> The last two lines of each stanza are to be repeated.

5. "As you go out to yonders town,  
    Every rose grows merry in time,  
Give my respects to that young man;  
    Then he shall be a true lover of mine.
6. "Tell him to plow it with a young ram's horn,  
    Every rose grows merry in time,  
And plant it all over with one grain of corn;  
    Then he shall be a true lover of mine.
7. "Tell him to reap it with a sickle of leather,  
    Every rose grows merry in time,  
And bind it all in a peafowl feather;  
    Then he shall be a true lover of mine."

C

No title given. Collected by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Sung by Mrs. Earl Underhill, of Doolittle Mills, Indiana. Perry County. January 24, 1936.

1. "If you go up to town tonight,  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
Just hand this note to that young miss,  
    Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
2. "And tell her to make me a fine shirt,  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
And make it out of an old cotton sheet,  
    Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
3. "And tell her to sew it with her gold ring,  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
And every stitch a foot between,  
    Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
    Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.

4. "And tell her to wash it in yonder well,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
Where never a drop of water fell,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
5. "And tell her to hang it on yonder thorn,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
That never grew there since Adam was born,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma."
6. "If you go down to town tonight,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
Just hand this note to that young gent,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
7. "And tell him to buy me an acre of land,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
Between salt water and the sea sand,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
8. "And tell him to plow it with a ram's horn,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
And seed it down with one grain of corn,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
9. "Tell him to reap it with his penknife,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
And haul it in with two yoke of mice,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.
10. "And tell him to haul it to yonder barn,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
That's never been built since Adam was born,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma.

11. "Just tell that gent if he's done his work,  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma,  
He can call tonight and get his shirt,  
Tum a tiest tum a tiste tum a tinest  
Ly flum a lum a licker sloma."

D

"Mother, Make Me a Cambric Shirt." Contributed by Mrs. John W. Wright, of Aurora, Indiana. Dearborn County. January 17, 1936.

1. "Mother, make me a cambric shirt,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee,  
Without a stitch of needlework,  
Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee.
2. "Wash it out in an old dry well,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee,  
Where a drop of water never fell,  
Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee.
3. "Hang it out on an old bush thorn,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee,  
Where the sun never shone since Adam was born,  
Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee.
4. "Mother, buy me an acre of land,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee,  
By the sea sea-shore, by the sea sea-sand,  
Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee.
5. "Mother, plant me an acre of corn,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee,  
And plow it up with an old ram's horn,  
Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee.

6. "Now, kind friends, my song is done,  
 Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee;  
 I hope I've not offended one.  
 Keely ope, keely ope, patalai, patempali,  
 Fom a nomanee, cast nomanee."

## E

No title given. Communicated by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. January 24, 1936.

1. "Go make for me a cambric shirt,  
 Rose merry and time,<sup>2</sup>  
 Without seam or needlework;  
 Then you shall be true lover of mine.

.....

2. "Go buy for me an acre of land,  
 Rose merry and time,  
 Between the salt water and the sea sand;  
 Then you shall be true lover of mine.

3. ".....  
 .....  
 Plant it all o'er with one grain of corn;  
 Then you shall be true lover of mine."

---

<sup>2</sup> *Rosemary and thyme?*

## 2

## THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

(Child, No. 3)

Only one variant of this ballad has been found in Indiana. It closely resembles the A, B, and C texts of Child.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 11 (one variant); Davis, p. 61 (one variant); Pound, *Ballads*, p. 48 (one variant); *Journal*, XXIV, 344; XXX, 285; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, pp. 1-2.

"The False Fidee." Communicated by Miss Lucile Wilkin, of Connersville, Indiana. Learned in this state from the singing of Mrs. Chester A. Porter, now of Lawrenceville, Illinois. October 5, 1935. With music.

## THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

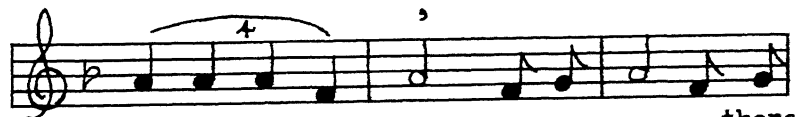
Text and air contributed by Miss Lucile Wilkin



"Where are you going?" Said the



False, fie, the False Fi--dee. "I'm



there  
go-ing to my school," Said the child and



still she stood.

1. "Where are you going?"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"I'm going to my school,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.
2. "Whose sheep are those?"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"They're mine and my mother's,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.
3. "Which one is mine?"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"The one with the blue tail,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.
4. "There's nary a one with a blue tail,"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"And nary a one shall you have,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.
5. "I wish you were in the bottom of the sea,"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"With a good ship under me,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.
6. "I wish you were in the bottom of the well,"  
Said the False, fie, the False Fidee;  
"And you in the lowest depths of Hell,"  
Said the child, and there still she stood.



## 3

## LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

(Child, No. 4)

The widespread currency of this ballad not only in the British Isles and America but also in Continental Europe led Child to write of it: "Of all ballads this has perhaps obtained the widest circulation." Only three variants have been recovered in this state, however. They are closest perhaps to Child *E*, although the name Polly does not occur in that text and is found only in *F*. In other texts the heroine is May Colvin (Colven) or May Collin. Her reminding the false lover of his promise of marriage occurs in none of the Child versions. The name William does not appear in the texts of Child; there the lover is Sir John. It is possible, however, that the William of our Indiana variant is a corruption of *villain*. The turning three times around is not found in any of the Child versions.

For American texts, see Belden, No. 1 (fragment); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 2; Cox, No. 1 (fragment); Hudson, No. 1; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 1; Scarborough, p. 43; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Smith, *Ballads*, No. 1; Wyman and Brockway, p. 82; Sandburg, p. 60; *Journal*, XVIII, 132; XIX, 232; XXII, 65, 76, 374, 344; XXIV, 333; XXVII, 90; XXVIII, 148; XXX, 286; XXXV, 338; XLII, 254; XLIX, 213 (Missouri); Fauset, *Folk-Lore from Nova Scotia*, p. 109; *PTFLS*, X, 138; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 8; Cox, *Traditional Ballads, Mainly from West Virginia*, pp. 1-5; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 32; *BFSSNE*, I, 3 (New Hampshire); Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 216.

English and Scottish texts will be found in Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, p. 164 (with air); *Roxburghe Ballads*, VII, 333; Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (London, 1846), p. 74; Greig, *Last Leaves*, p. 2 (with air); Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 548; *JFSS*, I, 246; II, 282; IV, 116, 374.

For a Hungarian version, "Molnar Anna," see Buday, George, and Giles Ortutay, *Székely Népkalladák* No. 25. Manx analogues, "Illiam Bogt" and "Cur uss Jeed," appear in *JFSS*, VII, 300-301.

Local titles for this ballad are "Six Kings' Daughters" and "Pretty Polly." It is sometimes known also as "The False Lover."

## A

"Six Kings' Daughters." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 22, 1935.

1. He followed me up and he followed me around,  
And he followed me around all day;  
I had not the power to speak a word  
Or a tongue to answer, "Nay, O Nay,"  
Or a tongue to answer, "Nay."

2. "Go bring me some of your father's gold  
And some of your mother's fee;  
And I'll take you to the bonny sea sands,  
And then we'll marry at Dee, O Dee,  
And then we'll marry at Dee."
3. She mounted upon a milk-white steed  
And he the iron-gray,  
And they rode till they came to the salt sea sands,  
Three long hours before day, O day,  
Three long hours before day.
4. "Alight, alight, my Pretty Polly Anne;  
Alight, alight," says he;  
"For six kings' daughters have I drowned here,  
And the seventh one you shall be, O be,  
And the seventh one you shall be.
5. "Take off, take off those fine, fine clothes  
And lay them on this rock,  
For they are too fine and costly-ee  
To lay in the sea and rot, O rot,  
To lay in the sea and rot."
6. "It's turn your face three times around,  
Your back to the leaves on the tree";  
Then she picked him up most manfully  
And plunged him into the sea, O sea,  
And plunged him into the sea.
7. "Help me out, help me out, my pretty maiden;  
Help me out, help me out," says he;  
"And we will go to the next sea sands,  
And there we'll marry at Dee, O Dee,  
And there we'll marry at Dee."
8. "Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted one;  
Lie there instead of me;  
If six kings' daughters you have drowned here,  
The seventh one you shall be, O be,  
The seventh one you shall be."

9. She mounted upon her milk-white steed  
And led the iron-gray;  
She rode till she came to her own father's door,  
Two long hours before day, O day,  
Two long hours before day.

.....

10. "Hush up, hush up, my pretty parrot!  
Don't tell no tales on me!  
Your cage shall be lined with beads of gold  
And hung on a willow tree, O tree,  
And hung on a willow tree."

B

"Pretty Polly." Sung by "Uncle Reuben" Hurt, eighty-four, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 10, 1935.

1. "Go bring me some of your father's gold  
And some of your mother's fee,  
And two good horses from your father's stable,  
Where stand thirty and three."
2. She mounted upon the milk-white steed,  
And he upon the gray;  
They rode till they came to the wide water seas,  
Three long hours before day.
3. "Light you down, my pretty Polly;  
I've something to say to thee.  
I have drowned six of the kings' daughters here,  
And the seventh you shall be.
4. "Pull off those fine clothing  
And lay them on a rock;  
They are too costly clothing  
To lay in the water and rot."
5. "Hush, hush, false-hearted William;<sup>1</sup>  
That's not what you promised me;  
.....  
And married I should be.

---

<sup>1</sup> Possibly a mistake for *villain*.

6. "Turn yourself three times around  
And face the limb on the tree";  
She picked him up most manfully  
And plunged him in the sea.
7. "Lie there, false-hearted William;  
Lie there in place of me;  
You would have freely stripped me,  
But I'll take nothing from thee."
8. She mounted on the milk-white steed,  
And behind she led the gray;  
.....  
.....
9. "Pretty Polly, what are you doing,  
Up at this early hour?"  
.....  
.....
10. "Hold your tongue, pretty parrot,  
And tell no tales of me;  
Your cage shall be of better<sup>2</sup> gold,  
And hung on a willow tree."
11. "The cats came to my cage door  
And were about to murder me,  
And I called to my pretty Polly  
To drive the cats away."

## C

"Six Kings' Daughters." Contributed by Mrs. B. C. Raley, of Greencastle, Indiana. Putnam County. Learned from the singing of her mother. November 21, 1935. With music.

1. He followed me up; he followed me down;  
He followed me wherever I'd go.  
I had not the heart to turn him back,  
Nor the tongue to tell him, "No, no, no,"  
Nor the tongue to tell him, "No."

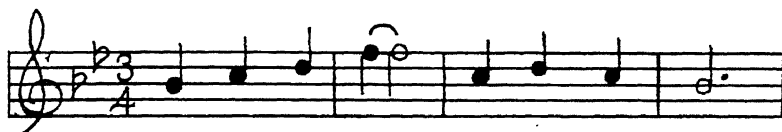
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<sup>2</sup> For *beaten*?

2. She got up on her pony<sup>3</sup> white horse,  
 And he on a dappled gray;  
 And they rode till they came to the broad waterside,  
 Six long hours before day, day, day,  
 Six long hours before day.

## LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

Text and air contributed by Mrs. B. C. Raley



"Take off your silks and sat-ins gay,



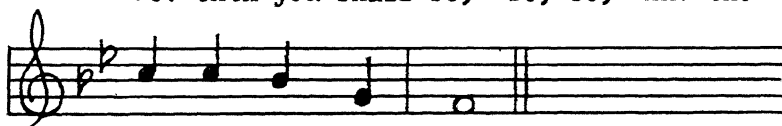
And lay them down by me; For here I've



drowned six kings' daughters, And the



sev-enth you shall be, be, be, And the



sev-enth you shall be."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> For bonny.

3. "Take off your silks and satins so gay  
And lay them down by me;  
For here I've drowned six kings' daughters,  
And the seventh you shall be, be, be,  
And the seventh you shall be."
4. "Then turn your face to yon willow tree,  
And turn your back on me";  
.....  
.....  
.....
5. She caught him round the small of the back;  
She hooved<sup>4</sup> him in the sea,  
Saying, "Here you've drowned six kings' daughters,  
But the seventh never shall be, be, be,  
But the seventh never shall be."
6. She got up on her pony white horse  
And led the dappled gray,  
And she rode till she came to her own father's house,  
Three long hours before day, day, day,  
Three long hours before day.
7. "Now, hush you up, you pretty poll-parrot,  
And tell no tales on me;  
Your nest shall be lined with the yellow beaten gold,  
And hung in the willow tree, tree, tree,  
And hung in the willow tree."

---

<sup>4</sup> For *heaved* or *hove*.

## 4

## EARL BRAND

(Child, No. 7)

Two texts of this ballad have been recovered thus far. They were contributed by sisters, who had learned the song from an aunt more than fifty years ago. Both texts follow Child *B* rather closely, though lacking several of its stanzas. It will be noted that the motif of the plants entwining over the graves of the lovers is condensed.

For American texts, see Barry, *Modern Language Notes*, XXV, 104; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 35 (two variants and two airs); Cox, p. 18 (one variant); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 3; Davis, p. 86 (five variants) and p. 552 (two melodies); Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 7; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 9; Mackenzie, p. 60; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 66; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 115; *Journal*, XXVIII, 152, 200; XLII, 257; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 45; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 36; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 219.

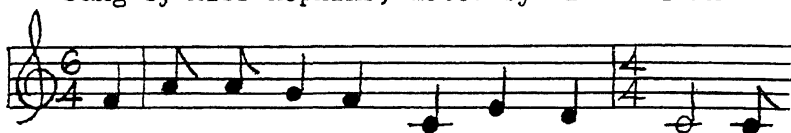
## A

"Lady Margaret." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 20, 1935. With music.

1. Lord William down from the Highlands rode,  
It was all by the light of the moon;  
He rode till he came to my lady's abode,  
And there he lighted down.
2. He mounted her on a milk-white steed  
And himself on his gallant grey,  
And with bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
O how they rode away!
3. O he rode on and she rode on;  
It was all by the light of the moon.  
They rode till he spied her seven brothers bold,  
And then they lighted down.
4. "Light ye down, Lady Margaret," he said,  
"And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until against your seven brothers bold  
And your father I make my stand."

## EARL BRAND

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



He mounted her on her milk-white steed



And himself on his gallant grey;



His bugelet horn hung down by his



side; Gaily he rode a---way.

5. She held his steed in her milk-white hand,  
And never shed one tear  
Until her seven brothers fell  
And her father she loved most dear.
6. Then he lifted her on her milk-white steed,  
And himself on his gallant grey,  
And with bugelet horn hung down by his side,  
Slowly they rode away.
7. O he rode on and she rode on;  
It was all by the light of the moon;  
They rode till they came to the broad waterside,  
And there they lighted down.



8. They lighted down to take a drink,  
    And the water was a crimson stain;  
It was crimson-stained by her truelove's blood,  
    And she saw that he was slain.
9. He died ere the midnight bell it tolled,  
    And ere the dawn of day  
Lady Margaret died for her truelove bold,  
    And by his side she lay.
10. They buried them both in the cold, cold tomb;  
    The grave it was deep, so deep;  
And a twin briar rose, twining high overhead,  
    Only marks where these true lovers sleep.

B

"Lady Margaret." Practically identical with A. Contributed by Mrs. Helen B. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. June 17, 1935.

## ERLINTON

(Child, No. 8)

The happy ending of this variant indicates its derivation from "Erlinton" rather than from "Earl Brand," although there are certain resemblances to the latter. No mention is made of the imprisonment of the heroine or of the strict watch kept over her, but the meeting between the lovers and her father and the twenty well-armed men would seem to indicate that the latter group had been searching for the pair.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 377 (three variants, a fragment, and one melody); Davis, p. 92 (one variant given in an appendix to "Earl Brand"); Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 201; *JFSS*, I, 108-9; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 185; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 25.

"The Soldier's Wooing." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 22, 1935.

1. I'll tell you of a soldier that lately came from sea,  
As bold a young fellow as ever you did see.  
His fortune was so great it scarcely could be told;  
The lady loved the soldier because he was so bold.
2. He took her to church; on returning home again,  
They met her old father and twenty well-armed men;  
Up steps the old man and unto her did say:  
"Is this you, my daughter, and is this your wedding day?"
3. Up steps the soldier as bold as he could be,  
Saying, "This is your daughter, and this her wedding day."  
He drew his sword and pistol, which caused them to rattle;  
The lady held the horses while the soldier fought the battle.
4. The first one he came to he stuck him through the mane;<sup>1</sup>  
The next one he came to he served him the same.  
"Let's run!" says the rest; "I fear that we'll be slain;  
To fight this bold soldier I find it all in vain."

<sup>1</sup> Probably a corruption of *wame*, a Scottish and Northern England form of *womb*, here meaning *belly*. *NED*, X, 60: "He's in bed this hour past with a spoonful of peppermint in his little wame"—Stevenson, *St. Ives*, xxxvi (1898), 310.

5. "Spare my life!" says the old man; "You make my blood run cold;  
You can have my daughter and ten thousand pounds in gold."  
"Fight on!" says the lady, "This portion is too small;  
If you will kill the old man, then we will have it all."
6. "Spare my life," says the old man, "and you can have it all;  
My daughter and my fortune, let it be great or small."  
He took the soldier home; he made him his heir;  
It wasn't because he loved him, but it was because of fear.
7. O despise not a soldier because he is poor;  
He's as happy in the wildwood as at the bar-room door.  
He's haughty and he's gay; he's brisk and he's free;  
He'll fight for his truelove as well as liberty.

## THE TWO SISTERS

(Child, No. 10)

Three good texts and two fragments of this ballad have been recovered in this state. All of them belong with Child R.

For American texts, see Campbell and Sharp, No. 4; Cox, No. 3 (fragment); Gray, p. 75; Hudson, No. 3; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 68; *Journal*, XVIII, 130; XIX, 233; XXX, 286; XLIV, 295; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 4; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 164; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7 (fragment); Thomas, p. 70; Smith and Ruffy, p. 2; Greig, *Last Leaves*, pp. 9-13; *BFSSNE*, III, 21; VI, 5; VII, 14; IX, 4-6; X, 10; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 38; Cox, *Traditional Ballads, Mainly from West Virginia*, pp. 6, 8; *JFSS*, I, 253; II, 283; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 65; *PTFLS*, X, 141; Stout, *Folklore from Iowa (MAFLS, XXIX)*, p. 1; Botkin, *The American Play-Party Song*, pp. 338, 339; Neal, *Brown County Songs and Ballads*, No. 37; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 211.

The ballad is widespread in the Scandinavian countries, where it is known as "Systrarna," "Den talende Strængeleg," "Dei tvo systar," "Den talende Harpe," "Den underbara harpan," "Systemordet," "Horpu-rima," etc. For Scandinavian versions, see Grundtvig, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, II, 512-17; III, 875-78; *Jyske Folkeminder*, X (1889), 69-71, 375-78; Geijer and Afzelius, *Svenska Folkvisor* (ed. Bergström and Høijer), I, 72; III, 16; Arwidsson, *Svenska Fornsånger*, II, 139 f.; *Skattegraveren*, IV (1885), 161; Sandvik, O. M., *Folke-Musik i Gudbrandsdalen*, pp. 102-3; Rancken, J. O., *Några prof af folksång och saga i det svenska Österbotten*, pp. 10-12; Wigström, *Skånska Visor, Sagor och Sägner*, p. 4; Andersson, *Den Äldre Folkvisan (Finlands Svenska Folkdiktning, V)*, pp. 75-86; Lindeman, *Norske Fjeldmelodier*, I, 9; II, 103.

The motif of a murder's being revealed through an inanimate object made from the corpse or associated with it, present in only three or four American texts of the ballad, appears frequently in the oral literature of many peoples. See, e.g., *RTP*, II, 125, 365 f.; IV, 463; V, 178; VI, 500; VII, 223; *Archivio per lo studio delle trad. pop.*, III, 71; *Romania*, VI, 565; Gonzenbach, *Sicilianische Märchen*, No. 51; de Gubernatis, *Le tradizioni popolari di S. Stefano*, p. 154 f.; de Vasconcellos, *Tradições populares de Portugal*, p. 125 f.; Coelho, *Contos populares de Brasil*, p. 57 f.; Nigra, *Canti del Piemonte*, No. 19; *Journal*, IV, 267 ("La Stregia Chitarra"); *Ons Volksleven*, II, 67; VII, 83; Monseur, *Bulletin de Folklore Wallon*, I, 39 f.; Dykstra, *Uit Friesland's Volksleven van vroegeren alter*, II, 99; de Mont and de Cock, *Vlaamsche Wondersprookjes*, p. 195 f.; *Melusine*, I, 423; Doncieux, *Romancero français*, p. 36; Meyrac, *Traditions, coutumes, legendes et contes des Ardennes*, p. 486 f.; Sébillot, *Littérature orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, pp. 220-26; Carnoy, *Littérature de la Picardie*, p. 236 f.; Grimm, No. 28; *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum*, III, 35; Erk-Böhme, *Liederhort*, I, 26; Jahn, *Volkssagen aus Pommern u. Rügen*, pp. 399-401; Schneller, *Märchen u. Sagen aus Walschtirol*, No. 51; Afanasjew (Afan-

asiev), *Russische Volksmärchen*, II, No. 137d; Sklarek, *Ungarische Volksmärchen*, p. 195 f.; Woycicki, *Polnische Volkslieder*, p. 105; Naake, *Slavonic Fairy Tales*, p. 170 f.; Waldau, *Böhmische Granaten*, II, 97; Rudchenko, *South Russian Popular Tales*, I, Nos. 55, 56; II, No. 14; Nesselmann, *Litauische Volkslieder*, p. 320 (=Rhesa, *Dainos*, p. 231); Ulmann, *Lettische Volkslieder*, p. 199; Lewestam, *Polnische Volkslied*, p. 105; Lagus, *Nyländska Folkvisor*, I, 27; Kristensen, *Jyske Folkeminder*, I, 253; X, 68, 375; Landstad, *Norske Folkeviser*, No. 53; Hammershaimb, *Færøsk Anthologi*, No. 7; Studach, *Schwedische Volksharfe*, p. 78; *Revue Celtique*, II, 199.

For discussion of "The Two Sisters" and its ballad and prose analogues, see Taylor, "The English, Scottish, and American Versions of 'The Two Sisters,'" in *Journal*, XLII (1929), 238-46; Mackensen, *Der singende Knochen* (FFC, 49); Ploix, "L'os qui chante," in *RTP*, VIII, 129-41; Köhler, *Kleinere Schriften*, I, 49, 54, and *Aufsätze über Märchen und Volkslieder*, p. 79 f.; Bolte-Polivka, *Anmerkungen zu den Kinder- u. Hausmärchen der Brüder Grimm*, I, 260-76; Norlind, *Studier i Svensk Folklore* (Lunds Universitet Årsskrift, NF Afd. 1, Bd. 7, Nr. 5), p. 139 f.; Hartland, *The Legend of Perseus*, I, 192 f.; Barry, "The Two Sisters: Prolegomena to a Critical Study," in *BFSSNE*, III, 11-14; and the study of Liestøl in *Maal og Minne* (1909).

## A

"The Two Sisters." Contributed by Mrs. A. W. Corn, of Winslow, Indiana. Pike County. July 1, 1935.

1. There was an old lady of the North Countree,  
And she had daughters two or three;  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
2. There was a young man came courting there,  
And took the youngest of the three (maidens fair?);  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
3. "Sister, O Sister, come let us walk out  
And see the ships a-sailing about!"  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
4. And they walked out on the salt sea brim,  
And the oldest pushed the youngest in;  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.

5. Down she sank and away she swam;  
First place she found herself was in the mill pond.<sup>1</sup>  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
6. "Miller, O Miller, here comes a swan  
Or a very nice damsel swimming along!"  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
7. He went out with his fish hook  
And caught the damsel in the brook;  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
8. "Miller, O Miller, here's five gold rings  
If you'll return me home again!"  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.
9. The Miller received the five gold rings,  
And pushed her in the brook again.  
I'll be true, true to my love  
If my love be true to me.

## B

No title given. Contributed by Miss Glenn Eno, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. Learned in Sullivan County from the singing of a hired girl. February 16, 1936.

1. There was an old woman lived on the seashore,  
Blow down, blow down;  
There was an old woman lived on the seashore,  
Most dear to me.  
There was an old woman lived on the seashore  
Who had daughters three or four.  
And I'll prove true, true to my love  
If my love'll prove true to me.

---

<sup>1</sup> As will be noted, the rhyme demands *mill dam*.

2. The youngest daughter she got her a beau,  
    Blow down, blow down;  
The youngest daughter she got her a beau,  
    Most dear to me.  
The youngest daughter she got her a beau;  
The oldest daughter she had none.  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.
3. Her beau he got her a beaver hat,  
    Blow down, blow down;  
Her beau he got her a beaver hat,  
    Most dear to me.  
Her beau he got her a beaver hat;  
The oldest girl she didn't like that.  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.
4. "Sister, dear Sister, please walk the seashore,"  
    Blow down, blow down;  
"Sister, dear Sister, please walk the seashore,"  
    Most dear to me.  
"Sister, dear Sister, please walk the seashore  
And see the ships come sailing o'er."  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.
5. And as they were walking the sea brim,  
    Blow down, blow down;  
And as they were walking the sea brim,  
    Most dear to me.  
And as they were walking the sea brim,  
The oldest one pushed the youngest one in;  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.

6. "Sister, dear Sister, please lend me your hand,"  
    Blow down, blow down;  
    "Sister, dear Sister, please lend me your hand,"  
    Most dear to me.  
    "Sister, dear Sister, please lend me your hand  
    Before I sink in the soft sea sand";  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.
7. "I'll lend you neither my hand nor my glove,"  
    Blow down, blow down;  
    "I'll lend you neither my hand nor my glove,"  
    Most dear to me.  
    "I'll lend you neither my hand nor my glove,  
    And I'll go home and marry your love";  
    And I'll prove true, true to my love  
    If my love'll prove true to me.

## C

"There Was an Old Woman Lived in the West." Contributed by Miss Lucile Wilkin, of Connersville, Indiana. Fayette County. September 26, 1935. With music.

1. There was an old woman lived in the West,  
    Way down, way down;  
    There was an old woman lived in the West,  
    Way down by the sea.  
    There was an old woman lived in the West;  
    She had two daughters of the best.  
    I'll be true to my love  
    If my love'll be true to me.
2. There came a young man a-courting them,  
    Way down, way down;  
    There came a young man a-courting them,  
    Way down by the sea.  
    There came a young man a-courting them,  
    A-courting for their house and lands;  
    I'll be true to my love  
    If my love'll be true to me.



THE TWO SISTERS

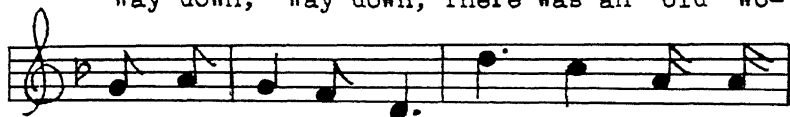
Contributed and noted by Miss Lucile Wilkin



There was an old woman lived in the West,



Way down, Way down; There was an old wo-



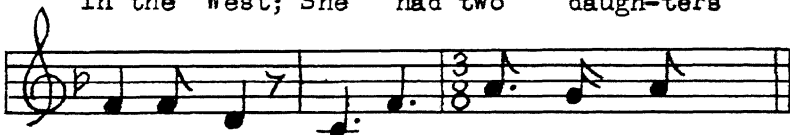
man lived in the West, Way down by the



sea. There was an old wo--man lived



in the West; She had two daugh-ters



of the best. I'll be true to my



love if my love'll be true to me.

3. He gave the young one a beaver hat,  
Way down, way down;  
He gave the young one a beaver hat,  
Way down by the sea.  
He gave the young one a beaver hat,  
And the old one she got mad at that.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love'll be true to me.
4. He gave the young one a fine gold ring,  
Way down, way down;  
He gave the young one a fine gold ring,  
Way down by the sea.  
He gave the young one a fine gold ring,  
And didn't give the old one anything.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love'll be true to me.
5. "O Sister, O Sister, let's take a walk,"  
Way down, way down;  
"O Sister, O Sister, let's take a walk,"  
Way down by the sea.  
"O Sister, O Sister, let's take a walk,  
And we will have a quiet talk."  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love'll be true to me.
6. They were walking by a flowing stream,  
Way down, way down;  
They were walking by a flowing stream,  
Way down by the sea.  
They were walking by a flowing stream,  
And the old one pushed the young one in.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love'll be true to me.
7. "O Sister, O Sister, hand down your hand,"  
Way down, way down;  
"O Sister, O Sister, hand down your hand,"  
Way down by the sea.  
"O Sister, O Sister, hand down your hand,  
And you may have my house and land!"  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love'll be true to me.

8. "I will not hand you down my hand,"  
     Way down, way down;  
 "I will not hand you down my hand,"  
     Way down by the sea.  
 "I will not hand you down my hand,  
     And I will have your house and land."  
     I'll be true to my love  
     If my love'll be true to me.
9. "O Sister, O Sister, hand down your glove,"  
     Way down, way down;  
 "O Sister, O Sister, hand down your glove,"  
     Way down by the sea.  
 "O Sister, O Sister, hand down your glove  
     And you may have my own true love."  
     I'll be true to my love  
     If my love'll be true to me.
10. "I will not hand you down my glove,"  
     Way down, way down;  
 "I will not hand you down my glove,"  
     Way down by the sea.  
 "I will not hand you down my glove,  
     And I will have your own true love."  
     I'll be true to my love  
     If my love'll be true to me.

## D

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. January 17, 1936.

1. There was an old man lived on the seashore,  
     Bow bans to me,<sup>2</sup>  
 And he had daughters three or four.  
     I'll be true to my love  
     If my love will be true to me.
- .....

<sup>2</sup> Evidently a corruption of *The bow is bent to me*. This line occurs only in Child *U*. Cf. the fourth line of Indiana *E*.

2. Two sisters went walking along the shore,  
Bow bans to me,  
And the oldest shoved the youngest o'er.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love will be true to me.

("Don't remember what is next, only she begged her sister to save her and she refused.")

3. She bowed her hands to her breast and away she swam,  
Bow bans to me,  
And she swam till she came to the miller's dam.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love will be true to me.

("She pleaded with the miller to save her, and offered him her ten gold rings.")

4. The miller he took the gold rings ten,  
Bow bans to me,  
And threw her back in the water again.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love will be true to me.

5. She bowed her hands to her breast and away she swam,  
Bow bans to me,  
She swam until she came to her eternal home.  
I'll be true to my love  
If my love will be true to me.

## E

"Two Little Sisters." Contributed by Mrs. Will McCullough and Miss Doris McCullough, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. November 8, 1936.

1. Two little sisters, fresh and gay,  
Sing right down, sing right down,  
Two little sisters, fresh and gay,  
The boys are bent on me;  
Two little sisters, fresh and gay,

.....

I'll be true to my true love  
Because he's kind to me.

## 7

## LORD RANDAL

(Child, No. 12)

Only one short text of this fine old ballad appears in the Indiana collection. It is closest to Child A, though agreeing with B in omitting the death of the dogs.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 10; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 6; Cox, p. 23; Hudson, No. 4; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 69; *Journal*, XIII, 115; XVI, 258; XXIX, 157; XXX, 289; XXXV, 339; McGill, p. 19; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 1; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Shoemaker, p. 139; Smith, *Ballads*, No. 2; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 179; *BFSSNE*, I, 4 (New Jersey); Cox, *Traditional Ballads, Mainly from West Virginia*, p. 9; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 45.

English versions appear in Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 96; Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes and Nursery Tales of England*, p. 95; Greig, *Last Leaves*, p. 13; *JFSS*, II, 29; III, 43; V, 117, 122, 245.

For German versions, see Erk u. Böhme, *Deutscher Liederhort*, I, 581, No. 190 ("Stiefmutter," "Die Muhme als Schlangenköchin," "Die Liebste als Schlangenköchin"); von Arnim u. Brentano, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, I, 61-63 ("Grossmutter Schlangenköchin" and "Die Stiefmutter"); Uhland, *Alte hoch- und niederdeutsche Volkslieder*, I, 176-77 ("Stiefmutter"). For Scandinavian texts, see Arwidsson, *Svenska Fornsånger*, II, 90, No. 88 ("Den Lillas Testamente"); Geijer and Afzelius, *Svenska Folkvisor* (ed. Bergström and Höljer), I, 291, No. 55 ("Den Lillas Testamente"); Grundtvig, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, VI, 148-49, No. 341 = 100 *gamle Jyske Folkeviser*, p. 358 ("Den forgivne Datter"); *Skattegraveren*, V, 84 ("Den onde svigermøder"). Romance versions appear in D'Ancona, *La poesia popolare italiana* (Livorno, 1878), pp. 106 ff.; Jewett, *Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe*, pp. 113-23; and Martinengo-Cesaresco, *Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs*, pp. 174-76. See also an Italian text in *JFSS*, V, 247-48 ("Dove Andasti Ieri Sera"). An interesting Hungarian version, "A megéttét János," appears in Buday and Ortutay, *Székelly Népközlés*, No. 18.

See *Journal*, XVIII, 195 f.; XXII, 376; XXIV, 345; XXXIX, 81; XLII, 257; *Modern Language Review*, XIII, 325; XIV, 213; Gutch and Peacock, *County Folklore V* (Lincolnshire), p. 372; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 215.

"Three Cups of Cold Poison." Contributed by Miss Florence Eva Dillan, Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. Learned from the singing of a sister-in-law in western Pennsylvania. March 10, 1936.

1. "Where have you been dining, Lord Ronald, my son?  
Where have you been dining, my handsome young man?"  
"I've been dining with my true love, mother; make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

2. "And what did she give you, Lord Ronald, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"  
"Three cups of cold poison, mother; make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."
3. "What'll you will to your mother, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What'll you will to your mother, my handsome young man?"  
"My gold and my silver, mother; make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."
4. "What'll you will to your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What'll you will to your brother, my handsome young man?"  
"My coach and six horses, mother; make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."
5. "What'll you will to your truelove, Lord Ronald, my son?  
What'll you will to your truelove, my handsome young man?"  
"A rope for to hang her, mother; make my bed soon;  
There's a pain in my heart, and I fain would lie down."

## 8

## THE THREE RAVENS

(Child, No. 26)

Two variants (one a fragment of only one stanza) have been found in Indiana under the title of "The Three Crows." Both are far removed from the spirit of the Child versions.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 27; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 10; Cox, No. 6; Hudson, No. 6; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 72; Jones, p. 301; *Journal*, XX, 154; XXXI, 273.

## A

"The Three Crows." Contributed by Mrs. A. S. Ford, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. Learned in Vigo County. October 29, 1935.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree,  
    O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
    O Billy McGee, McGaw.  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were as black as crows could be;  
And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
    "Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
    "O Billy McGee, McGaw!"
2. One crow said to the other mate,  
    O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
One crow said to the other mate,  
    O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
One crow said to the other mate,  
"What shall we do for grub to eat?"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
    "Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
    "O Billy McGee, McGaw!"

3. "There is an old horse in yonder lane,"  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
     "There is an old horse in yonder lane,"  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw.  
     "There is an old horse in yonder lane  
     Whose body has been lately slain,"  
     And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
     "Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
     And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
     "O Billy McGee, McGaw!"
  
4. "We'll sit upon his old dry bones,"  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
     "We'll sit upon his old dry bones,"  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw.  
     "We'll sit upon his old dry bones  
     And pick his eyes out one by one,"  
     And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
     "Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
     And they all flapped their wings and cried:  
     "O Billy McGee, McGaw!"
  
5. O maybe you think there's another verse,  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw;  
     O maybe you think there's another verse,  
     O Billy McGee, McGaw.  
     O maybe you think there's another verse,  
     BUT THERE ISN'T!!

## B

"The Three Crows." Contributed by Mrs. Charles R. Emery, of Bloomington, Indiana. Monroe County. November 26, 1935.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree,  
     Bally way wiggle de dum da;  
     They were black as black could be,  
     Bally way wiggle de dum da.



## 9

## THE TWO BROTHERS

(Child, No. 49)

Two texts of "The Two Brothers" have been recovered in this state. Both are most closely related to Child *B*. However, the "Chestner" (Chester) of variant *A* below does not appear in Child *B*, occurring only in *C*. It will be noted that in both variants the stabbing is intentional. The love affair and the resultant jealousy between the brothers appear in neither.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 33; Campbell and Sharp, No. 11; Cox, No. 7; Hudson, No. 7; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 73; *Journal*, XXVI, 361; XXVIII, 300; XXIX, 158 (a text from Indiana); XXX, 294; McGill, p. 55; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 18; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 166; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 15; *BFSSNE*, V, 6 (Vermont).

## A

"Two Little Schoolmates." Contributed by Mr. A. T. McAllister, of Stendal, Indiana. Pike County. July 7, 1935.

1. Two little schoolmates going to school,  
What pretty schoolmates are they!  
If I were only along with them,  
What pretty schoolmates we'd be!
2. "O Brother, can you roll a stone  
Or can you throw a ball?"  
"I am too little; I am too young;  
I cannot play at all."
3. He caught him by the coat collar  
And brought him to the ground,  
And out he drew a little sword  
And gave him a deadly wound.
4. "O Brother, take me on your back  
And carry me to Chestner's yard;  
There dig for me a little grave  
Both wide and deep . . . ."

5. "Bury my Bible at my head,  
My satchel<sup>1</sup> at my feet,  
My little bow and arrow at my side  
When I am sound asleep."
6. "What will you tell our dear mamma  
When you go home in the evening?"  
"I'll tell her poor John is dead and gone,  
Never to return."
7. "What will you tell our dear papa  
When he comes home in the morning?"  
"I'll set my foot on yonder ship  
And sail away to sea."
8. We'll mourn the green leaves from the trees,  
The hummingbirds from their nests;  
Poor mournful John is dead and gone,  
Never to return.

## B

"The Two Brothers." Contributed by Mrs. Nancy E. Brewster, of  
Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 8, 1935.

1. Two little schoolmates going to school,  
What pretty schoolmates are they!  
If we were only along with them,  
What pretty schoolmates we'd be!
2. "Oh, Brother, can you roll the stone,  
Or can you throw the ball?"  
"I am too little; I am too young;  
I cannot play at all."
3. He caught him by the coat collar  
And bore him to the ground;  
Then out he took a little sword  
And gave him a deadly wound.

---

<sup>1</sup> For *psalter*.

4. "Oh, Brother, take me on your back  
    And carry me to the churchyard,  
    And there dig me a little grave  
    Both wide and deep . . . ."
5. "Bury my Bible at my head,  
    My satchel at my feet,  
    My little bow and arrows at my side  
    When I am sound asleep."
6. "What will you tell your dear mamma  
    When you go home in the morning?"  
    "I'll tell her that poor John is dead,  
    Never to return."
7. "What will you tell your dear papa  
    When he comes home in the evening?"  
    "I'll set my foot on yonder ship  
    And sail away to sea."

## LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

(Child, No. 73)

Eight texts of this ballad have been recovered in Indiana under the following titles: "Lord Thomas," "The Brown Girl," "Fair Eleanor," "Lord Thomas's Wedding," and "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." All belong to the *D* group of Child, and tell substantially the same story. The hero is in a quandary as to which he shall wed, Fair Eleanor or the brown girl, and takes the problem to his mother. As the brown girl has house and land and Fair Eleanor has none, the advice of the mother is for him to marry the former. He dresses himself in gorgeous attire and with his attendants rides to the home of Fair Eleanor, whom he invites to his wedding. After his departure she asks her mother's advice about attending. The mother advises her to stay at home where she will be among friends, but Fair Eleanor is determined to go. She dresses in fine array, takes her maids with her, and goes to Lord Thomas's hall. He himself admits her, leads her through the hall, and gives her the seat of honor. During the festivities she comments scornfully upon the brown complexion of the bride-to-be. The brown girl overhears her, and stabs Fair Eleanor with a penknife. After a time Lord Thomas notices the pallor of the latter, inquires as to the reason for it, and is told that he must be blind not to see the heart's blood trickling down her knee. When he realizes what has happened, he draws his sword and cuts off the brown girl's head, throws it against the wall, and then uses the sword to kill himself. Dying, he requests that Fair Eleanor be buried in his arms and the brown girl at his feet.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 2; Belden, No. 4 (fragment); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 16; Hudson, No. 10; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 78; *Journal*, XVIII, 128; XIX, 235; XX, 254; XXVII, 71 (melody only); XXVIII, 152; XXIX, 159; XXXIX, 94; XLII, 262; Cox, p. 45; Pound, *Ballads*, p. 27; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 139; Davis, p. 240 (fifteen variants, including fragments) and p. 573 (airs); Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 18; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 20; McGill, p. 28; Sandburg, p. 157; Shoemaker, p. 155; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 106; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Thomas, p. 88; Wyman and Brockway, *Songs*, p. 14; Flanders and Brown, p. 209; Fuson, p. 49; Mackenzie, p. 97; *Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 33; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology of Old-World Ballads*, p. 17; *PTFLS*, X, 144; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 60; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 41; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, pp. 136-37; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 34-36, 115-16.

## A

"Lord Thomas." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana.  
Secured from a MS of Mrs. Earl Underhill. Perry County. January 24, 1936.

1. "O Mother, O Mother, come riddle my story;  
Come riddle it both as one,  
Whether I should marry fair Ellendar  
Or bring the Brown Girl home."
2. "The Brown Girl she has house and land;  
Fair Ellendar she has none.  
Therefore I charge you with my best presence<sup>1</sup>  
Go bring the Brown Girl home."
3. He dressed his waiters in highland<sup>2</sup> so white,  
Himself in the terrors<sup>3</sup> of green,  
And every bar<sup>4</sup> that he rode through  
They took him to be some king.
4. He rode till he came to Fair Ellendar's gate;  
He jingled at the ring;  
And who was so ready as Fair Ellendar herself  
To rise and let him in?
5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she cried;  
"What news have you brought to me?"  
"I have come to invite you to my wedding;  
Sad news it will be to thee."
6. "O Mother, O Mother, come riddle my story;  
Come riddle it both as one,  
Whether I should go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
Or stay and tarry at home."
7. "You may have friends, you may have none;  
You have foes where'er you go;  
Therefore I charge you with my best presence  
To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."

---

<sup>1</sup> For *blessing*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hollands*.

<sup>3</sup> Probably for *terries*, a kind of fabric.

<sup>4</sup> For *borough*.

8. She dressed her waiters in highland so white,  
Herself in the terrors of green,  
And every bar that she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.
9. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate;  
She jingled at the ring.  
And who was so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let her in?
10. He took her by the lily-white hand  
And led her through the hall;  
He placed her at the head of the table,  
Among the ladies all.
11. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said;  
"I think she looks wonderful brown;  
You once could have wed as fair a bride  
As ever the sun shone on."
12. The Brown Girl she had a knife in her hand;  
It was both keen and sharp.  
She pierced Fair Ellendar in the side,  
Intending for her heart.
13. "O what's the matter, Fair Ellendar?" he said;  
"I think you look wonderful pale.  
You once had two as rosy red cheeks  
As ever my eyes beheld."
14. "O are you blind, Lord Thomas?" she said;  
"Or can't you very well see?  
For now I feel my own heart's blood  
Come tinkling<sup>5</sup> o'er my knee."
15. Lord Thomas he had a long broadsword;  
It was both keen and sharp.  
He cut off his own bride's head  
And throwed it against the wall.

---

<sup>5</sup> For *trickling*.

16. "Dear Mother, dear Mother, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it both wide and deep.  
And bury Fair Ellendar in my arms,  
The Brown Girl at my feet."
17. He turned the heel<sup>6</sup> unto the wall,  
The point unto his breast,  
Saying, "Here is the end of three true lovers;  
Lord, take us home to rest!"

B

"The Brown Girl." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. Learned from the singing of her grandfather in Warrick County. November 16, 1937.

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,  
A tracer<sup>7</sup> of the king's deer;  
Fair Eleanor was a fine young lady,  
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
2. "O Mother, dear Mother, come read my riddle,  
And riddle it all in one,  
Whether I shall marry fair Eleanor  
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"
3. "The Brown Girl she has money a-plenty;  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Therefore I charge thee with my blessing  
To bring the Brown Girl home."
4. He rode till he came to Fair Eleanor's bower,  
And rattled at the ring;  
And who was so ready as she  
To arise and let him in?
5. "What news, what news, Lord Thomas?" she said;  
"What news have you brought unto me?"  
"Sad news, for I've come to invite you  
To my wedding dinner this day."

<sup>6</sup> For *hilt*.

<sup>7</sup> For *chaser*.

6. "O God forbid, Lord Thomas," she said,  
    "That any such thing could be;  
    For I had hoped on being the bride myself,  
    And thou the bridegroom might be."
7. "O Mother, dear Mother, come riddle my riddle,  
    And read it all in one,  
    Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
    Or whether I'll tarry at home."
8. "My daughter, we have many friends  
    And we have many foes;<sup>8</sup>  
    Therefore I charge thee with my blessing,  
    To Lord Thomas's wedding don't go."
9. "I know that we have many friends  
    And we have many foes;  
    But, death betide me, life betide me,  
    To Lord Thomas's wedding I'll go."
10. She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
    Put on the robes of green;  
    And every city that she passed through,  
    She was taken to be some queen.
11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's bower<sup>9</sup>  
    And rattled at the ring,  
    And none was there so ready as he  
    To arise and let her in.
12. He took her by the lily-white hand  
    And led her through the hall,  
    And seated her at the head of the table,  
    Among the ladies all.
13. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she said;  
    "Me thinks she looks wonderous brown,  
    When you once could have married as fair a young lady  
    As ever the sun shone 'round."

---

<sup>8</sup> It will be noted that rhyme demands a *foe*.

<sup>9</sup> *Hall* would seem to be more appropriate.



14. The Brown Girl she had a little pen-knife,  
The blade both keen and sharp;  
Betwixt the long ribs and the short  
She pierced Fair Eleanor's heart.  
  
.....
15. "O is thou blind, Lord Thomas?" she said,  
"Or canst thou very well see?  
For don't you see my own heart's blood  
Go trickling down my knee?"
16. He took the Brown Girl by the hand  
And led her through the hall;  
He took his sword, cut off her head,  
And flung it against the wall.
17. He put the shank against the ground,  
The point against his breast,  
Saying, "This is the end of three true lovers;  
God, send their souls to rest!"
18. "Mother, O Mother, go dig my grave,  
And dig it both wide and deep;  
And place Fair Eleanor in my arms  
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

C

"Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor." Contributed by Mrs. Richard Sullivan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Warrick County from her mother more than fifty years ago. September 25, 1935.

1. "O Mother, O Mother, come riddle me this;  
Come riddle me two in one,  
Whether I shall marry Fair Eleanor dear  
Or bring the Brown Girl home?"
2. "The Brown Girl she has house and lands;  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Before you shall grant any of those blessings<sup>10</sup>  
Go bring the Brown Girl home."

---

<sup>10</sup> For Before I shall grant you my blessing?

3. "Go saddle and bridle my milk-white steed;  
Go saddle and bridle in haste,  
That I may invite Fair Eleanor dear  
To my wedding dinner this day."
4. He rode till he came to Fair Eleanor's gate,  
And rattled at the ring;  
And there was no one so ready as she  
To arise and let him in.
5. "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas?" she cried;  
"Good news, good news!" said he,  
"For I've come to invite Fair Eleanor dear  
To my wedding dinner this day."
- .....
6. She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
A waist in maiden green,<sup>11</sup>  
And every town that she rode round  
They took her to be some queen.
7. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,  
And rattled on the ring;  
There was no one so ready as he  
To arise and let her in.
8. He took her by the lily-white hand  
And led her through the hall,  
And seated her at the head of the table,  
Amongst the ladies all.
9. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?" she cried;  
"She looks most plagued brown,  
When you could have got as pretty a maid  
As ever the sun shone on."
10. The Brown Girl had a little penknife,  
And the blade was long and sharp;  
She pierced it in Fair Eleanor's side,  
And it ended in her heart.
- .....

---

<sup>11</sup> And arrayed her maids in green?

11. ".....  
.....  
For don't you see my own heart's blood  
Come trickling down my knee?"
12. Lord Thomas had a sword hanging at his side;  
The blade was long and small;  
He drew his sword, cut off her<sup>12</sup> head,  
And slung it against the wall.
13. "O Mother, O Mother, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it both long and deep;  
Bury Fair Eleanor in my arms  
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

D

"Lord Thomas's Wedding." Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Lenington, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. November 20, 1935.

1. "O Mother, Mother, come read me a riddle,  
And read it all in one,  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
Or tarry with thee at home?"
2. So then she took her merry maids all,  
And dressed her all in green,  
And every town that she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.
3. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate,  
And loudly jingled the ring;  
And none was so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let Eleanor in.
4. He took her by the lily-white hand  
And led her through the hall  
Where four and twenty gay ladies sat,  
But she was the flower of all.

---

<sup>12</sup> Referring, of course, to the Brown Girl.

5. "Is this your wife, Lord Thomas?" she cried;  
    "I think she's very brown,  
    When once you might have had as fair lady  
    As ever the sun shone on."
6. The Brown Girl having a knife in her hand  
    And it both keen and sharp,  
    Between the short ribs and the lungs<sup>13</sup>  
    She pierced Fair Eleanor's heart.
7. "O what's the matter, Fair Eleanor?" he cried;  
    "I think your color's all gone,  
    When once you had as fresh a color  
    As ever the sun shone on."
8. "O are you blind, Lord Thomas?" she cried;  
    "Or can't you very well see?  
    For don't you see my own heart's blood  
    Come trickling down my knee?"
9. Lord Thomas having a sword in his hand  
    And it both sharp and tall,  
    Then off he cut the Brown Girl's head  
    And flung it against the wall.
- .....
10. "Come, friends and relations, and dig me a grave,  
    And dig it both long and deep;  
    And lay fair, fair Eleanor in my arms  
    And the Brown Girl at my feet."

## E

"Fair Eleanor." Contributed by Mrs. Ralph McDonald, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 27, 1935.

1. "Unriddle it, Father; unriddle it, Mother;  
    Unriddle it unto me,  
    Whether I should marry Fair Eleanor  
    Or bring the brown girl home."

---

<sup>13</sup> For long.

2. "The brown girl she has house and lands;  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Before I'd marry Fair Eleanor  
I'd bring the brown girl home."
3. "Go saddle my horse, go bridle him quick,  
And bring him unto me  
That I may ask her. . . . .  
To my blest wedding day."
4. He rode and he rode till he came to the gate;  
He rattled low on the rein;<sup>14</sup>  
And none was so ready as Fair Eleanor  
To rise and welcome him in.
5. "What news, what news?" said she to him;  
"Sad news, sad news," said he.  
"I come to ask you. . . . .  
To my blest wedding day."
6. "Unriddle it, Father; unriddle it, Mother;  
Unriddle it unto me,  
Whether I should go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
Or shall I stay at home?"
7. "At home, at home you know you have friends,  
And there you know you have none;  
Before I would go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
I'd rather stay at home."
8. She dressed herself in the finest of silk;  
Her waist was amazing green;<sup>15</sup>  
And every city that she rode through  
She was taken to be some queen.
9. She rode and she rode till she came to the gate;  
She rattled low on the rein.  
None was so ready as Lord Thomas  
To rise and welcome her in.

---

<sup>14</sup> *He rattled loud at the ring.*

<sup>15</sup> *For arrayed her maids in green?*

10. He took her by the lily-white hand  
And led her through the hall,  
Where four-and-twenty fine ladies sat,  
The fairest one of them all.
11. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, is this your bride?  
I think she's a very dark brown,  
When once you might have had as fair a lady  
As ever the sun shone on."
12. The brown girl she had a knife in her hand  
Both long and keen and sharp,  
And with its long sharp blade she pierced  
Fair Eleanor to the heart.
- .....
13. "Lord Thomas, Lord Thomas, it's are you blind,  
Or can't you very well see?"<sup>16</sup>  
.....my own life's blood  
Come trickling down by me."<sup>17</sup>
14. Lord Thomas he had a knife in his hand  
Both long and keen and sharp;  
He cut off the brown girl's head  
And threw it against the wall.
15. He placed the handle against the wall  
And the blade against his breast:  
"Here goes three true lovers;  
God send our souls to rest!"
16. "Go dig my grave, and dig it quick;  
Dig it wide and deep.  
Bury Fair Eleanor in my arms  
And the brown girl at my feet."

---

<sup>16</sup> This line had been altered to *Or can't you see very well?*

<sup>17</sup> For *Come trickling down my knee.*

## F

"The Brown Girl." Contributed by Mrs. William Davis, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. February 15, 1935.

1. "Come riddle this, Father; come riddle this, Mother;  
Come riddle this all to me,  
Whether I shall marry Fair Eleanor  
Or bring the brown girl home."
2. "The brown girl she has house and lot;  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Before I'd marry Fair Eleanor  
I'd bring the brown girl home."
- .....
3. "Come riddle this, Father; come riddle this, Mother;  
Come riddle this all to me,  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
Or whether I'll stay at home."
4. "At home, at home you have your friends;  
And there you know you have none;  
Before I'd go to Lord Thomas's wedding  
I'd rather stay at home."
5. She dressed herself in scarlet silk,  
And around her waist was green;<sup>18</sup>  
And every city that she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.
6. She rode and she rode till she came to the gate,  
And raddled<sup>19</sup> all on the ring,  
And none so ready as Lord Thomas  
To rise and welcome her in.
7. He took her by the lily-white hand  
And led her through the hall;  
Then he set her down at the head of the table,  
The fairest one of all.
- .....

<sup>18</sup> And arrayed her maids in green.

<sup>19</sup> For rattled.

G

"Lord Thomas." Contributed by Mrs. Inez Lysle Johnson, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. April 10, 1935.

1. Lord Thomas he was a bold forester,  
A chaser of the king's deer.  
Fair Eleanor was a fine woman;  
Lord Thomas he loved her dear.
2. "Come riddle my riddle, dear Mother," said he;  
"Come riddle us both in one,  
Whether I shall marry with fair Eleanor  
Or bring the Brown Girl home."
3. "The Brown Girl she has money,  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Therefore I bid thee, Lord Thomas,  
Go bring the Brown Girl home."

.....

H

"The Brown Girl." Contributed by Mr. A. T. McAllister, of Stendal, Indiana. Pike County. April 23, 1935.

1. "Come riddle, come riddle to me, dear Mother,  
Come riddle to me this one,  
Whether I shall marry Fair Eleanor  
Or bring the brown girl home."
2. "The brown girl she has houses and lands;  
Fair Eleanor she has none;  
Therefore I charge you with my last<sup>20</sup> blessing  
To bring the brown girl home."

---

<sup>20</sup> For *best*.



## 11

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

(Child, No. 74)

Five variants of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" have been contributed to the Indiana collection. They resemble Child *B* in the conversation between William and the ghost of Margaret and in the rose-and-briar ending, but are like *A* in that the dream is William's instead of his bride's. The story, briefly, is this: Sweet William arises early one morning and dresses in blue. He says that there is no strong bond between Lady Margaret and himself, and adds that on the morrow she will see his bride. As he and his bride pass by, Lady Margaret is standing in her bower window (or door) combing her hair. In her emotion she drops the ivory comb, dashes out, and is never seen again. That night her ghost appears at Sweet William's bedside and asks how he likes his bride. His reply is that he likes best the lady who stands at the foot of the bed. He wakes, tells his bride of a fearful dream, and asks her permission to visit Lady Margaret. He is admitted by the latter's brothers, who inform him that she is dead and in her coffin. He kisses her farewell, and dies of sorrow. They are buried side by side, and plants entwine above their graves.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 134 (two variants and one air); Belden, No. 5; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 17; Cox, p. 65 (seven variants); Davis, p. 221 and p. 570 (melodies); Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 87; McGill, p. 69; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 25; Mackenzie, p. 124; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 103; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Wyman and Brockway, p. 94; *Journal*, XIX, 281; XXIII, 381; XXVII, 154; XXVIII, 200; XXX, 303; XXXI, 74; XXXV, 340; *JFSS*, II, 289; III, 64; Randolph, *The Ozarks: An American Survival of Primitive Society*, 182-83 (text and air); Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, pp. 141-42.

## A

"Sweet William." Contributed by Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. June 8, 1935. With music.

1. One morning in June Sweet William arose  
And dressed himself in blue,  
Saying,<sup>1</sup> "Come tell unto me of the long and loving love  
That's betwixt Lady Margaret and you."
2. "O I know nothing of Lady Margaret," said he;  
"Lady Margaret knows nothing of me,  
But tomorrow morning by eight o'clock  
Lady Margaret my bride shall see."

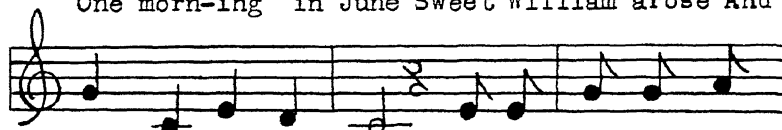
<sup>1</sup> This is, of course, said to Sweet William, not by him.

## FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM

Sung by Mrs. G. W. Smith; noted by Mrs. Johnson



One morn-ing in June Sweet William arose And



dressed himself in blue, Saying, "Come tell to



me of this long and lov-ing love That's be-



twixt La--dy Mar-g'ret and you."

3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own bowery-door<sup>2</sup>  
A-combing up her hair,  
When who should she see but Sweet William and his bride  
To the church as they passed by.
4. She quickly dropped her ivory comb,  
And tied her hair all before,  
And out of that door went a gay lady  
That was never seen there any more.
5. The day being gone and the night coming on  
When men were all asleep,  
Sweet William he saw Lady Margaret's ghost  
A-standing at his bed's feet.

<sup>2</sup> For *bower door*.

6. "How do you like your bed?" said she;  
    "And how do you like your sheets?  
    And how do you like that pretty fair maid  
    That lies in your arms asleep?"
7. "O I like my bed very well," said he;  
    "Much better I like my sheets;  
    But the best of all is that pretty fair maid  
    That stands at my bed's feet."
- .....
8. Then he called up his old servants,  
    By one, by two, by three;  
    But the last of all he asked his own bride  
    If he might Lady Margaret go see.
9. "O what will you do with Lady Margaret?" she said;  
    "And what will you do with me?"  
    "O it's first I will Lady Margaret go see,  
    And then I'll return unto thee."
10. He went unto Lady Margaret's room  
    And knocked at the door;<sup>3</sup>  
    There was none so ready as her own seventh brother  
    To arise and let him in.
11. "O where is Lady Margaret?" said he;  
    "Is she not in her hall?  
    Or is she in her high-bound chamber  
    Amongst her merry maids all?"
12. "No, she is not in her kitchen," said they;  
    "Nor she is not in her hall,  
    But she is in her own coffin  
    Laid out against yon wall."
13. "Roll up, roll up those fine Holland sheets  
    That I may go and see,  
    That I may kiss those clay-cold lips  
    That oft-times have kissed me."

---

<sup>3</sup> It will be noted that the rhyme requires *pin*.

14. 'T was first he kissed her rosy cheek  
And then her rosy chin,  
But the last of all was her clay-cold lips  
That pierced his heart within.
15. "Roll up, roll up those fine Holland sheets  
That's made of the Holland so fine,  
For today they hang over Lady Margaret's corpse  
And tomorrow they will hang over mine."
16. They buried her in the old churchyard;  
They buried him by her side;  
And out of her grave a red rosy grew,  
And out of his a brier.
17. They grew and grew up the church steeple wall  
Till they couldn't grow any higher,  
And there they twined in a truelover's knot,  
The rosy and the brier.

B

"Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 16, 1935.

1. Lady Margaret was sitting in her chamber so high,  
A-combing of her hair,  
When she spied Sweet William and his wedded lady  
A-taking of the air.
2. Lady Margaret threw down the ivory comb  
And vanished from that place,  
And all that day and all that night  
Lady Margaret was seen there no more.
3. The day being past and the night a-coming on,  
When most of the men were asleep,  
Lady Margaret came walking softly downstairs  
And stood at William's bed feet.

4. "It's how do you like your fine featherbed,  
And how do you like your sheet?  
And how do you like your wedded lady  
That all in your arms does sleep?"
  5. "Very well do I like my fine featherbed;  
Very well do I like my sheet;  
Much better do I like little Lady Margaret  
Who stands at my bed feet."
  6. The night a-being past and the day a-coming on  
When most of the men were awake,  
Sweet William turned over to his wedded lady,  
And (her) all in his arms did take.
  7. "What dreams! what dreams! what dreadful dreams!  
What dreams I dreamed last night!  
I dreamed that my sheet was of pure blood  
And my house was all French white."
  8. "I dreamed that the river was of sweet wine,  
And the white ducks swimming down;  
So I will arise and go to Lady Margaret's house,  
All by the leave of you."
  9. He rode and he rode till he came to her gate,  
And rattled at the ring,  
And none was there but her servants all told  
To arise and let him in.
  10. "What dress, what dress, what dress is this  
That makes you all so blue?"  
"We are mourning the death of our Lady Margaret,  
Who died for love of you."
  11. "Wind down, wind down those snow-white sheets  
And let me view the dead,  
And let me kiss those pale young lips  
That was once so cherry-red."
- .....

## C

"Lady Margaret and Sweet William." Contributed by Mrs. R. M. Johnson, of Franklin, Indiana. Johnson County. A rather poor text, having two stanzas of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" in it, but given here because it is the only variant to mention the "wild swine" of Sweet William's dream. October 31, 1935.

1. Sweet William he rose one morning in May  
And he dressed himself in blue,  
And he said, "By eight o'clock tomorrow  
Lady Margaret my bride shall see."

To Lady Margaret's avowed intention of attending the wedding, her father replies:

2. "We may have friends and we may have foes,  
.....  
But all I ask at my blessings, O  
Is for my daughter to stay at home."

Lady Margaret prepares to attend the wedding:

3. Lady Margaret dressed in her lily-white robes,  
So spotless and so clean;  
And every city that she passed through,  
They took her to be some queen.

Following the wedding, Sweet William has a dream by which he is very much disturbed.

4. ....  
.....  
"I dreamed that my hall was full of wild swine  
And my bride dead beside me."
5. He called the maids down the stairs;  
He called them by two and by three;  
And he asked of his bride the liberty  
Lady Margaret he might go see.

6. He rode and he rode till he came to the gate,  
And he dinged at the ring;  
And who was so ready as her seventh brother  
To arise and let him in?
7. "O where is Lady Margaret today,  
In her kitchen or in her hall?  
Or is she in her high chamber,  
Among her merry maids all?"
8. "She's neither in her kitchen here  
Nor is she in her hall,  
But she lies asleep in her clay-cold coffin  
With her pale face turned to the wall."
9. "Pull down, pull down those winding sheets  
That are of linen so fine,  
That I may kiss those clay-cold lips  
That so often have kissed mine."
10. He kissed her on the (rosy?) cheek,  
He kissed her on the chin;  
And then he kissed those clay-cold lips  
Which pierced his heart within.
11. Lady Margaret died for pure love;  
Sweet William he died for sorrow.  
Lady Margaret was buried on the east of the church,  
And Sweet William on the west.<sup>4</sup>
12. Out of Lady Margaret's grave grew a rose,  
Out of Sweet William's a briar.  
They grew and they grew to the church-steeple top  
Till they could not grow any higher;  
There they linked and they clinked in a truelove knot,  
The rose tree and the briar.

---

<sup>4</sup>The last two lines of this stanza have evidently been supplied by the singer. The rhyme would seem to require *morrow* in fourth line, a change which would necessitate the word *today* in the third.

D

"Lady Margaret." Contributed by Mr. M. L. Lasher, of Chicago, Illinois. Learned in Perry County, Indiana. November 16, 1935.

.....

1. Lady Margaret was standing in her cottage door,  
    A-combing back her hair,  
    When she saw Sweet Willie with his newly-wedded bride  
    Go taking of the air.
2. Lady Margaret threw down her ivory comb  
    And started out of the door;  
    She was gone all day and all that night,  
    And was seen or heard no more.

.....

3. "Is she in the old kitchen,  
    Or is she in the hall?  
    Or is she in her dressing-room,  
    Among the ladies all?"
4. "She is neither in the old kitchen,  
    Nor is she in the hall;  
    But she lies in her long coffin,  
    A cold corpse against the wall."

.....

E

"Fair Margaret and Sweet William." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. November 30, 1935.

.....

1. Sweet William turned over to his wedded lady,  
    And her in his arms did take;  
    .....  
    .....
2. "What dreams, what dreams, what dreadful dreams!  
    What dreams I dreamed last night!  
    I dreamed that the river was of pure wine  
    And white ducks were swimming down."



## 12

## LORD LOVEL

(Child, No. 75)

"Lord Lovel" is one of the best-known ballads in Indiana, though both "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet" and "Barbara Allen" have yielded more texts to the present collection. It was also the first traditional ballad to be contributed. Seven variants have been recovered, all of them belonging to Child *B*. In Indiana *B*, however, the vow of Lord Lovel to the dead Nancy Belle shows a closer relationship to the *D* version of Child.

American texts are to be found in Barry, No. 14; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 139; Belden, No. 6; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 18; Cox, p. 78; Davis, p. 240 (fifteen variants) and p. 573 (tunes); Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 90; Jones, p. 301; *Journal*, XVIII, 291; XIX, 283; XXIV, 337 (Irish air); XXVIII, 199; XXIX, 160; XXXV, 343; McGill, p. 9; Pound, p. 4; Sandburg, p. 70; Scarborough, p. 55; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 99; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Shoemaker, p. 124; Smith, p. 121; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 193; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 20; *JFSS*, II, 289; III, 64; Gardner, *Folklore from the Schoharie Hills*, p. 203; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 24, 26. Irish text and air: *BFSNE*, I, 5.

## A

"Lord Lovell." Contributed by Mrs. Olevia A. Montgomery, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. February 21, 1935.

1. Lord Lovell stood at the new castle gate,  
Combing his milk-white steed,  
When out stepped fair Lady Nancy Bell  
To wish her lover God's speed, speed, speed,  
To wish her lover God's speed.
2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she cried;  
"O where are you going?" said she.  
"I'm going, my fair Lady Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries for to see, see, see,  
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said;  
    "When will you be back?" said she.  
    "In a year or two at most," he said,  
    "I'll return to my fair Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
    I'll return to my fair Lady Nancy."
4. He hadn't been gone but a year and a day,  
    Strange countries for to see,  
    Till longing thoughts came into his mind  
    Lady Nancy he'd go to see, see, see,  
    Lady Nancy he'd go to see.
5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white horse  
    Till he came to London Town,  
    And there he heard St. Pankers<sup>1</sup> church bell  
    And the people all mourning round, round, round,  
    And the people all mourning round.
6. "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovell he cried;  
    "O what is the matter?" said he.  
    "(A) Lord's lady is dead," a woman replied;  
    "Some called her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
    Some called her Lady Nancy."
7. He ordered the grave to be opened wide  
    And the veil to be turned down,  
    And there he gazed on his true-love's face  
    Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,  
    Till the tears came trickling down.
8. Lady Nancy died as it might be today;  
    Lord Lovell died tomorrow.<sup>2</sup>  
    Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pankers churchyard;  
    Lord Lovell was laid beside her, her, her,  
    Lord Lovell was laid beside her.<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> For *St. Pancras*.

<sup>2</sup> For *on the morrow*.

<sup>3</sup> Child B has for the last two lines:

"Fair Nancybelle died with pure, pure love,  
    Lord Lavel he died with sorrow."

9. And on her grave they planted a rose,  
And on her lover's a brier;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of her lover's a brier, -ier, -ier,  
And out of her lover's a brier.
10. They grew and they grew to the church steeple top  
Till they could grow no higher,  
And there they entwined in a true-lover's knot  
For all true lovers to admire, -ire, -ire,  
For all true lovers to admire.

## B

"Lord Lovel." Contributed by Mrs. Alidore Cassidy Huffman, of Tell City, Indiana. Perry County. March 15, 1936.

1. Lord Lovel was standing in his stable door,  
Combing down his milk-white steed;  
And who should come but Lady Nancy,  
A-wishing her lover great speed?
2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
"Where are you going from me?"  
"I'm a-going," Lord Lovel said,  
"To sail awhile on the sea."
3. "How long will you be gone, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
"How long will you be gone from me?"  
"How long will I be gone?" Lord Lovel said;  
"I'll be gone about two months or three."
4. Lord Lovel had not been gone so long,  
Neither two months nor three,  
Before his lover came into his mind:  
"Lady Nancy I must see.
5. "Go saddle me up my milk-white horse;  
Go saddle me the brown;  
Go saddle me up the swiftest horse  
That ever set foot on ground."<sup>4</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Sargent and Kittredge 76A, 3.

6. Lord Lovel rode many a night and day;  
He rode till he came to town,  
Where the death-bells were ringing and organs a-singing  
And the ladies were mourning around.
7. "Is there anybody dead?" Lord Lovel he said;  
"Is there anybody dead, pray tell?"  
"Yes," they replied, "'tis the king's own daughter,  
And the name it is Nancy Belle."
8. "She died for the sake of an English lord,  
Lord Lovel was his name;  
And he has gone to some foreign land,  
Never to return again."
9. "O open unto me those milk-white sheets  
That are made so whole and fine";  
And kissing then the cold, cold lips,  
His tears came rolling down.
10. "Once more I'll kiss your cold, cold lips  
Although you can't kiss mine;  
I'll make it a vow by the powers above  
I'll never kiss lips but thine."

.....

## C

"Lord Lovell." Contributed by Mrs. M. M. Roberts, of Louisville, Kentucky. Learned in Indiana. October 11, 1935.

1. Lord Lovell stood at his castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When forth came Lady Nancy Bell,  
A-wishing Lord Lovell good speed, speed, speed,  
A-wishing Lord Lovell good speed.
2. "Where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she cried;  
"Where are you going?" cried she.  
"I'm going afar, my Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries for to see, see, see,  
Strange countries for to see."

3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she cried;  
    "When will you be back?" cried she.  
    "In a year or two or three or more  
    I'll return to my Lady Nancy Bell,  
    I'll return to my Lady Nancee."
4. He had not been gone but a year and a day,  
    Strange countries for to see,  
    When languishing thoughts came o'er his mind  
    Concerning his Lady Nancy Bell,  
    Concerning his Lady Nancee.
5. He rode and he rode his milk-white steed  
    Till he came to London Town,  
    And there he heard St. Patrick's bell  
    And the people all mourning round, round, round,  
    And the people all mourning round.
- .....
6. He ordered the grave to be opened wide  
    And the shroud to be laid aside,  
    And then he kissed the clay-cold cheek  
    Till the tears came trickling down, down, down,  
    Till the tears came trickling down.
7. Lady Nancy she died as it might be today,  
    Lord Lovell he died tomorrow;<sup>5</sup>  
    Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure love,  
    Lord Lovell he died of sorrow, -row, -row,  
    Lord Lovell he died of sorrow.
8. Lady Nancy was buried in the old churchyard,  
    Lord Lovell was buried at her side,<sup>6</sup>  
    And out of her bosom grew a red, red rose  
    And out of Lord Lovell's a briar, -iar, -iar,  
    And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.

---

<sup>5</sup> For *on the morrow*.

<sup>6</sup> The rhyme demands *by her*.

9. They grew and they grew to the steeple top,  
And there they could grow no higher;  
So they twined themselves in a true lover's knot  
For all true lovers to admire, -ire, -ire,  
For all true lovers to admire.

## D

"Lord Lovel." Contributed by Miss Myrtle B. Munson, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. November 30, 1935.

1. Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When up came Lady Nancy Bell  
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,  
To wish her lover good speed.
2. "O where are you going?" Lady Nancy said;  
"O where are you going?" said she.  
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries fair<sup>7</sup> to see, see, see,  
Strange countries fair to see."
3. "O when will you be back?" Lady Nancy said;  
"O when will you be back?" said she.  
"In a year or two or three at the most  
I'll return to my fair Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
I'll return to my fair Nancy."
4. He had not been gone a year and a day,  
Strange countries fair to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his head  
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see, see, see,  
Lady Nancy Bell he would go see.
5. So he rode and he rode on his milk-white horse  
Till he came to London Town,  
And there he heard St. Pancras bells  
And the people all mourning around, -round, -round,  
And the people all mourning around.

---

<sup>7</sup> For *for*.

6. "O what is the matter?" Lord Lovel said;  
"O what is the matter?" said he.  
"A lord's lady is dead," the women replied,  
"And some call her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
And some call her Lady Nancy."
7. So he ordered the grave to be opened wide  
And the shroud to be turned down,  
And there he kissed the clay-cold lips  
Till the tears came a-trickling down, down, down,  
Till the tears came a-trickling down.
8. Lady Nancy died as it might be today,  
Lord Lovel he died as tomorrow;  
Lady Nancy died out of pure grief,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, -row, -row,  
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.
9. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras church,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of her lover's a brier, -ier, -ier,  
And out of her lover's a brier.
10. It grew and it grew<sup>8</sup> to the church steeple top,  
And there it could grow no higher;  
So there entwined in a true-lover's knot  
For all true-lovers to admire, -ire, -ire,  
For all true-lovers to admire.

## E

"Lord Lovel." Contributed by Miss Edith Baynes, of Salem, Indiana.  
Washington County. April 15, 1936.

1. Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When Lady Jane Nancy came riding by,  
A-bidding her lover goodspeed, goodspeed,  
A-bidding her lover goodspeed.

---

<sup>8</sup> For *They grew and they grew*.

2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
    "O where are you going?" said she.  
    "I'm going, my dear Lady Nancy Jane [*sic*],  
        Strange countries for to see, see, see,  
        Strange countries for to see."
3. "When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
    "When will you be back?" said she.  
    "In a year or two or three at the most  
        I'll be back to my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
        I'll be back to my Lady Nancy."
4. He had not been gone but a year and a day,  
    Strange countries for to see,  
    When lingering thoughts came into his head  
        Lady Nancy Jane he would see, see, see,  
        Lady Nancy Jane he would see.
5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
    Till he reached old London Town,  
    And there he heard St. Varney's bell  
        And the people all mourning round, round, round,  
        And the people all mourning round.
6. "Is anyone dead?" Lord Lovel he said;  
    "Is anyone dead?" said he.  
    "A lady is dead," the people all said,  
        "And they called her my Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
        And they called her my Lady Nancy."
7. Lady Nancy she died it might be today,  
    Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;<sup>9</sup>  
    Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief;  
        Lord Lovel he died of sorrow, -row, -row,  
        Lord Lovel he died of sorrow.
8. Lady Nancy was laid in St. Clement's churchyard;  
    Lord Lovel was buried close by her;  
    And out of her bosom there grew a red rose  
        And out of his backbone a briar, -iar, -iar,  
        And out of his backbone a briar.

---

<sup>9</sup> For on the morrow.



9. They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,  
And they couldn't grow any higher;  
And there they entwined in a truelover's knot,  
Which all true lovers admire, -ire, -ire,  
Which all true lovers admire.

## F

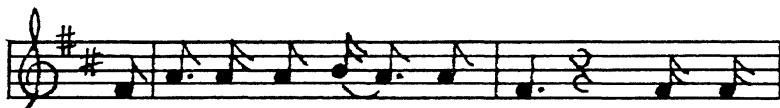
"Lord Lovell." Contributed by Mr. James McGregor, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. January 8, 1935. With music.

## LORD LOVELL

Sung by Mr. James McGregor; noted by Mrs. Johnson



Lord Lovell he stood at his castle gate,



A-combing his milk-white steed, When a-



long came La-dy Nancy Bell, A-wishing



her lover good speed, speed, speed, A-wishing



her lover good speed.

1. Lord Lovell stood at his castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When along came Lady Nancy Bell,  
A-wishing her lover good speed, speed, speed,  
A-wishing her lover good speed.
2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovell?" she said;  
"O where are you going?" said she.  
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,  
Strange countries for to see, see, see,  
Strange countries for to see."
3. "O when will you be back, Lord Lovell?" she said;  
"O when will you be back?" said she.  
"In a year or two or three at most  
I'll return to your fair body, -dy, -dy,  
I'll return to your fair body."
4. He'd been gone away but a year and a day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
When a longing came into his head  
Lady Nancy Bell he would see, see, see,  
Lady Nancy Bell he would see.
5. He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
Till he came to London Town,  
.....  
And people all mourning round, round, round,  
And people all mourning round.
6. "Is somebody dead?" Lord Lovell he said;  
"Is somebody dead?" said he.  
"A lord's daughter," a lady replied;  
"Some call her Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,  
Some call her Lady Nancy."
7. He ordered the grave to be opened forthwith,  
And the shroud to be folded down;  
Then he kissed her clay-cold lips  
While the tears came trickling down, down, down,  
While the tears came trickling down.

8. Lady Nancy died as might be today;  
Lord Lovell died on the morrow;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar, -iar, -iar,  
And out of Lord Lovell's a briar.
9. They grew and they grew till they reached the church top,  
And then they could grow no higher;  
And then they twined in a true-lover's knot,  
Which all true lovers admire, -ire, -ire,  
Which all true lovers admire.

G

"Lord Lovel." Contributed by Miss Lucile Wilkin, of Connersville, Indiana. Fayette County. October 23, 1935. With music.

1. Lord Lovel he stood at the castle gate,  
A-combing his milk-white steed,  
When down came the fair Lady Nancy Bell  
To wish her lover good spee-ee-ee,  
To wish her lover good speed.
2. "O where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;  
"O where are you going?" said she.  
"I'm going away, Lady Nancy Bell,  
Far countries for to see-ee-ee,  
Far countries for to see."

.....

3. So he rode away on his milk-white steed,  
Far countries for to see,  
When something came whispering into his ear,  
"Lady Nancy Bell I must go see-ee-ee,  
Lady Nancy Bell I must go see."
4. So he rode and he rode, as fast as he could,  
Till he came to fair London Town,  
And there he heard the church bells ring  
And the people mourning round, round, round,  
And the people mourning round.

## LORD LOVEL

Text and air contributed by Miss Lucile Wilkin



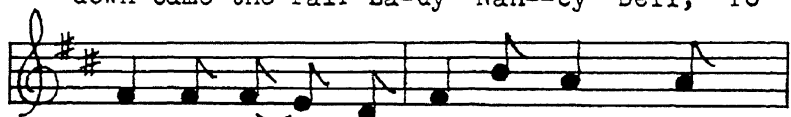
Lord Lov-el he stood at the castle gate, A-



combing his milk-white steed, When



down came the fair La-dy Nan--cy Bell, To



wish her lover good spee-ee-ee, To



wish her lov-er good speed.

5. "O why do you mourn?" Lord Lovel he said;  
 "O why do you mourn?" said he.  
 "We mourn for the fair Lady Nancy Bell,  
 For she is dead as can be-ee-ee,  
 For she is dead as can be."

.....

6. They buried her in the nave of the church;  
    They buried him in the choir;  
And from her bosom there grew a red rose,  
    And from his bosom a brier, -ier, -ier,  
    And from his bosom a brier.
  
7. They grew and they grew as high as the church,  
    Until they could grow no higher;  
And there they twined in a true-lover's knot,  
    Which all true lovers admire, -ire, -ire,  
    Which all true lovers admire.

## 13

## THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

(Child, No. 76)

Nothing even approaching a complete text of this ballad has been recovered. The two "shoe my foot" stanzas have occasionally appeared, either as fragments contributed or in combination with other songs. In one Indiana variant of "Lord Lovel" (B 5) occurs the following stanza from "The Lass of Roch Royal":

"Go catch me up my milk-white horse;  
Go saddle me the brown;  
Go saddle me up the swiftest horse  
That ever set foot on ground."

These three stanzas are all that can be said to belong definitely to this ballad.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 149 (fragments); Belden, No. 91 (fragment); Brown, p. 9; Combs, p. 134; Cox, No. 13; Davis, p. 260; *Journal*, XXII, 240 (fragment); XXX, 305 (references); Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 41; Sandburg, p. 98; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 123 (fragments); Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 66; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 175; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 72-73.

The usual titles of this ballad in Indiana are "My Lady's Slipper" and "Who Will Shoe My Pretty Little Foot?"

## A

No title given. Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. From a MS in his possession. June 19, 1935.

1. "So fare you well, my own true-love,  
So fare you well for a while;  
For if I go, I'll come again  
If I go ten thousand mile."
2. "O who will shoe my feet, my dear?  
O who will glove my hand?  
And who will kiss my red rosy cheeks  
Whilst you in the foreign land?"

3. "Hush up, hush up, my pretty fair miss,  
And do not mourn for me;  
For the best of friends will have to part,  
And so will you and me.
4. "Your father he will shoe your feet,  
Your mother glove your hands,  
And I will kiss your red rosy cheeks  
When I return again."
5. "I wish to God I'd never been borned,  
Or died while I was young,  
Than to weep and wet my red rosy cheek,  
And mourn for another woman's son.
6. "I wish the sea would go dry, my love,  
And the rocks would melt and run;  
Fire would freeze and no more burn,  
And the raging sea would burn.
7. "O don't you hear that lonesome turtle dove  
A-flying from vine to vine,  
A-mourning for his own true love  
Just as I mourn for mine?
8. "You had better stay in your own room,  
All on a bed of down,  
Than to be in your wild wilderness  
While the wild beasts howl and mourn."

B

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Indiana. January 24, 1936.

1. "Who will shoe your pretty little feet?  
Who will glove your hand?  
Who will kiss your red rosy cheek  
When I am in a foreign land?"

2. "My father will shoe my pretty little feet;  
My mother will glove my hand.  
And she will kiss my red rosy cheeks  
When you are in a foreign land.
3. "My love is like the turtle dove  
That flies from vine to vine;  
She mourns the loss of her own truelove  
As I do mourn for mine."

C

"My Lady's Slipper." Contributed by Mr. Charles Kelsey, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. September 6, 1935.

1. "Who will shoe my pretty little feet?  
Who will glove my lily-white hand?  
Who will kiss my red rosy lips  
When you are in a distant land?"

.....

2. "Then adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu;  
I can no longer stay with you.  
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree  
And bid this world go well with thee."

D

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Hettie Lomax, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 22, 1935.

1. "O who will shoe your feet, my dear,  
And who will glove your hand?  
And who will kiss your pretty rosy lips  
When I'm in a foreign land?"
2. "My father he will shoe my feet;  
My mother will glove my hand;  
But you will kiss my rosy red lips  
When you return again."



E

No title given. Contributed by Miss Edith Baynes, of Salem, Indiana. Washington County. April 15, 1936.

1. "O who will shoe my pretty little foot?  
O who will glove my hand?  
O who will kiss my red ruby lips  
When you are in a foreign land?"
2. "Your father will shoe your pretty little foot;  
Your mother will glove your hand;  
And I will kiss your red ruby lips  
When I return again."

F

No title given. Contributed by Miss Florence Eva Dillan, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. January 15, 1936.

1. "O who will shoe your little foot?  
O who will glove your lily-white hand?  
O who will kiss your rosy lips  
When I am in a foreign land?"
2. "Fare thee well, I must leave thee;  
Do not let the parting grieve thee.  
Fare thee well, I must leave thee;  
Fare thee well."
3. ".....  
.....  
I will hang my harp on a willow tree,  
And bid the world go well with thee."

G

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Charles R. Emery, of Bloomington, Indiana. Monroe County. January 11, 1936.

1. "My father will shoe my pretty feet;  
My mother will glove my lily-white hand;  
My baby will kiss my rosy lips  
When you are in a foreign land."

2. ".....  
.....

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree  
And go for the man who goes for me."

H

"Who Will Shoe My Pretty Little Foot?" Contributed by Mrs. Thomas Downs, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. August 7, 1935.

1. "Who will shoe my pretty little foot?  
Who will glove my hand?  
Who will kiss my pretty lips  
When you're in a distant land?"

I

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. James Williams, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. August 26, 1935.

1. "Pa will shoe my pretty little feet;  
Ma will glove my hand;  
And you will kiss my red rosy lips  
When you return from the foreign land."

## 14

## THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

(Child, No. 79)

This ballad seems to have been little known in Indiana, the seven-stanza fragment given below being the only variant recovered. It is perhaps closest to Child's North Carolina variant (Sargent and Kittredge *D*), though lacking the mother's prayer for the return of her children, and their departure at dawn.

For American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 449 (fragments); Belden, No. 77; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 19; Cox, No. 14; Hudson, No. 12; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 93; *Journal*, XIII, 119; XXIII, 429; XXX, 305; XXXII, 503; XXXIX, 96; XLIV, 63; Davis, p. 278; McGill, p. 5; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 7; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 168; Shearin and Combs, p. 9; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 23; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, pp. 180-81; Cambiaire, pp. 121-22; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 70.

British texts: Greig, *Last Leaves*, pp. 67-70; Leather, *Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 198.

## A

No title given. Communicated by Mr. Willis Swallow, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Mr. Swallow, who is nearly eighty, learned this ballad almost seventy years ago from the singing of his mother, Mrs. Patsy Swallow. November 30, 1935.

1. There was a lady in London Town  
And she had children three;  
She sent them to the North Country  
To learn their historee.<sup>1</sup>
2. They hadn't been gone six months or more  
.....  
.....  
.....
3. Along about the Christmas time,  
When nights were long and cold,  
Between midnight and daylight  
Those three little babes came home.

<sup>1</sup> This is an interesting change. The original is *grammarge* or *grammeres*, a term meaning *learning* or, sometimes, *magic*. Later singers confused it with *grammar*, and here by a natural transition it has become *history*.

4. She fixed them a table that they might eat,  
Spread over with bread and wine;  
"Come eat, come eat, my three little babes;  
Come eat and drink of mine."
5. "We cannot eat your bread, mother;  
Nor either drink your wine,  
For along about the break of day  
With Christ we must all dine."
6. Then she fixed them a bed in the very best room,  
Spread over it a clean sheet,  
And then spread over a golden cloth  
That they might better sleep.
7. "Take it off, take it off, dear mother," they said;  
"Take it off, we say once more;  
For woe, woe, woe be to this wicked world  
So long since pride begun."

## 15

## BARBARA ALLEN

(Child, No. 84)

"Barbara Allen" easily ranks first among Indiana ballads in point of number of versions recovered. Fourteen texts have been collected, ranging in length from seventeen stanzas to two. The ballad is known in this state as "Barbara Allen" or "Barbary Allen."

Both the *A* and *B* versions of Child are found, and sometimes there are combinations of the two. The hero appears as "Sweet William," "Young William," "Jemmy Groves," "Johnnie Green," and "Willie Green." The "rose-and-brier" ending occurs in eight of the versions.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 22; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 195; Campbell and Sharp, p. 90; Cox, p. 96; Davis, p. 302 and p. 577; Hudson, No. 13; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 95; *Journal*, VI, 132; XIX, 286; XX, 256; XXII, 63; XXVI, 352; XXVIII, 144; XXIX, 160, 198; XXX, 317; XXXV, 343; XXXIX, 97, 211; XLII, 268, 303; XLVI, 28; XLIX, 207-8; Jones, p. 301; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 26; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 35; Mackenzie, p. 100; McGill, p. 39; Pound, *Ballads*, p. 7; Sandburg, p. 57; Scarborough, p. 59; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 83; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Smith, pp. 13, 20; Smith, *Ballads*, p. 129; Thomas, p. 94; Wyman and Brockway, p. 5; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, pp. 183-85; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, pp. 30-36; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 66-68; Fauset, *Folk-Lore from Nova Scotia*, p. 113; *BFSSNE*, X, 23-24 (Maine); *PTFLS*, X, 146; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, pp. 138-39; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 69; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 80.

British: Greig, *Last Leaves*, pp. 67-70; Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, pp. 204, 206; *JFSS*, I, 111, 265; II, 15, 80; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, I, 45.

## A

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mr. Herbert D. Heckel, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. April 3, 1936.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry "wellaway,"  
And her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
When the green buds were swelling,  
Sweet William came from the Western States  
And courted Barbara Allen.

3. It was all in the month of June  
    When all the flowers were blooming,  
    Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
    For the love of Barbara Allen.
4. He sent his servant to the town  
    Where Barbara was a-dwelling:  
    “My master is sick and sends for you  
    If your name be Barbara Allen.
5. “And death is printed on his face,  
    And o’er his heart is stealing;  
    So hasten away to comfort him,  
    O lovely Barbara Allen!”
6. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
    And slowly she came nigh him;  
    And all she said when she got there,  
    “Young man, I think you’re dying.”
7. “O yes, I’m sick, and very sick,  
    And death is in me dwelling;  
    No better, no better I never can be  
    If I can’t have Barbara Allen.”
8. “O yes, you’re sick, and very sick,  
    And death is in you dwelling;  
    No better, no better you never will be,  
    For you can’t have Barbara Allen.”
9. “O don’t you remember in yonder town  
    When you were at the tavern,  
    You drank a health to the ladies all around  
    And slighted Barbara Allen?”
10. As she was on her highway home,  
    The birds they kept a-singing;  
    They sang so clear they seemed to say,  
    “Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!”

11. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the death-bell knelling;  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
12. She looked to the east, she looked to the west;  
She spied his corpse a-coming:  
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay  
That I may look upon him."
13. The more she looked the more she mourned,  
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,  
Saying, "Pick me up and carry me home,  
For I am now a-dying."
14. "O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed;  
Go make it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,  
And I shall die for sorrow."
15. "O Father, O Father, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for me today;  
I'll die for him tomorrow."
16. She was buried in the old churchyard,  
And he was buried a-nigh her;  
On William's grave there grew a red rose,  
On Barbara's grew a briar.
17. They climbed to the top of the old church tower  
Till they could go no higher,  
And there they tied in a truelove knot,  
The red rose and the briar.

B

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Miss Dorothy Merritt, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 30, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
       There was a fair maid dwelling,  
       Made every youth cry "wellaway,"  
       And her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
       When the green buds were a-swelling,  
       Sweet William from the Western States  
       He courted Barbara Allen.
3. It was all in the month of June  
       When all things they were blooming,  
       Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
       For the love of Barbara Allen.
4. He sent his servants to the town  
       Where Barbara was a-dwelling;  
       "My master is sick and sends for you  
       If your name be Barbara Allen.
5. "And death is painted on his face,  
       And o'er his heart is stealing;  
       Then hasten away to comfort him,  
       O lovely Barbara Allen."
6. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
       And slowly she came nigh him;  
       And all she said when she got there,  
       "Young man, I think you're dying."
7. "O yes, I'm sick, and very sick,  
       And death is on me dwelling;  
       No better, no better I never can be  
       If I can't have Barbara Allen."
8. "O you're sick, and very sick,  
       And death is on you dwelling;  
       No better, no better you never will be,  
       For you can't have Barbara Allen.



9. "O don't you remember in yonder town  
When you were at the tavern,  
You drank a health to the ladies round,  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"
10. As she was on her high way home,  
The birds they kept a-singing;  
They sang so clear they seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
11. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the death-bell knelling;  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
12. She looked to the east, she looked to the west;  
She spied his corpse a-coming:  
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay  
That I may look upon him."
13. The more she looked the more she mourned,  
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,  
Saying, "Take me up and carry me home,  
For I am now a-dying."
14. "O Mother, O Mother, go make my bed;  
Go make it long and narrow.  
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,  
And I shall die for sorrow.
15. "Father, O Father, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."
16. She was buried in the old churchyard,  
And he was buried a-nigh her;  
On William's grave grew a red red rose,  
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

## C

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott, of New Harmony, Indiana. Posey County. October 15, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
    There was a fair maid dwellin',  
    Made every youth cry "well-a-way,"  
    Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
    When green buds they were swellin',  
    Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay  
    For love of Barbara Allen.
3. He sent his man unto her then  
    To the town where she was dwellin';  
    "You must come to my master dear  
    If your name be Barbara Allen.
4. "For death is printed on his face  
    And o'er his heart is stealin';  
    Then haste away to comfort him,  
    O lovely Barbara Allen!"
5. "Though death be printed on his face  
    And o'er his heart be stealin',  
    Yet little better shall he be  
    For bonny Barbara Allen."
6. So slowly, slowly she came up,  
    And slowly she came nigh him,  
    And all she said when there she came,  
    "Young man, I think you're dying."
7. He turned his face unto her straight,  
    With deadly sorrow sighing:  
    "O lovely maid, come pity me;  
    I'm on my deathbed lying."
8. "If on your deathbed you do lie,  
    What needs the tale you're tellin'?  
    I cannot keep you from your death;  
    Farewell!" said Barbara Allen.

9. He turned his face unto the wall,  
As deadly pangs he fell in;  
"Adieu, adieu, adieu to all;  
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"
10. As she was walkin' o'er the fields,  
She heard the bell a-knellin',  
And every stroke it seemed to say,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"
11. She turned her body round about  
And spied the corpse a-coming;  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."
12. With scornful eyes she looked down,  
Her cheeks with laughter swellin',  
Whilst all her friends cried out amain,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen!"
13. When he was dead and in his grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow:  
"O Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die tomorrow."
14. "Hard-hearted creature him to slight  
Who loved me oh so dearly;  
O that I'd been more kind to him  
When he was alive and near me!"
15. She on her deathbed as she lay  
Begged to be buried by him,  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him.
16. "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all;  
And shun the fault I fell in.  
Henceforth take warning of the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

## D

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. April 18, 1935. With music.

## BARBARA ALLEN

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



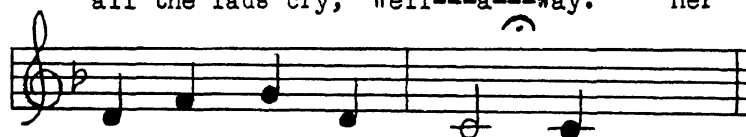
In Scar-let Town where I was born There



was a fair maid dwelling, Made



all the lads cry, "Well---a---way!" Her



name was Bar-b'ra Al---len.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made many a youth cry "well-a-day";  
Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. 'T was early in the month of May  
When the green buds were a-swelling,  
Young William on his deathbed lay  
In love with Barbara Allen.

3. He sent a servant to the place  
Where Barbara was a-dwelling:  
"My master says for you to come there  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
4. Then slowly, slowly she rose up  
And slowly she went to him,  
But the only words she had to say  
Were, "Young man, I think you're dying."
5. "I know I'm sick and very sick  
And death is in me dwelling,  
And I shall never see my time again  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."
6. "I know you're sick and very sick  
And death is in you dwelling,  
And you never will see your time again,  
For you won't get Barbara Allen."
7. "You remember on the other day  
When you were all a-drinking  
You filled your glass and you handed it around,  
And you slighted Barbara Allen."
8. He turned his pale face to the wall;  
He turned his back upon her:  
"Adieu, adieu, to the ladies all,  
And woe unto Barbara Allen."
9. She mounted on her milk-white steed  
And she rode through town a-sailing,<sup>1</sup>  
And every house that she passed by  
Said "Woe unto Barbara Allen!"
10. She scarce had gone one mile from town  
When she heard the death-bell tolling;  
She looked to the east and she looked to the west  
And she spied the cortege<sup>2</sup> coming.

---

<sup>1</sup> This is an unusual touch, and an interesting one.

<sup>2</sup> Literary influence seems evident here.

11. "O Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
And make it soft and narrow;  
My truelove died for me today,  
And I'll die for him tomorrow."
12. They carried them both to the old churchyard;  
They buried them both together.  
And out of his grave there grew a wild rose  
And out of hers a brier.
13. They grew so high and they grew so tall  
That they could not grow any higher;  
Then they wound themselves in a truelove knot,  
And the rose twined round the brier.

E

"Barbary Allen." Contributed by Mrs. A. W. Corn, of Winslow, Indiana. Pike County. May 20, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
And every youth cried "well away,"  
Her name was Barbary Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
When green buds they were swelling,  
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barbary Allen.
3. He sent his man unto her then  
To the house where she did dwell in,  
Saying, "You must come to my master  
If your name be Barbary Allen.
4. "For death is printed on his face  
And o'er his heart is stealin',  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbary Allen."

5. "Though death be printed on his face  
And o'er his heart be stealin',  
Yet little better shall he be  
For bonny Barbary Allen."
6. So slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
7. He turned his face unto her straight,  
With deadly sorrow sighing,  
"O pretty maid, come pity me;  
I'm on my deathbed lying."
8. "If on your deathbed you do lie,  
What needs the tale you're telling?  
I cannot keep you from your death;  
Farewell," said Barbary Allen.
9. He turned his face unto the wall,  
And death was with him dealin';  
"Adieu, adieu, my friends all;  
Adieu to Barbary Allen."
10. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the bells a-knellin',  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Unworthy Barbary Allen!"
11. She turned her body round about  
And spied the corpse a-coming;  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."
12. With scornful eyes she looked down,  
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,  
While all her friends cried out again,<sup>3</sup>  
"Unworthy Barbary Allen!"

---

<sup>3</sup> *Again* should probably read *amain*. The friends are introduced here for the first time.

13. When he was dead and in his grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow:  
"O Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die tomorrow.
14. "Hard-hearted creature him to slight,  
Who loved me so dearly;  
O that I'd been more kind to him  
When he was alive and near me!"
15. She on her deathbed as she lay  
Begged to be buried by him,  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him.
16. "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all;  
And shun the fault I fell in.  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbary Allen."

F

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. November 30, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry, "Wellaway,"  
And her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
When the green buds were swelling,  
Sweet William came from the Western States  
And courted Barbara Allen.
3. It was all in the month of June  
When all things were a-blooming,  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.

.....



4. "And death is painted on his face  
And o'er his heart is stealing;  
Then hasten away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen."
5. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
6. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick,  
And death is on me dwelling;  
No better, no better I never will be  
If I can't have Barbara Allen."
7. "O yes, you're sick and very sick,  
And death is on you dwelling;  
No better, no better you never will be,  
For you can't have Barbara Allen."
8. "O don't you remember in yonder town  
When you were at the tavern,  
You drank a health to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"  
.....
9. As she was on her high way home,  
The birds they kept a-singing;  
They sang so clear they seemed to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
10. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the death-knell ringing,  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
11. She looked to East, she looked to West,  
She spied his corpse a-coming;  
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay  
That I may look upon him."

12. The more she looked the more she mourned,  
Till she fell to the ground a-crying,  
Saying, "Take me up and carry me home,  
For I am now a-dying.
13. "O Mother, Mother, go make my bed;  
Go make it long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,  
And I shall die for sorrow.
14. "O Father, Father, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."
15. She was buried in the old churchyard,  
And he was buried anigh her;  
On William's grave there grew a red rose,  
On Barbara's grew a green briar.

G

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Alidore Cassidy Huffman, of  
Tell City, Indiana. Perry County. March 15, 1936.

1. All in the merry month of May  
When the green buds were a-swelling,  
Little Willie Green on his deathbed lay,  
In love with Barbara Allen.
2. He sent his servant through Charlestown  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying, "Here is a letter from my master dear  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
3. Slowly, slowly she rose up,  
And slowly went unto him;  
And, sighing, said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."

4. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick;  
I feel my cold corpse coming,  
But one sweet kiss from your sweet lips  
Would keep me from a-dying."
  5. "O mind you not, young man," said she,  
"As you sat in the tavern,  
You pledged the health of ladies all around,  
But you slighted Barbara Allen?"<sup>4</sup>
  6. Slowly, slowly she rose up,  
And slowly, too, she left him,  
And, sighing, said she could not stay  
Since breath of life had left him.<sup>5</sup>
- .....

7. "Little Willie Green died for me last night;  
I'll die for him tomorrow;  
I do not care to live any more  
In this cold world of sorrow."<sup>6</sup>
8. They buried him by the church steeple high,  
And buried her beside him;  
And out of his grave there grew a red rose  
And out of hers grew a briar.<sup>7</sup>
9. They grew and grew to the top of the spire  
Until they could grow no higher;  
They turned and tied in a truelover's knot,  
The red rose and green briar.

---

<sup>4</sup> This seems to be more closely related to Child A than to any other of the versions.  
Cf. Child A, 5:

"O dinna ye mind, young man," said she,  
"When ye was in the tavern a drinking,  
That ye made the healths gae round and round,  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

<sup>5</sup> For *Since death of life had reft him*. Cf. Child A, 7:

And slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And sighing said, she could not stay,  
Since death of life had reft him.

<sup>6</sup> The last two lines of this stanza sound suspiciously modern.

<sup>7</sup> There has been a transposition here, with a resulting loss of rhyme.

## H

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. May 9, 1935.

1. 'T was in the merry month of May,  
And the buds on the trees were swelling;  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
2. He sent his servants into town  
To the place where she was dwelling,  
Saying, "My master sent me here for you  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
- .....
3. She mounted upon her milk-white steed  
And went through the town a-flying;<sup>8</sup>  
And all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, you are a-dying."
4. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick,  
And death is within me dwelling;  
I'll never see my time again  
If I can't have Barbara Allen."
5. "I know you are sick and very sick  
And death is within you dwelling;  
But none the better you can be,  
For you can't have Barbara Allen."
- .....
6. She looked to the east and she looked to the west,  
And she saw his corpse a-coming;  
"Go bring him here and lay him down  
And let me take my last look upon him."
7. Sweet William died on Saturday night;  
And Barbara died on Sunday;
- .....
- .....

<sup>8</sup> Cf. version D, stanza 9.

8. They buried her in the churchyard gray;  
Sweet William was laid beside her.  
On William's grave there sprang a sweet rose,  
On Barbara's sprang a briar.
9. They grew in length and they grew in breadth  
Until they could grow no higher;  
They linked and tied in a truelover's knot,  
The rosy 'round the briar.

## I

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Indiana. Secured from Mr. Paul Mason, of Mifflin, Indiana. Crawford County. May 8, 1935.

1. It was in the merry month of May  
When flowers were a-blooming,  
Sweet Willie on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
2. He sent his servants through the town,  
The town where she was dwelling,  
Saying, "Master dear has sent me here  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
- .....
3. Then slowly, slowly she got up  
And slowly she went to him,  
And all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
- .....
4. "Don't you remember the other day  
When we were at the tavern,  
You drank a health to the lady there  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"
5. He turned his face unto the wall;  
He turned his back upon her;  
"Adieu, adieu to all my friends;  
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

6. She went on through and through the town;  
She heard his death-bell ringing;  
And every stroke they seemed to say,  
"O cruel Barbara Allen!"
7. She looked to the east, she looked to the west;  
She saw his corpse a-coming;  
"O set him down for me!" she cried,  
"That I may gaze upon him."
8. The more she looked the more she wept;  
Then she broke down to crying:  
"O pick me up and carry me home,  
For I feel like I am dying."
9. They buried Willie in the old churchyard,  
And Barbara in the new one;<sup>9</sup>  
From Willie's grave there grew a rose,  
And from Barbara's a green brier.

J

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas Leslie, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Vigo County. November 26, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling,  
Made every youth cry "Wellaway";  
Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry, merry month of May  
When the green buds they were swelling,  
Sweet William came from the Western states  
And courted Barbara Allen.
3. It was all in the month of June  
When all things they were blooming,  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.

---

<sup>9</sup> An interesting change here.

4. He sent his servant to the town  
Where Barbara was a-dwelling;  
"My master is sick and sent for you  
If your name is Barbara Allen.
5. "And death is painted on his face  
And o'er his heart is stealing;  
Then hasten away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen!"
6. So slowly, slowly she got up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when she got there,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
7. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick,  
And death is in me dwelling;  
....."  
....."
8. ".....  
.....  
No better, no better you never will be,  
For you can't get Barbara Allen.
9. "O don't you remember in yonder town  
When you were at the tavern,  
You drank a health to all the ladies round,  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"
10. "O yes, I remember in yonder town,  
In yonder town a-drinking,  
I gave a health to all the ladies round  
But my heart to Barbara Allen."
11. As she was walking o'er the fields,  
She heard the death bell knelling,  
And every stroke did seem to say,  
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen!"
12. She looked to the east, she looked to the west;  
She spied his corpse a-coming:  
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay  
That I may look upon him."

13. "O Mother, Mother, go make my bed;  
Go make it long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for pure, pure love,  
And I shall die for sorrow.
14. "O Father, Father, go dig my grave;  
Go dig it long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for me today,  
And I'll die for him tomorrow."
15. She was buried in the old churchyard,  
And he was buried a-nigh her;  
On William's grave there grew a red rose,  
On Barbara's grew a green brier.
16. They grew to the top of the old church wall  
Till they could not grow any higher;  
They lapped and they tied in a truelover's knot,  
And the rose grew round the brier.

# K

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana.  
Secured by him from his mother, Mrs. Hettie Lomax, of Evansville, Indiana.  
Vanderburg County. March 6, 1936.

1. It was in the merry month of May;  
The June buds were a-swelling;  
When little Johnnie Green on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.  
.....
2. Slowly, slowly she came up  
And slowly she drew nigh him;  
And slowly slipped the curtain aside,  
Saying, "Young man, I think you're dying."
3. "O yes, I'm sick and very sick;  
I feel my whole heart breaking.  
But one little kiss from your sweet lips  
Would save me from this dying."



4. "O don't you remember in yonder town  
At the place where you were dwelling,  
You drank the health of the ladies round,  
But slighted Barbara Allen?"
5. He turned his pale face toward the wall,  
His back toward Barbara Allen,  
Saying, "I shall die of grief and pain  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

.....

6. She had not gone more than two miles  
When she heard the death-bell knelling,  
And every note that the death-bell stroke  
Sang, "Woe unto Barbara Allen!"
7. "O Mother dear, go dig my grave,  
And dig it deep and narrow;  
For little Johnnie Green died for me today;  
I'll die for him tomorrow."

.....

L

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mrs. Ira V. Rothrock, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. May 25, 1935.

1. In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwellin',  
Made every youth cry "wellaway,"  
Her name was Barbara Allen.
2. All in the merry month of May  
When green buds then were swellin',  
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay  
For love of Barbara Allen.

.....

3. "And death is printed on his face  
And o'er his heart is stealin';  
Then haste away to comfort him,  
O lovely Barbara Allen."
4. So slowly, slowly she came up,  
And slowly she came nigh him,  
And all she said when there she came,  
"Young man, I think you're dying."
- .....
5. When he was dead and in his grave,  
Her heart was struck with sorrow:  
"O Mother, Mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die tomorrow."
6. "Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in;  
Henceforth take warning by the fall  
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

## M

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Miss Mary Gene Waller, of Oakland City, Indiana. Secured by her from her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Norrington. Gibson County. April 12, 1935.

1. 'T was early in the month of May  
When the birds were sweetly singing,  
A young man on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
2. He sent his servant to the town  
Where Barbara was a-dwelling;  
"My master's sick and sends for you  
If your name be Barbara Allen."
- .....

3. He turned his pale face to the wall  
And his back to Barbara Allen:  
"I bid adieu to the ladies all  
For the love of Barbara Allen."

.....

N

"Barbara Allen." Contributed by Mr. Charles Kelsey, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. A fragment of two badly-garbled stanzas. October 17, 1935.

## LAMKIN

(Child, No. 93)

This ballad is rare in Indiana. Only two variants have been recovered, one of eight stanzas, the other of three. Both appear to belong to the *F* version of Child, stanzas 21, 22, and 23 of the latter being almost identical with corresponding stanzas of Indiana A. Much has been lost from the Indiana texts. They lack the lord's parting injunction to his lady to beware of Lamkin, "who lives in the wood," the planning of Lamkin and the nurse for revenge, the torturing of the baby, the attempt of the lady to "buy off" Lamkin, the scouring of the basin to catch the lady's blood, the question of Lamkin as to whether he shall kill the lady, and the nurse's reply: "Kill her, dear Lammikin, she was never gude to me."

For American texts, see Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 23; Jones, p. 301 (fragment); *Journal*, XIII, 117; XXIX, 162; XXX, 318; XXXV, 344 (fragment and melody); XLIV, 61; Sandburg, pp. 72, 385; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 91; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 62.

British: *JFSS*, I, 212; II, 111; V, 81; Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 61.

Additional references are to be found in *Journal*, XXX, 318.

## A

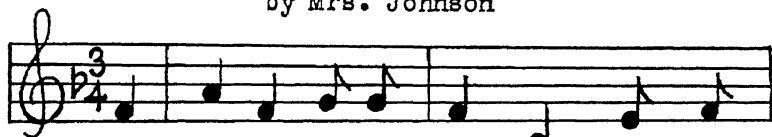
"Lamkin." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 16, 1935. With music.

1. Oh, Lamkin was a mason,  
And he built well with stone;  
And he built my lord's castle,  
But payment he got none.
2. "O pay me, O pay me;  
Come pay me my fee!"  
"I cannot pay you, Lamkin,  
Until I sail o'er the sea."
3. Then his young son in the castle  
Was murdered one day  
By Falseness<sup>1</sup> and Lamkin  
While the servants were away.

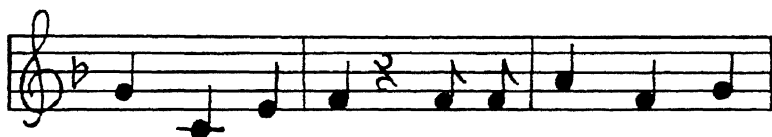
<sup>1</sup> For false nurse.

## LAMKIN

Text and air contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins; noted  
by Mrs. Johnson



O Lam-kin was a ma--son, And he



built well with stone, And he built my lord's



cas--tle, But pay--ment he got none. "O



pay me, O pay me, O pay me my



fee!" "I can not pay you, Lam--kin, Till I



sail o'er the sea."

4. Then out spoke my lady:  
    "Have mercy on me;  
    Though you've taken my young son's life,  
    O have mercy upon me!"
5. Lady Betty was lying  
    In her chamber so high,  
    When she heard her dear daddy  
    Come riding hard by.
6. "O Daddy, O Daddy,  
    You need not blame me,  
    For Falseness and Lamkin  
    Have killed your lady!"
7. Then Lamkin was hanged  
    On yon gallows so high,  
    And Falseness was burned  
    In a fire hard by.
8. Then sweetly sang the wild birds  
    As they soared upon high,  
    For Falseness and Lamkin  
    Deserved well to die.

## B

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Helen B. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. June 23, 1935.

1. Lady Betty was lying  
    In her chamber so high,  
    When she heard her dear daddy  
    Come riding hard by.
2. "O Daddy, O Daddy,  
    You need not blame me,  
    For Falseness and Lamkin  
    Have killed your lady!"
3. Falseness was hanged  
    On yon gallows so high,  
    And Lamkin was burned  
    In a fire near by.

## 17

## THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

(Child, No. 95)

Only one variant of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows" has been recovered. It is nearest, save for dialect, to "The Hangman's Tree," transmitted to Child by Miss Backus as "an old English song . . . brought over to Virginia before the Revolution" and included by him in his collection (V, 296).

For other American texts, see Barry, No. 25; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 24; Cox, No. 18; Davis, p. 360; Hudson, No. 15; Hudson, *Folksongs*, pp. 111-14; *Journal*, XIX, 22; XXI, 56; XXIV, 337 (melody only); XXVI, 175; XXX, 319; XLII, 272; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 13; Sandburg, p. 72; Scarborough, pp. 35, 39, 41; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, pp. 197-200; C. A. Smith, pp. 6, 10; Smith, No. 10; Smith, *Ballads*, No. 10; Thomas, pp. 164-65; Wyman and Brockway, p. 44; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 37; *JFSS*, V, 228; *Folk-Lore*, VI, 306; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 15-16; Cox, *Traditional Ballads, Mainly from West Virginia*, p. 29; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 93.

Hungarian versions are given in Buday and Ortutay (No. 38 "Az aspis kigyó") and Bartók, *Hungarian Folk Music* (No. 157). For an exhaustive study of this ballad, see Erich Pohl's "Die deutsche Volksballade von der Losgekauften" (*FFC*, 105).

No title given. Communicated by Mr. John West, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Mr. West, who is eighty-two, learned this song from his grandmother many years ago. March 7, 1935.

1. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man;  
    O slack it for a while;  
    I think I see my father coming,  
    Riding many a mile.
2. "O Father, have you brought me gold,  
    Or have you paid my fee?  
    Or have you come to see me hanging  
    On the gallows tree?"
3. "I have not brought you gold;  
    I have not paid your fee,  
    But I have come to see you hanging  
    On the gallows tree."

4. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man;  
O slack it for a while;  
I think I see my mother coming,  
Riding many a mile.
5. "O Mother, have you brought me gold,  
Or have you paid my fee?  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
On the gallows tree?"
6. "I have not brought you gold;  
I have not paid your fee,  
But I have come to see you hanging  
On the gallows tree."
7. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man;  
O slack it for a while;  
I think I see my brother coming,  
Riding many a mile.
8. "O Brother, have you brought me gold,  
Or have you paid my fee?  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
On the gallows tree?"
9. "I have not brought you gold;  
I have not paid your fee,  
But I have come to see you hanging  
On the gallows tree."
10. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man;  
O slack it for a while;  
I think I see my sister coming,  
Riding many a mile.
11. "O Sister, have you brought me gold,  
Or have you paid my fee?  
Or have you come to see me hanging  
On the gallows tree?"



12. "I have not brought you gold;  
    I have not paid your fee,  
    But I have come to see you hanging  
    On the gallows tree."
13. "Slack your rope, hangs-a-man;  
    O slack it for a while;  
    I think I see my lover coming,  
    Riding many a mile.
14. "O Lover, have you brought me gold,  
    Or have you paid my fee?  
    Or have you come to see me hanging  
    On the gallows tree?"
15. "Yes, I have brought you gold;  
    Yes, I have paid your fee,  
    Nor have I come to see you hanging  
    On the gallows tree."

## SIR HUGH

(Child, No. 155)

Three texts have been recovered in this state. All of them tell the same story, differing only in unimportant details, and agree most closely with versions *G* and *H* of Child. The ballad is more commonly known in Indiana as "The Jew's Daughter" or "The Jew's Garden."

For American texts, see Belden, No. 8; Campbell and Sharp, No. 26; Child, III, 248; Cox, No. 9; Davis, p. 400; Hudson, No. 17; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 116; Jones, p. 301; *Journal*, XV, 195; XIX, 293; XXIX, 164 (contains an Indiana variant); XXX, 322; XXXV, 344; XXXIX, 212; XLIV, 64, 296; XLVII, 358; Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 75; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 5; Scarborough, p. 53; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 172; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; C. A. Smith, p. 15; Smith, *Ballads*, No. 11; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 102; *BFSSNE*, V, 7 (Vermont); Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 16.

British texts: *JFSS*, I, 264; V, 253.

## A

No title given. Contributed by the late Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, special writer for the *Indianapolis Star*. Secured by her from Mrs. Frances Schmidlap Wands, *née* Taylor. "She told me of this old ballad which was sung in the Taylor family for generations as a 'sleepy song,' the air to which it was sung really being the sort that lulls to sleep" (Mrs. Rabb). Marion County. February 26, 1936.

1. It rained, it rained in our town;  
     It rained both great and small;  
 The little boys in our town  
     Were playing with a ball.
2. They tossed the ball so high, so high,  
     And then again so low;  
 At last it fell in the duke's garden  
     Where none of them dared to go.
3. The duke's daughter came walking out  
     And she was dressed in green:  
 "Come in, come in, my little boy,  
     And get your ball again."

4. "I won't come in, I can't come in  
Without my playmates all.  
I won't come in, I can't come in;  
'T would cause my blood to fall."
5. She pulled him off a green apple  
And offered it to him;  
She pulled him off a blood-red cherry,  
And that enticed him in.
6. She took him by her<sup>1</sup> lily-white hand  
And led him to the kitchen,  
And there he saw his mother's maid  
A-cleaning of a chicken.
7. "O save me now, O save me now;  
O save me now or never;  
And if I live to be a man,  
I'll pay you altogether!"
8. She took him to her own chamber,  
Most beauteous to behold;  
She set him in her own armchair,  
And that was striped with gold.
9. She wrapped him in her apron  
And pinned it with a pin;  
She put him on her own bedside  
And stuck him like a pig.
10. "O lay my Bible at my head,  
My prayer book at my feet;  
And if my playmates ask for me,  
Tell them I've gone to sleep.
11. "O lay my Bible at my head,  
My prayer book on my breast;  
And if my playmates ask for me,  
Tell them I've gone to rest."

---

<sup>1</sup> Probably for *the*.

B

"The Jew's Garden." Contributed by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 3, 1935. With music.

SIR HUGH

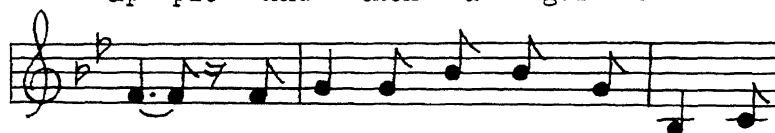
Sung by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan; noted by Mrs. Johnson



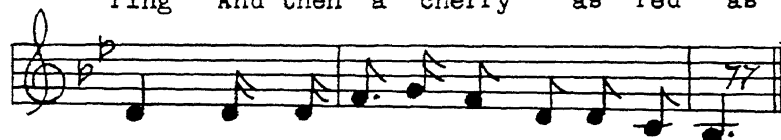
She first offered him a mel---low



ap--ple And then a gold--en



ring And then a cherry as red as



blood, Which en-ticed the lit-tle boy in.

1. It rained a mist; it rained a mist  
All o'er, all o'er the town,  
When two little boys went out  
To toss their ball around, -round, -round,  
To toss their ball around.
2. It was first too low and then too high,  
And then again too low,  
And then into the Jew's garden  
Where none was allowed to go, go, go,  
Where none was allowed to go.

3. "Come in, little boy, and get your ball,  
And get your ball again."  
"I won't come in, I shan't come in ;  
.....  
.....
4. "For I've ofttimes heard it said  
.....  
If anyone entered the Jew's garden,  
They'd never come out again, -gain, -gain,  
They'd never come out again."
5. She first offered him a mellow apple  
And then a golden ring,  
And then a cherry as red as blood,  
Which enticed the little boy in, in, in,  
Which enticed the little boy in.
6. She took him by the lily-white hand  
And led him through the hall,  
And seated him down at the end of the table  
Where no one could hear him call, call, call,  
Where no one could hear him call.
7. She called then for a napkin ;  
She pinned it with a pin,  
And then she called for a tin basin  
To catch his heart's blood in, in, in,  
To catch his heart's blood in.  
.....
8. "Place my prayer book at my head,  
My Bible at my feet ;  
And if my schoolmates call for me,  
Just tell them that I'm asleep, -sleep, -sleep,  
Just tell them that I'm asleep.
9. "Place my prayer book at my feet,  
My Bible at my head ;  
And if my parents call for me,  
Just tell them that I'm dead, dead, dead,  
Just tell them that I'm dead."

## C

"The Jew's Daughter." Contributed by Mrs. C. H. Allardin, of McLeansboro, Illinois. Learned by her in Indiana. April 24, 1936.

1.    One Friday in the month of May  
        When the sun shone through the hall,  
        All the boys of Lasso Town<sup>2</sup>  
        Went out to toss their ball.
2.    At first they would toss their ball too high,  
        And then, O then, too low,  
        Till over into the Jew's garden it went  
        Where no one would dare to go.
3.    And then the Jew's daughter she came out,  
        All dressed in riches gay,<sup>3</sup>  
        Saying, "Come in, you little man;  
        Come in and get your ball."
4.    "O I won't come in, I can't come in;  
        I say I won't come in.  
        For I've often heard whoever came in  
        Would never get out again."
5.    At first she showed him a yellow apple  
        And then a gay gold ring,  
        And then some cherries as red as blood  
        To coax that little boy in.
6.    She took him by his little white hand<sup>4</sup>  
        And into the cellar she went,  
        And called for a basin as bright as tin  
        To catch his heart's blood in.

---

<sup>2</sup> For *London Town*?

<sup>3</sup> All dressed in rich array.

<sup>4</sup> For lily-white hand.

7. "When you go home .....  
    If Mother should call for me,  
    Please tell her that I'm asleep,  
    Please tell her that I'm asleep.
8. "Please place my schoolbooks at my feet,  
    And the Bible at my head;  
    And if my schoolmates should call for me,  
    Please tell them that I am dead."

## THE GYPSY LADDIE

(Child, No. 200)

Only a four-stanza fragment of "The Gypsy Laddie" has been recovered. It resembles most closely versions *H*, *I*, and *J* of Child.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 9; Belden, No. 10 (a fragment); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 27; Cox, No. 21; Davis, p. 423; Hudson, No. 18; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 117; *Journal*, XVIII, 191; XIX, 294; XXII, 80; XXIV, 346; XXV, 173; XXVI, 353; XXX, 323; XLVIII, 385; McGill, p. 15; Pound, p. 10 (fragment); Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 215; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 44; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 59-60; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 31, 32, 35; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 110.

"The Gypsy Daisy." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. January 2, 1936.

1. "Can you leave your house and land,  
And can you leave your baby?  
Can you leave your own truelove  
And go with the Gypsy Daisy?"
2. "O yes, I can leave my house and land,  
And very well can I leave my baby;  
Much better can I leave my own truelove  
And go with the Gypsy Daisy."
3. "Go pull off those high-heel shoes  
Bound in Spanish leather;  
Go put on those low-heel shoes,  
And away we'll ride together."
4. "Last night I lay on a featherbed;  
Last night I lay with my baby;  
Tonight I'll lay in a willow swamp  
In the arms of the Gypsy Daisy."



## 20

## LIZIE LINDSAY

(Child, No. 226)

"Lizie Lindsay" is represented in the Indiana collection by only one version. The contributor was born in Carlisle, England, of Scottish parentage, and learned this ballad from the singing of his father, for many years a shepherd in the Cheviot Hills. The former has been in this country for about twenty-eight years. He was in concert work for a considerable period, his last tour as a singer being in 1917, when his concert company toured the middle western United States and eastern Canada.

For melody and fragmentary American texts, see Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 297; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 36.

British: Greig, *Last Leaves*, p. 164.

"Leezie Lindsay." Contributed by Mr. William Jardine, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Vigo County. August 12, 1935.

1. "Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?  
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,  
My bride and my darling to be?"
2. "To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,  
I dinna ken how that may be;  
For I kenna the land that ye live in,  
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."
3. Then up bespake Leezie's best woman,  
A bonnie young lassie was she:  
"Had I but a mark in my pocket  
It's Donald that I wad gang wi'."
4. She has kilted her coats of green satin;  
She has kilted them up to the knee;  
And she's aff to the Hielands wi' Donald,  
His bride and his darling to be.
5. He has led her high up on a mountain  
And bade her look out o'er the sea:  
"These isles are Lord Donald MacDonald's,  
And his bride and his darling are ye."

## JAMES HARRIS

(Child, No. 243)

Nine variants and two melodies of this ballad have been recovered, all nine of the variants being closely related to Child *B*, though with occasional touches of other versions. As usual, the lover has lost all traces of his demoniac character, and, too, many details of the original version have disappeared. The story as told in the Indiana texts is briefly this: A sailor returns to find his old sweetheart happily married to a house carpenter, and the mother of a child (or two) by him. By specious promises the former lover persuades the wife to desert husband and baby and go with him. She soon discovers her mistake, however, and begins to weep for the child left behind. The ship springs a leak and sinks to the bottom of the sea, bearing her with it. Some variants contain a stanza in which she voices a curse upon deceiving sailormen, or a warning to other wives. The "hills of heaven and hell" stanzas do not appear in Indiana versions.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 11; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 304; Belden, No. 11 (fragment); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 29; Cox, p. 139; Davis, p. 439; Hudson, No. 19; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 119; *Journal*, XIX, 295; XX, 257; XXV, 274; XXX, 325; XXXV, 346; XXXVI, 360; XLII, 275; XLIX, 209; Pound, *Ballads*, p. 34; Sandburg, p. 66; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 151; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Smith, p. 151; Thomas, p. 172; Wyman and Brockway, *Songs*, p. 54; *PTFLS*, X, 159; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 46; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 59; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 113; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 38, 41, 43, 45; *BFSSNE*, VII, 11; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 201.

## A

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. Dora A. Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. It is traditional in her family. November 16, 1935.

1. "Well met! well met! my own true love;  
    Well met, well met are we.  
I've just returned from the old salt sea,  
    And 't was all for the sake of thee,  
    And 't was all for the sake of thee.
2. "I could of married a king's daughter,  
    And she would of married me;  
But I refused her crowns and gold,  
    And 't was all for the sake of thee,  
    And 't was all for the sake of thee."

3. "If you could of married a king's daughter,  
I think you are to blame;  
For I have married a house carpenter,  
And I think he's a nice young man,  
And I think he's a nice young man."
4. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the blue sea,  
On the banks of the blue sea."
5. "If I forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee,  
What have you got to support me upon  
And keep me from slavery,  
And keep me from slavery?"
6. "O don't you see those seven fine ships,  
All loaded to the brim,  
And three hundred and ten of those jolly seamen  
To sail at your command,  
To sail at your command?"
7. She called up her two little babes,  
And kisses gave them three,  
Saying, "Keep you papa company  
While your mamma's gone to sea."<sup>1</sup>
8. She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
Putting on a sash of green,  
And over the streets as she passed by  
She shone like a glittering queen.
9. She hadn't been on board two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Until this fair lady began to weep  
And to weep most bitterly.
10. "Do you weep for gold?" says he;  
"Or do you weep for fear?  
Or do you weep for that house carpenter  
That you left when you came on here?"

---

<sup>1</sup> The last line of each stanza is to be repeated.

11. "No, I don't weep for gold," says she;  
     "Nor do I weep for fear,  
     But I do weep for those two little babes  
     That I left when I came on here."
12. She hadn't been on board three weeks,  
     I'm sure it was not four,  
     Until over the deck she sprang a leap,<sup>2</sup>  
     And her cries was heard no more.
13. "O cursed be all sailors<sup>3</sup>  
     And cursed be their men!  
     They've deprived me of my liberty  
     And brought my life to an end."

B

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. May 21, 1935. With music.

JAMES HARRIS

Sung by Mrs. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



"O is it for my gold you weep, Or is it



for my store, Or is it for your house carpen-



ter You ne'er shall see no more?"

<sup>2</sup> Apparently a confusion here with the ship's "springing a leak."

<sup>3</sup> For *sailing ships*?

1. "O I've just returned from the salt-water sea,  
And it's all for the sake of thee;  
For I could have married the king's daughter dear,  
And she fain would have married me."
2. "If you could have married the king's daughter dear,  
I'm sure you are not free;  
And I am married to a house carpenter,  
And a fine young man is he."
3. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the Sweet Malea."
4. "If I'll forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee,  
What have you to maintain me on  
To keep me from slavery?"
5. "I have seven ships upon the sea,  
All sailing for dry land;  
One hundred and fifty sailor-men  
Shall be at your command."
6. "O yes, I'll leave my house carpenter  
And go along with thee;  
I'll go to where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the Sweet Malea."
7. She then picked up her little babe  
And kisses gave it three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, my little babe,  
And bear papa company."
8. They had not been on sea two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Until this lady began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
9. "O is it for my gold you weep,  
Or is it for my store,  
Or is it for your house carpenter  
You left on a distant shore?"

10. "It is not for your gold I weep,  
      Nor is it for your store,  
      But it is for my little babe  
      I ne'er shall see no more."
11. They had not been on sea three weeks,  
      I'm sure it was not four,  
      Until the vessel it sprung a leak  
      And sank to rise no more.

C

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 15, 1935.

1. "We've met! we've met! my own true love;  
      We've met, we've met," says he;  
      "I've come all the way from the saltwater sea  
      All for the love of thee.
2. "I could have married a king's daughter fair,  
      And she would have married me,  
      But I refused a crown of gold  
      All for the sake of thee."
3. "If you could have married a king's daughter fair,  
      I'm sure you are to blame;  
      For I have married a house carpenter,  
      And I think he is a nice young man."
4. "If you will forsake your house carpenter  
      And go along with me,  
      I'll take you where the grass grows green  
      On the banks of sweet Calvaree."
5. "What have you there to maintain me on,  
      Keep me from slaveree?"  
      "I have twenty ships all landed in port  
      And twenty more on sea."

6. She took her babe up in her arms  
And gave it kisses three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, you dear little one,  
And keep your pa companee."
7. She dressed herself in robes of green,  
Most glorious to behold;  
And as she walked down through the street,  
She glittered like some gold.
8. They hadn't been gone but about two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Until this fair damsel began for to weep,  
And wept most bitterlee.
9. "Is it for my gold that you weep,  
Or is it for my store,  
Or is it all for the sake of the house carpenter  
You left on the other shore?"
10. "It is not for your money that I weep,  
Neither is it for your store;  
It is all for the sake of that dear little babe  
That I never can see any more."
11. They had not been gone but about three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
When this gallant ship sprung a leak under deck,  
And her weeping was heard no more.

## D

"The Salt, Salt Sea." Contributed by Mrs. Richard Sullivan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. September 25, 1935.

1. "I've just returned from the salt, salt sea,  
My own true-love for to see;  
And she was married to a house carpenter,  
And a pretty little lad was he.
2. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you to the place where the grass grows green  
In the shade of the green willow tree."

3. "Well, I'll forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee  
If you'll take me to the place where the grass grows green  
In the shade of the green willow tree."
4. They had not sailed two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Till in her husband's hall she was sitting (!),  
A-weeping most bitterly.
5. "Do you weep for gold?" he said;  
"Or do you weep for fear?"<sup>4</sup>  
Or are you weeping for your house carpenter  
That you left when you came with me?"
6. "I don't weep for gold," she said;  
"I do not weep for fear,  
But I do weep for my two pretty babes  
That I left when I came with you."
7. They had not sailed three weeks,  
I'm sure they hadn't sailed four,  
Till over the deck in the lake she sprung,<sup>5</sup>  
And her weeping was heard no more.

## E

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Secured from his mother, Mrs. Hettie Lomax, of Evansville. March 6, 1936.

1. "Well met, well met, my nice young lady;  
Well met, well met," said he.  
"I've just returned from the salt lake country,  
And it's all for the sake of thee."
2. "Too late, too late, my nice young man;  
Too late, too late," said she,  
"For I've just married a house-carpenter,  
And I think he's a nice young man."<sup>6</sup>

---

<sup>4</sup> *Fear* should be *fee*.

<sup>5</sup> The *lake* of this line is evidently a corruption of the *leak* in the ship.

<sup>6</sup> For *And a nice young man is he*?



3. "If you will leave your house-carpenter  
And come and go with me,  
I will take you to a land far away,  
To a land beyond the sea."
4. "What have you there to maintain me  
Or keep me from slavery?"  
"I've one hundred and ten thousand men,  
And they all shall wait on thee."
5. She taken up her sweet little babe  
And kisses gave it three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, you sweet little babe,  
And keep your papa company."
6. She had not been on sail<sup>7</sup> two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Till she began to weep and mourn  
That she was tired of sea.
7. "What are you weeping for, my love,  
My land, my gold, my store?  
Or are you weeping for that house-carpenter  
You never shall see any more?"
8. "I'm neither weeping for my house-carpenter  
Nor your land, your gold, or store;  
But I'm weeping for that sweet little babe  
Which I never shall see any more."

.....

## F

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. Will McCullough, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. June 11, 1935. With music.

1. "Well met, well met, my own truelove,  
Well met, well met," says he;  
"I've just returned from the saltwater sea,  
And it's all for the love of thee."

.....

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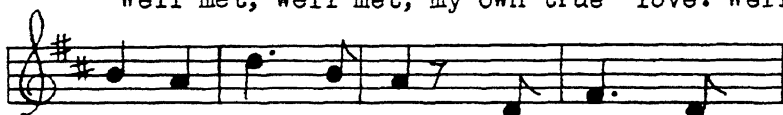
<sup>7</sup> For sea?

JAMES HARRIS

Sung by Mrs. Will McCullough; noted by Mrs. Johnson



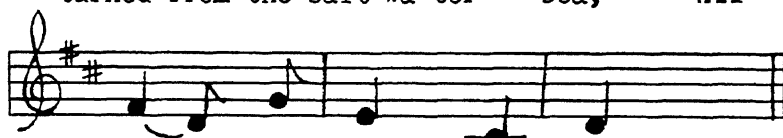
"Well met, well met, my own true love! Well



met, well met!" said he. "I've just re--



turned from the salt wa-ter sea, All



for the love of thee."

2. ....  
.....

"Lie there, lie there, you sweet little babe,  
And keep your pa company."

3. They hadn't been sailing scarce two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
When the young wife began to weep and to cry,  
And she wept most bitterly.

4. "O is it for my money that you weep,  
Or is it for my store,  
Or is it for that house carpenter  
You know you'll see no more?"

5. "It's neither for your money that I weep,  
Nor is it for your store,  
But it is for that sweet little babe  
That I know I'll see no more."
6. They hadn't been sailing scarce three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
When the young man's ship it sprung a leak,  
And sank to rise no more.

G

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. James Williams, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. September 17, 1935.

.....

1. "If you will leave your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you where the moss grows green  
On the banks of the sweet Reveleen."
2. She picked up her sweet little babe  
And gave it kisses three,  
Saying, "Stay at home, keep your father company  
While I sail on the sea."
3. They hadn't sailed more than two weeks,  
I'm sure it wasn't three,  
Till this fair damsel began to weep;  
She wept most bitterly.
4. "Is it for my gold you weep,  
Or is it for my store?  
Or is it for your house carpenter  
That you left on Italy's shore?"
5. "It isn't for your gold that I weep,  
Neither is it for your store;  
It's all for the love of that sweet little babe  
That I never shall see any more."

6. "Cheer up, cheer up, my own true love;  
Cheer up, cheer up," said he;  
"We'll soon be where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the sweet Reveleen."
7. "A curse to you and your jolly crew,  
A curse to your ships that sail,  
For robbing me of my house carpenter  
And taking my life away!"
8. Three times around went the gallant ship;  
Three times around went she;  
Three times around went the gallant ship,  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.

## H

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas Leslie, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Vigo County. November 26, 1935.

.....

1. "If you will leave your house carpenter  
And come and go with me,  
I'll take you where the grass grows green  
On the banks of sweet Italy."
2. She dressed herself in red rosy red,  
Most beautiful to be seen,<sup>8</sup>  
And as she walked the streets along  
She shone like glittering gold.
3. She picked up her sweet little babe  
And kisses gave it three,  
And said, "Stay at home; be a good little babe,  
Keep your path in good company."<sup>9</sup>

---

<sup>8</sup> The rhyme here requires to *behold*.

<sup>9</sup> For *Keep your pa in good company*? It will be noted that stanzas 2 and 3 have been transposed by the contributor.

4. She hadn't been on sea more than two weeks,  
I'm sure it wasn't three,  
Till this fair damsel began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.
5. "Do you weep for your house carpenter,  
Or do you weep for fear,  
Or do you weep for your silver and gold  
That you left when you followed me here?"
6. "Neither do I weep for my house carpenter,  
Neither do I weep for fear,  
But I do weep for my sweet little babe  
That I left when I followed you here."
7. She hadn't been on sea more than three weeks,  
I'm sure it wasn't four,  
Till under the deck (there) sprung a leak,  
And this fair damsel was heard no more.
8. O cursed be all seamen,  
O cursed be their lives!  
For they have learned (?) the house carpenter  
And stole away his wife.

I

"The House Carpenter." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. January 24, 1936.

.....

1. She picked up her dear little babe  
And gave it kisses three;  
"Stay at home for your father's company  
While I do sail on the sea."
2. They had not sailed more than two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Until this damsel began to weep,  
And she wept most bitterly.

3. "Cheer up, cheer up, my own truelove;  
    Cheer up, cheer up," said he;  
    "We will soon be where the grass grows green  
    On the banks of the sweet Revolee.
4. "Is it for my gold that you weep,  
    Or is it for my store,  
    Or is it for that house carpenter  
    You will never see any more?"
5. "It is not for your gold that I weep,  
    Neither is it for your store;  
    It's all for the love of my dear little babe  
    That I left on Italy's shore."

.....

## 22

## OUR GOODMAN

(Child, No. 274)

The only specimen of "Our Goodman" in the files of the Indiana collection is a three-stanza fragment belonging to Child A, and is an importation from Pennsylvania. The contributor writes: "All the old ballads I know were heard in western Pennsylvania, and as I am now sixty-eight years old, it was a long time ago. I remember particularly hearing 'The Lass of Roch Royal' sung by a wedding procession going to the bridegroom's house for the infair—the bride and groom in the front buggy, top laid back, the bride wearing a large hat with immense white feather, groom with white tie, white flower in buttonhole, and white ribbon on the whip. . . . My mother's people were Scotch-Irish and were singers. One of the family was always precentor in the old Seceder church, and in their frivolous moments they sang some of these cheerful ballads. The first thing I can remember, almost, is my mother singing around her work—psalms, hymns, ballads—nothing written, just handed down by word of mouth."

For American texts, see Barry, No. 17; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 32; Cox, No. 28; Davis, p. 485; Finger, p. 161; Hudson, No. 20; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 122; Jones, p. 301 (fragment); *Journal*, XVIII, 295; XXX, 199; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 14; C. A. Smith, p. 17; Smith, *Ballads*, No. 14; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 232; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 225; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 14; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 119.

British: Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 188; Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, II, 31.

JFSS, VII, 302, has a Manx version, "Haink fer-thie thie Amnagh." A Hungarian version appears in Buday and Ortutay, *Székely Népballadák* (No. 23 "A megcsalt férj"). A practically identical text is given in Bartok, *Hungarian Folk Music* (No. 260).

For additional references, see *Journal*, XXIX, 166; XXX, 328; XXXV, 348.

No title given. Contributed by Miss Florence Eva Dillan, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. January 30, 1936.

1. "My dear wife, my loving wife,  
What is this that I see?  
Whose is this cap a-hanging  
Where my cap ought to be?"

2. "You old fool, you loving fool,  
    It's nothing. Don't you see  
    It's nothing but a milk can  
    My mother sent to me?"
3. "Miles have I traveled  
    A thousand or more,  
    But fur upon a milk can  
    I never saw before."



## 23

## THE WIFE WRAPT IN WETHER'S SKIN

(Child, No. 277)

Three texts of this ballad have been recovered in Indiana, under the following titles: "Dandoo," "Dan-Doodle-Dan," and "The Old Sheepskin." The Child title does not appear.

For American texts, see Belden, No. 12 (fragment); Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 33; Child, V, 304; Cox, No. 29; Davis, p. 497; Hudson, No. 21; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 123; *Journal*, VII, 253; XIX, 298; XXIX, 109; XXX, 328; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 6; Shearin and Combs, p. 8 (fragment); Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 49; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 89; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 46, 48, 49; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 125 (fragment).

For British texts see: Greig, *Last Leaves*, No. 93; *JFSS*, II, 223; V, 260; Ford, *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, p. 192.

## A

"Dandoo." Contributed by Mrs. Mayme C. Waller, of Winslow, Indiana. Pike County. Secured by her from her mother, Mrs. A. W. Corn, who heard it sung years ago by her grandmother, Mrs. Asenath McDonald Barrett. July 1, 1935.

1. There was an old man and he lived out West,  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
There was an old man and he lived out West,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
There was an old man and he lived out West;  
He married a woman, she was none of the best,  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.
2. He went in from his plow,<sup>1</sup>  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
He went in from his plow,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
He went in from his plow,  
Saying, "Old woman, have you got dinner now?"  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.

<sup>1</sup> This line is incomplete.

3. "There's a piece of cold bread lying on the shelf,"  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
"There's a piece of cold bread lying on the shelf,"  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
"There's a piece of cold bread lying on the shelf;  
If you want more cooked, you can cook it yourself."  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.
4. He went out to his sheep-fold,  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
He went out to his sheep-fold,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
He went out to his sheep-fold,  
And jerked up a sheep about six years old,  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.
5. He hung it up upon a pin,  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
He hung it up upon a pin,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
He hung it up upon a pin,  
In about three jerks jerked off its skin,  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.
6. He threw his sheepskin around his wife's back,  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
He threw his sheepskin around his wife's back,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
He threw his sheepskin around his wife's back,  
And, O my Lord, how he made his whip crack!  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.

7. He threw his whip upon the shelf,  
Dandoo, Dandoo;  
He threw his whip upon the shelf,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.  
He threw his whip upon the shelf;  
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself.  
To ma clore, to ma clore,  
To ma clamadore clax to ma clingo.

B

"The Old Sheepskin." Contributed by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. August 8, 1935.

1. As I came a-whistling from my plow,  
Says I to my wife, "Is supper ready now?"  
"There's a piece of cornbread laying on the shelf;  
If you want any more, go cook it yourself."  
Um-a-clary, um-a-clary,  
Um-a-clama-dor-a-clas, tum-a-clingo.
2. As I went out to my sheep hole,<sup>2</sup>  
I grabbed up a sheep about eleven years old;  
I hung him up upon a pin,  
And about three jerks and off came his skin.  
Um-a-clary, um-a-clary,  
Um-a-clama-dor-a-clas, tum-a-clingo.
3. I wrapped it all around her back,  
And you better reckon the hickory cracked:  
"Go tell you daddy and all your kin  
I never whipped nothing but the old sheepskin."  
Um-a-clary, um-a-clary,  
Um-a-clama-dor-a-clas, tum-a-clingo.

---

<sup>2</sup> For fold.

C

"Dan-Doodle-Dan." Contributed by Mr. William Finch, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. May 2, 1935.

1. There was an old man who lived in the West,  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan;  
 He had an old woman who was none of the best,  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan.  
 Her old man came in from the plow,  
 Saying, "Old woman, is dinner ready now?"  
 Sing lorum clorum clan a clish a ma clingo.
  
2. "There's a piece of cold meat upon the shelf,"  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan;  
 "If you want any better, you can cook it yourself,"  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan.  
 "There's a piece of cold meat upon the shelf;  
 If you want any better, you can cook it yourself."  
 Sing lorum clorum clan a clish a ma clingo.
  
3. This old man jumped into the sheepfold,  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan;  
 And gathered a wether right by the wool,  
     Dan-Doodle-Dan.  
 He stretched it over his old woman's back,  
 And made the hickory go "whickety-whack!"  
 Sing lorum clorum clan a clish a ma clingo.

## THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

(Child, No. 278)

One copy only of this ballad has been found in Indiana. It resembles most closely version A of Child.

For other American texts, see Barry, No. 28; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 325; Belden, No. 13; Campbell and Sharp, No. 34; Cox, No. 30; Davis, p. 505; *Journal*, XIX, 298; XXIV, 348; XXVII, 68; XXX, 329; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 124; Lomax, p. 110; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 15; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin*, II, No. 3; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 53; *PTFLS*, X, 164; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 18; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 125; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 228.

British: Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 211; *JFSS*, II, 184; III, 131.

"The Devil Came to the Farmer's One Day." Contributed by Mrs. Mayme C. Waller, of Winslow, Indiana. Pike County. Secured from her mother, Mrs. A. W. Corn, of Winslow. June 17, 1935. With music.

1. The devil came to the farmer's one day,  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
Said, "One of your family I'll carry away."  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.
2. "If you won't take my oldest son,"  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
"I surely will trade you two for the one."  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.
3. "It's not your oldest son I crave,"  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
"It's your danged old wife I mean for to have."  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.
4. He hoisted her on his old back,  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
And like an old peddler went packing his sack,  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

## THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

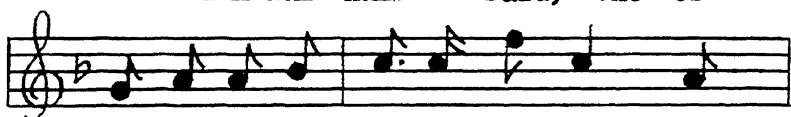
Sung and noted by Mrs. Mayme C. Waller



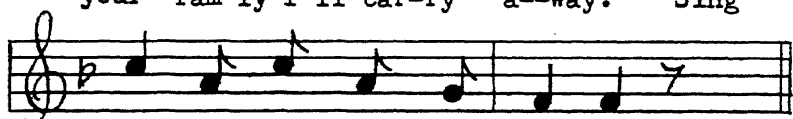
The devil came to the farmer one day, Um-



um-um--hum-hum--hum. Said, "One of



your fam'ly I'll car-ry a--way." Sing



ty---o--rad---dle ding day.

5. He carried her down to the Gates of Hell,  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
Said, "Kindle the fire, boys, and we'll burn her well,"  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.
6. There sat a little devil with his red cap,  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
She up with her foot and she gave him a slap.  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.
7. Two little devils sat parching beans;  
Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
She picked up a pine-knot and split out their brains.  
Sing tyo raddle ding day.

8. Six little devils ran up the wall,  
    Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
    Cried, "Take her back, daddy, or she'll kill us all!"  
    Sing tyo raddle ding day.
9. He hoisted her up on his old back,  
    Um-um, Um-hum-hum-hum,  
    And like an old fool went packing her back.  
    Sing tyo raddle ding day.

## THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)

(Child, No. 286)

Three complete texts of this ballad have been found in Indiana, all under the title of "The Lowland Sea." They are all closely related to Child C.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 1; Barry, Eckstorm, and Smyth, p. 339; Belden, No. 78; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 35; Colcord, p. 79; Cox, No. 32; Davis, p. 516; Flanders and Brown, p. 230; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 43 (two fragments); Hudson, No. 22; Hudson, *Folk-songs*, p. 125; *Journal*, XVIII, 125; XXIII, 429; XXX, 331; XLVIII, 386 (Illinois); McGill, p. 97; Pound, p. 24; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 185; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 9 (fragment); Shoemaker, p. 126; Wyman and Brockway, p. 72; Smith and Rufty, *American Anthology*, p. 59; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, pp. 177-79; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 93; Creighton, p. 20; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 52, 54, 56; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 127.

British: Greig, *Last Leaves*, No. 101; Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 199; *JFSS*, I, 104; II, 244.

## A

"The Lowland Sea." Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Lenington, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. Learned in Allen County from the singing of her mother, who learned it in Ohio. January 30, 1936.

1. All on the Spanish Main the Turkish "Silverree"  
     Was trying for to stop the "Golden Willow Tree,"  
 As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
     As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
2. Up stepped the cabin boy, what a fine lad was he!  
     Saying, "Captain, O Captain, what will you give me  
 If I'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
     If I'll sink her in the Lowland Sea?"
3. "I've houses on land, a ship upon the sea;  
     My oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,  
 If you'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
     If you'll sink her in the Lowland Sea."



4. He turned upon his face, and off swam he  
    Until he reached the "Golden Willow Tree,"  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
5. He took up the tools he had prepared,  
    And bored forty holes all in the guard,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
6. Some were playing cards, and some were throwing dice;  
    Some were standing round, a-giving good advice,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
7. Some with their hats and some with their caps  
    Were trying for to stop the salt-water gaps,  
As she sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As she sank into the Lowland Sea.
8. He turned upon his face, and back swam he  
    Until he reached the Turkish "Silverree,"  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
9. "Captain, O Captain, be as good as your word;  
    Be half so good as to take me on board,  
For she's sunk into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    For she's sunk into the Lowland Sea."
10. "O no, I will not be as good as my word,  
    Nor half so good as to take you on board,  
For she's sunk into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    For she's sunk into the Lowland Sea."
11. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,  
    I would serve you just as I've served them;  
I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    I would sink you in the Lowland Sea."
12. He turned upon his back, and down sank he,  
    Bidding adieu to the Turkish "Silverree,"  
As he sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
    As he sank into the Lowland Sea.

B

"The Lowland Sea." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 22, 1935. With music.

THE SWEET TRINITY

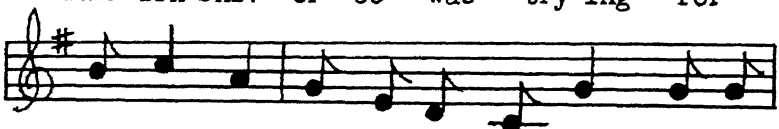
Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



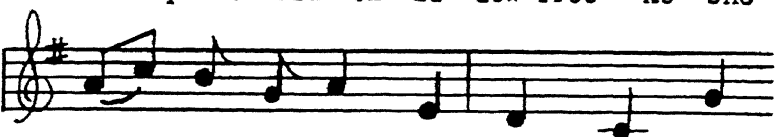
All on the Span-ish Main the



Turk-ish Shiv--er--ee Was try-ing for



to stop the Gold--en Wil--low Tree As she



sailed on the Low-land, lone--some, low,



As she sailed on the Low-land Sea.

1. All on the Spanish Main the Turkish "Shiveree"  
Was trying for to stop the "Golden Willow Tree,"  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.

2. Up stepped the cabin boy (what a fine young lad was he!)  
Saying, "Captain, O Captain, what will you give me  
If I'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
If I'll sink her in the Lowland Sea?"
3. "I've houses on land, a ship upon the sea;  
My oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be,  
If you'll sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
If you'll sink her in the Lowland Sea."
4. He turned upon his face, and off swam he  
Until he reached the "Golden Willow Tree,"  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
5. He took up the tools he had prepared,  
And bored forty holes all in the guard,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
6. Some were playing cards, and some were throwing dice;  
Some were standing round, a-giving good advice,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
7. Some with their hats and some with their caps  
Were trying for to stop the salt water gaps,  
As she sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sank into the Lowland Sea.
8. He turned upon his face and back swam he  
Until he reached the Turkish "Shiverree,"  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the Lowland Sea.
9. "Captain, O Captain, be as good as your word;  
Be half so good as to take me on board,  
For I've sunk her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
For I've sunk her in the Lowland Sea."

10. "O no, I will not be as good as my word,  
Nor half so good as to take you on board,  
For she's sunk into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
For she's sunk into the Lowland Sea."
11. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,  
I would serve you just as I've served them;  
I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
I would sink you in the Lowland Sea."
12. He turned upon his back, and down sank he,  
Bidding adieu to the Turkish "Shivere,"  
As he sank into the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As he sank into the Lowland Sea.

C

"The Lowland Sea." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 14, 1935.

1. There was a jolly ship that sailed upon the sea;  
It went by the name of the Irish Augeree,  
And it sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
Yes, it sailed on the lonesome sea.
2. There was another ship that sailed upon the sea;  
It went by the name of the Weeping Willow Tree,  
As it sailed upon the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As it sailed upon the lonesome sea.
3. Up steps a sailor boy, saying, "What will you give me  
If I will sink the old Irish Augeree?  
I can sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low;  
I can sink her in the lonesome sea."
4. "I will give you gold and I will give you fee;  
Besides, my oldest daughter your wedded wife shall be  
If you will sink her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
If you'll sink her in the lonesome sea."

5. He started with his instruments all fitted for his use;  
He cut nine gashes to let in a sluice,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.
6. Some were playing cards and some throwing dice;  
Some standing by, giving good advice,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.
7. Some with their hats and some with their caps,  
Trying for to stop those saltwater gaps  
As she sank in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sank in the lonesome sea.
8. He turned on his back and away swam he  
Until he came to the Weeping Willow Tree,  
As she sailed on the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.
9. "Captain, O Captain, be as good as your word,  
And will you not take me up on board?  
For I sunk her in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
I sunk her in the lonesome sea."
10. "No, I won't be as good as my word;  
Neither will I take you up on board;  
You can sink in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
You can sink in the lowland sea."
11. "If it wasn't for the love I have for your men,  
I'd serve you the trick that I just served them;  
I would sink you in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
I'd sink you in the lonesome sea."
12. He turned on his back, and away swam he,  
And he bid adieu to the Weeping Willow Tree,  
As he sunk in the lowland, lonesome, low,  
As he sunk in the lonesome sea.

## THE BROWN GIRL

(Child, No. 295)

This is an English song known usually by one of the following titles: "Sally and Billy," "Sally and Her True-love Billy," "The Sailor from Dover," and "The Bold Sailor." As Barry has pointed out, it is related to "The Brown Girl" of Child (No. 295). Davis includes it among the Child ballads of Virginia, and Hudson classifies it with the Child ballads in his collection of folksongs from Mississippi.

For other American texts and references, see Belden's Missouri collection; Campbell and Sharp, No. 36; Cox, p. 366; *Journal*, XXIX, 178 (contains an Indiana text); XXVII, 73; XXXII, 502; XLV, 54; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 98 (fragment); Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 128; Smith and Ruffy, *American Anthology*, p. 67; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 119.

"Sally." From a MS collection in the possession of Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Written in 1892 by Miss Lina Cox, of Scalesville, Warrick County, Indiana. August 4, 1936.

1. "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally!" said he,  
 "I'm afraid that your fond love and mine won't agree.  
 .....  
 Unless that your hatred should turn to be love."
2. "I have no hatred of you nor of no other man,  
 But to have you, dear sir, is more than I can."  
 Six weeks had rolled on, had passed and gone by,  
 When she sent for this young man she once did deny.
3. "Am I the doctor that you sent for me here,  
 Or am I the young man you do love so dear?"  
 "You are the young man I do love so dear,  
 And without your assistance I'm ruined, I'm sure."
4. "O Sally, O Sally, O Sally!" said he,  
 And don't you remember when you slighted of me?  
 You laughed at my courtship; you denied me with scorn,  
 And now I'll reward you for what's past and gone."

5. "For what's past and gone by, forget and forgive,  
And grant me some longer on earth for to live."  
"For what's past and gone by I ne'er can forgive,  
But I'll dance on your grave, love, when you're cold in the  
earth."
6. She pulled off her gold and diamond rings three,  
Saying, "Take these and wear them when you're dancing  
on me."  
Now Sally is dead, as you all may suppose,  
Some other fair lady for to wear her gay clothes.

## TROOPER AND MAID

(Child, No. 299)

The sole Indiana text recovered is a combination of "Trooper and Maid" and "Young Hunting" (Child, No. 68). Stanzas 1, 4, 5, and 6 are from the former, while 2, 3, 7, and 8 belong to the "Young Hunting" story.

Other American texts are to be found in Campbell and Sharp, No. 37 (from North Carolina and Tennessee); Davis, p. 544 (two texts and one melody); Shearin and Combs, p. 9; Randolph, *Ozark Mountain Folks*, p. 209; *BFSSNE*, VII, 11 (fragment and air from Maine).

Scottish: Ord, *Bothy Songs and Ballads*, p. 365.

Cf. the following stanza from the Manx "Va shiaulteyr voish y twoiaie" (*JFSS*, VII, 216):

There was a lady from the north  
When the moon shone bright and clearly  
A lady knew him by his horse  
Because she loved him dearly.

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. August 12, 1935. With music.

1. As I rode east and as I rode west,  
As I rode out so early,  
My lady knew me by my horse  
Because she loved me dearly,  
So dearly, so dearly,  
Because she loved me dearly;  
My lady knew me by my horse  
Because she loved me dearly.
2. "O where do you go, my lover?" she cried;  
"O where do you ride so gaily?"  
"I go to meet my lily-white dove,  
The one I love so dearly,  
So dearly, so dearly,  
The one I love so dearly;  
I go to meet my lily-white dove,  
The one I love so dearly."

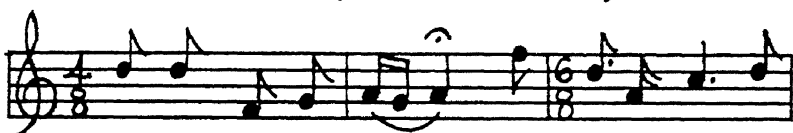


TROOPER AND MAID

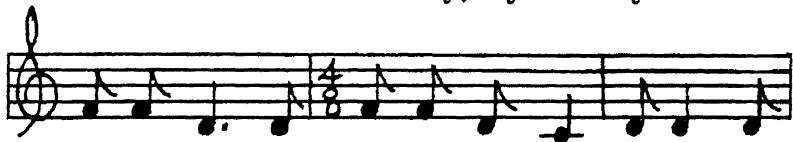
Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



As I rode east, as I rode west, As



I rode out so early, My lady knew me



by my steed Be-cause she loved me dearly, So



dearly, so dearly, be-cause she loved me



dearly; My lady knew me by my steed Be-



cause she loved me dearly.

3. "O why do you go, my lover?" she cried;  
    "O why do you go so early?  
    O stay, I pray, till the moon shall arise  
        Because I love you dearly,  
    So dearly, so dearly,  
        Because I love you dearly;  
    O stay, I pray, till the moon shall arise  
        Because I love you dearly."
4. She took his horse by the bridle rein  
    And she led him to the stable:  
    "Here's oats and corn for you,<sup>1</sup> young man;  
        To feed your horse we're able,  
    We're able, we're able,  
        To feed your horse we're able;  
    Here's oats and corn for you, young man;  
        To feed your horse we're able."
5. She took him by the lily-white hand  
    And she led him to the table:  
    "Here's cake and wine for you, young man;  
        To eat and drink we're able,  
    We're able, we're able,  
        To eat and drink we're able;  
    Here's cake and wine for you, young man;  
        To eat and drink we're able."
6. "O when do we wed, my lover?" she cried;  
    "O what is the need to tarry?"  
    "When corn grows on a white-oak tree  
        It is then, my love, we'll marry,  
    We'll marry, we'll marry,  
        It is then, my love, we'll marry;  
    When corn grows on a white-oak tree  
        It is then, my love, we'll marry."

---

<sup>1</sup> For your horse?

7. He took his horse by the bridle rein;  
    "Adieu!" he cried so gaily;  
"I go to see my fair ladylove,  
    The one I love most dearly,  
Most dearly, most dearly,  
    The one I love most dearly;  
I go to see my fair ladylove,  
    The one I love most dearly."
8. He stooped to kiss her lily-white hand  
    And she stabbed him, weeping sorely,  
"You ne'er shall see your fair ladylove,  
    The one you love most dearly,  
Most dearly, most dearly,  
    The one you love most dearly;  
You ne'er shall see your fair ladylove,  
    The one you love most dearly."

## THE DROWSY SLEEPER

Six variants of this song have been recovered in Indiana, under the following titles: "The Drowsy Sleeper," "Mollie," and "Serenade."

For American texts, see Belden, *Herrig's Archiv*, CXIX, 430; Campbell and Sharp, No. 47; Cox, p. 348; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 151; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 161; *Journal*, XX, 260; XXIX, 200; XXX, 338 (contains an Indiana text); XXXV, 356; XLV, 55 (one stanza); Pound, p. 51; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 139; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin . . .*, 2d series, p. 48; Sturgis and Hughes, p. 30; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 190 (fragment).

British: *JFSS*, I, 269; II, 56.

See also Baskervill's study, "English Songs on the Night Visit," in *PMLA*, XXXVI, 565-614.

## A

"Mollie." Contributed by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. June 6, 1935.

1. "Who comes here to my bedroom window?  
Who comes here disturbing me?"  
" 'T is I, 't is I, your own true lover;  
'T is the last time I'll bother thee.
2. "O Mollie, dear, go ask your mother;  
Go ask her if you my bride shall be.  
If she says 'no,' come back and tell me;  
'T is the last time I'll bother thee."
3. "I say I won't go ask my mother,  
For she's on her bed of rest,  
And in her hands she holds her Bible,  
Proving that she is in distress."
4. "O Mollie, dear, go ask your father;  
Ask him if you my bride shall be.  
If he says 'no,' come back and tell me;  
'T is the last time I'll bother thee."
5. "I say I won't go ask my father,  
For he's on his chair for rest,  
And in his hands he holds a weapon  
To slay the one that I love best."

6. "I'll go way down in the green weeping willows;  
There I will stay for months and years;  
I'll eat nothing but the green weeping willows;  
I'll drink nothing else but tears."
7. "Come back, come back, my own true lover;  
Come back, and I your bride will be;  
I'll forsake both Father and Mother  
Just for the love I have for thee."

B

"Serenade." Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. June 22, 1935. With music.

THE DROWSY SLEEPER

Text and air contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade;  
noted by Mrs. Johnson



"A-wake, a-rise, ye drow--sy sleeper; A



wake, a--rise, 'tis al--most day. And



open wide your bed--room win--dow; Hear



what your true-love has to say."

1. "Awake, arise, ye drowsy sleeper;  
Awake, arise, 'tis almost day;  
And open wide your bedroom window,  
Hear what your true love has to say."
2. "Who's there, who's there at my bedroom window,  
A-callin', callin' loud for me?"  
" 'T is I alone, your own true lover;  
Awake, arise, and pity me."
3. "Go, love, go and ask your father  
If you this night my bride may be.  
If he says 'no,' love, come and tell me;  
'T is the very last time I'll trouble thee."
4. "I dare not go and ask my father  
While he's on his bed of rest,  
For by his side he has a weapon  
To slay the one that I love best."
5. "Go, love, go and ask your mother  
If you this night my bride may be;  
If she says 'no,' love, come and tell me;  
'T is the very last time I'll trouble thee."
6. "I dare not go and ask my mother  
Nor let her know my love's so near,  
But you must go and love some other  
And whisper gently in her ear."
7. "O Mollie, Mollie, dearest Mollie,  
You've caused my tender heart to break;  
From North Carolina to Pennsylvania  
I've crossed the ocean for your sake."
8. "I'll go down by some distant river  
And there I'll spend my days and years,  
And I'll eat nothing but the willer,<sup>1</sup>  
And I'll drink nothing but my tears."
9. "Come back, come back, my wounded lover;  
Come back, come back, come back," cried she;  
"And I'll forsake my father and mother,  
And go along, along with thee."

---

<sup>1</sup> For *willow* ?

## C

"The Drowsy Sleeper." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. June 18, 1935. Seven stanzas. With music.

## THE DROWSY SLEEPER

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



"O Mary, go and ask your father If ev-er



you my bride shall be, And if he says



"No," pray come and tell me; 'Twill be the last



time I will bother thee."

## D

No title given. Contributed by Miss Florence Eva Dillan, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. January 30, 1936. Four stanzas, the last two from "The Silver Dagger."

## E

"The Drowsy Sleeper." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 30, 1935. Six stanzas.

F

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana.  
Gibson County. November 16, 1935. One stanza.



## THE PRETTY MOHEA

Eight texts have been recovered, under the following titles: "The Pretty Mohea," "The Little Mohee," and "Mauhee." All tell the same story, with but minor differences.

This song is sometimes known also as "The Pretty Maumee," and the difference in titles has led to much conjecture and discussion. Regarding the title, Eckstorm and Smyth (*Minstrelsy of Maine*, p. 233) give the following explanation: "This is known as a 'sailor song.' Mohea, or Mohee, is probably Maui, of the Sandwich Islands. To the old explorers and navigators what we call Oahu was Owhyee, and Maui was Mohee. This explains the references to the cocoanut groves. . . . In this country, to the westward and southward, the song is often called 'The Pretty Maumee,' and an eminent student of folk-lore says in the 'Journal of American Folk-Lore' (vol. 25, p. 16) that it 'is a song of a frontiersman's Indian sweetheart, which probably preserves in its title the name of the Miami tribe of Indians.' The Miamis, living originally in southern Wisconsin and Michigan, later in Ohio, probably had very little idea of cocoanut groves and ships under full sail, and the word 'Indian' in the first stanza can hardly be interpreted as meaning an American Indian." Professor Kittredge thinks it modeled upon the English broadside "The Indian Lass."

For American texts, see Cox, p. 372; Eckstorm and Smyth, p. 230; Fauset, *Folk-Lore from Nova Scotia*, p. 115; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 162; *Journal*, XLV, 96; Lomax, *American Ballads and Folk-Songs*, p. 163; Pound, No. 91; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 155; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 337; Thomas, p. 98; Wyman and Brockway, p. 52.

British: *JFSS*, II, 262; Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, pp. 109-11.

## A

"The Pretty Mohea." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. November 30, 1935.

1. As I went out walking for pleasure one day,  
In sweet recreation to pass time away,  
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,  
O who should I spy but a fair Indian lass?
2. She sat down beside me, and, taking my hand,  
Said, "You are a stranger and in a strange land;  
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."
3. The sun was fast sinking far o'er the blue sea  
When I wandered alone with my pretty Mohea;  
Together we wandered, together did rove  
Till we came to the cot in the cocoanut grove.

4. Then this kind expression she made unto me:  
    "If you will consent, sir, to stay here with me  
    And go no more roving upon the salt sea,  
    I'll teach you the language of the lass of Mohea."
5. "O no, my dear maiden, that never could be,  
    For I have a truelove in my own country;  
    And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me,  
    And her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea."
6. 'T was early one morning, a morning in May,  
    That to this fair maiden these words I did say:  
    "I'm going to leave you; so farewell, my dear,  
    My ship's sails are spreading, and home I must steer."
7. The last time I saw her she stood on the strand,  
    And as the boat passed her she waved me her hand,  
    Saying, "When you have landed with the girl that you love,  
    Think of little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."
8. And then when I landed on my own native shore,  
    With friends and relations around me once more,  
    I gazed all about me; not one could I see  
    That was fit to compare with the little Mohea.
9. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
    So I'll turn my course backward far o'er the sea.  
    I'll turn my course backward; from this land I'll flee,  
    I'll go spend my days with my pretty Mohea.

## B

"The Pretty Mohea." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 9, 1935.

1. As I was out walking for pleasure one day,  
    For sweet recreation by myself I did stray;  
    As I was reclining upon the green grass,  
    O who should come near but a shy Indian lass?

2. She came up close by me, took hold of my hand,  
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one of our land;  
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come  
And dwell with myself in my own little home."
3. The sun it was setting all o'er the salt sea  
When I did adventure with my little Mohea;  
Together we ventured, together did rove  
Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.
4. She acted the part of an angel divine;  
When I was a stranger, she treated me kind.  
When I was a stranger, she took me to her home,  
And now I'll think of her where'er I roam.
5. The last time I saw her was on the sea strand,  
And as the boat passed her, she waved her fair hand,  
Saying, "When you get home, sir, to the girl that you love,  
Just think of the Mohea and the cocoanut grove."
6. And now I'm at home on my own native shore;  
My friends and relations come see me once more.  
And as I look among them, there's none I can see  
That I can compare with my pretty Mohea.
7. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
I'll turn my course backward; from this land I'll flee;  
I'll turn my course backward; from this land I'll rove,  
I'll go spend my days in the cocoanut grove.

## C

"Mauhee." Contributed by Mrs. Mount Wood, of Selvin, Indiana.  
Warrick County. July 16, 1935.

1. As I was out walking for pleasure one day,  
By sweet recollection I happened to stray;  
And as I lay amusing myself on the grass,  
O who should come there but a young Indian lass?

2. She sat down beside me, took hold of my hand,  
Saying, "You look like a stranger, not one from our land;  
And if you will follow, you're welcome to come,  
For I live all alone in a little wigwam."
3. The sun was fast setting across the wide lea  
As I wandered along with little Mauhee;  
Together we rambled, together we roved,  
Till we came to a hut in a cocoanut grove.
4. She opened the door and invited me in,  
And treated me kindly to what was therein,  
Saying, "Don't go a-roving out on the wide sea,  
And I'll learn you the language of little Mauhee."
5. "Mauhee, Mauhee, that never can be,  
For I have a sweetheart in my own country.  
I've promised to wed her, the pride of the lea;  
Her heart beats as fondly as yours, Mauhee."
6. That last time I saw her she was out on the strand,  
And as I sailed by her she waved her hand,  
Saying, "When you get home to the girl that you love,  
O think of Mauhee in the cocoanut grove."
7. So now I'm at home on my old native shore,  
My friends and connection crowd round me once more;  
But of all that crowd round me not one do I see  
That I can compare with little Mauhee.
8. The girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
I'll turn my course backward across the wide sea.  
I'll turn my course backward; from this land I'll flee,  
And go spend my days with little Mauhee.

D

"The Pretty Mohea." Contributed by Mrs. Pearl Engler, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. August 12, 1935. Nine stanzas.

## E

"The Pretty Mohea." Contributed by Mrs. William Huey, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. April 10, 1935. Three stanzas and fragments of three others.

## F

"The Pretty Mohea." Contributed by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. May 2, 1935. Nine stanzas. With music.

## THE PRETTY MOHEA

Sung by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan; noted by Mrs. Johnson



As I was out roving for pleasure one



day, With sweet recollection for to pass time a-



way, As I was amusing myself on the



grass, But whom did I spy but a



fair Indian lass?

G

"The Little Mohea." Contributed by Mrs. Charles R. Emery, of Bloomington, Indiana. Monroe County. November 26, 1935. One stanza.

## 30

## FAIR CHARLOTTE

Two good texts and three fragments of "Fair Charlotte" have been found in this state. Titles by which it is known in Indiana are "Young Charlotte," "Charlotte," "The Frozen Girl," and "Charlotta."

For a full account of the history of this American song, with texts and tunes, see Barry's article in the *Journal*, XXII, 367, 442; XXV, 156, in which he ascribes its authorship to a blind William Lorenzo Carter, of Bensontown, Vermont, sometime before 1833. For texts and other references, see Brown, p. 12; Cox, p. 286; Finger, p. 119; Flanders and Brown, p. 35; Gray, p. 94; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 347; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 182; *Journal*, XXII, 367; XXV, 13; XXVI, 357; XXIX, 191; XXXV, 420; XLVIII, 379; Lomax, p. 239; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 161; Pound, p. 103; Rickaby, p. 135; Shoemaker, p. 62; Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, p. 75; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, pp. 142-43; BFSSNE, VIII, 17-19; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, pp. 110-14; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 328.

## A

"Charlotte." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. November 30, 1935.

1. Young Charlotte lived on the mountain side  
    In a quiet, lonely spot;  
    No dwelling there for three miles round  
    Except her father's cot.
2. Her father loved to see her dress  
    Gay as a city belle,  
    For she was all the child he had;  
    He loved his daughter well.
3. 'T was New Year's Eve, the sun was set,  
    And she looked with a wishful<sup>1</sup> eye  
    So long at the frozen windows out  
    As the merry sleighs went by.
4. At the village fifteen miles away  
    There's a merry ball tonight;  
    The piercing air was cold and keen,  
    Yet her heart was warm and light.

---

<sup>1</sup> For wistful.

5. How gaily beams her sparkling eyes  
As a well-known sound she hears,  
When darting up to her father's house  
Young Charles's sleigh appears!
6. "My daughter dear," her mother said,  
"This blanket around you fold;  
It is a dreadful night abroad;  
You might take fatal cold."
7. "O no, dear mother," Charlotte said,  
And she laughed like a gayly<sup>2</sup> queen,  
"To ride in a blanket muffled up  
I never can be seen."
8. "My silken shawl is quite enough;  
You know it's lined throughout.  
Besides I have a silken scarf  
To tie my neck about."
9. Her bonnet and her gloves were on,  
And she stepped into the sleigh;  
And off they ride o'er the mountain side  
And o'er the hills away.
10. For five long, dark, and lonesome miles  
In silence o'er they passed  
Till Charlotte<sup>3</sup> in a few frozen words  
This silence broke at last.
11. "It's such a night I never seen;  
The reins I scarce can hold."  
Charlotte replied in a feeble voice,  
"I am extremely cold."
12. He cracked his whip; he urged his steed  
Much faster than before,  
Till five more dark and lonesome miles  
In silence they passed o'er.

---

<sup>2</sup> For *gypsy*?

<sup>3</sup> A mistake for *Charles*. The next stanza makes it clear that he is the first to speak.



13. He says, "How fast the glittering ice  
Is gathering on my brow."  
Charlotte replied in a feeble voice,  
"I'm growing warmer now."
14. And on they ride o'er the mountain side  
As the stars shine on them bright;  
At length they reach the village,  
And the ballroom is in sight.
15. They stopped then, and he stepped out  
And offered his hand to her:  
"Why sit you there like a monument  
That hath no power to stir?"
16. He called her once, he called her twice,  
But yet she never stirred;  
He called and called for<sup>4</sup> her again,  
Yet she answered not a word.
17. He raised the veil from o'er her face  
As the cold stars on her shone;  
He took her hand into his own—  
O God! 't was cold as stone.
18. Then quickly to the lighted hall  
Her lifeless form he bore,  
For Charlotte was a frozen girl  
And never spoke no more.
19. Now, ladies, think of this fair girl  
And always dress up right,  
And never venture thinly clad  
On a cold and dreary night.

---

<sup>4</sup> For *to*.

## B

"Charlotte." Contributed by Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Harden, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned by the former in Fountain County more than fifty years ago. June 18, 1935. With music.

## FAIR CHARLOTTE

Sung by Mr. H. M. Harden; noted by Mrs. Johnson



Young Charlotte lived on a mountain-side, In a



wild and lonely spot. There was no dwelling for



five miles a-round Ex-cept her father's cot.

1. Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side  
In a wild and lonely spot;  
There were no dwellings for five miles round  
Except her father's cot.
2. Yet many a cold and winter night  
Young friends would gather there;  
For her father kept a social cot,<sup>5</sup>  
And she was young and fair.
3. 'T was New Year's Eve in the village there;  
While beamed her wandering eye,  
She to the frozen window went  
To watch the sleighs go by.

<sup>5</sup> For social board?

4. Full many a well-known sleigh passed by,  
And a well-known voice she heard;  
When dashing up to the cottage door  
Young Charlotte's<sup>6</sup> sleigh appeared.
5. ....  
.....  
"In the village fifteen miles away  
There's a merry ball tonight."
6. "O daughter dear!" the mother said,  
"This blanket around you fold;  
The wind is blowing chill and wild,  
You'll catch your death of cold."
7. "O nay, O nay!" the daughter cried,  
As she laughed like a gypsy queen,  
"To ride in blankets muffled up  
I never would be seen."
8. With cloak and bonnet already on  
She stepped into the sleigh,  
And away they rode through the mountain air  
And o'er the hills away.
9. "Such a night," said Charles, "I never saw;  
These lines I scarce can hold."  
Young Charlotte said in these few words,  
"I'm growing very cold."
10. He cracked his whip and urged his steeds  
Much faster than before,  
And five more long and weary miles  
In silence they passed o'er.
11. "How fast," said Charles, "the frozen air  
Is gathering round my brow!"  
Young Charlotte said in these few words,  
"I'm growing warmer now."

---

<sup>6</sup> For *Charles's*.

12. "There's music in the sound of bells  
    As o'er the hills we go;  
    What a squeaking noise the runners make  
    As they leave the frozen snow!"
13. They rode to the door, and Charles jumped out  
    And gave his hand to her:  
    "Why sit you there like a monument  
    That has no power to stir?"
14. He tore the mantle from her brow,  
    And the gold in her hair there shone;  
    She was a cold and frozen corpse  
    As cold and stiff as stone.
15. He kissed her once, he kissed her twice;  
    He kissed her frozen brow;  
    His thoughts ran back to where she said,  
    "I'm growing warmer now."

C

"Charlotta." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. June 27, 1935. Four stanzas.

D

"The Frozen Girl." Contributed by Mrs. D. Strouse, of Danville, Indiana. Hendricks County. December 13, 1935. Two stanzas.

E

"Young Charlotte." Contributed by Mr. Clinton Huppert, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. November 11, 1935. Four stanzas. With music.

## FAIR CHARLOTTE

Text and air contributed by Mr. Clinton Huppert



Young Charlotte lived on a mountain side,



In a wild and lonely spot; There was no



dwelling for three miles round Except her



father's cot. On many a cold and



wint'ry night Young swains were gath'rod



there, For her father kept a social



board, And she was young and fair.

## YOUNG JOHNNY

Two texts of this song, known also as "The Green Bed," "The Liverpool Landlady," and "Jack Tar," have been found in Indiana. One variant is known as "Young Johnny"; the other has no local title.

American texts will be found in Belden, *Herrig's Archiv*, CXX, 68; Campbell and Sharp, No. 48; Cox, p. 390; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 156; *Journal*, XXV, 7, 373; XXVIII, 156; XLII, 291; Mackenzie, pp. 70, 190, 193 (texts from Nova Scotia); Shearin and Combs, p. 14; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 168; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, pp. 190-91.

British: *JFSS*, I, 48; III, 281; V, 68; Greig, *Folk-Songs of the North-East*, II, art. 115.

For references to English texts, see *Journal*, XXXV, 373.

## A

"Young Johnny." Contributed by Mr. Clinton G. Huppert, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. November 20, 1935. With music.

## YOUNG JOHNNY

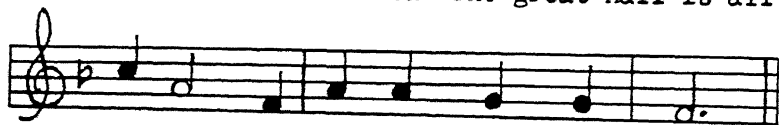
Sung by Mrs. Grant Huppert; noted by Mr. Clinton G. Huppert



"O wel-come home, young John-ny; 0



wel--come home from sea! The great hall is all



ready And well pre--pared for thee."

1. "Welcome home, young Johnny!  
Welcome home from sea!  
The great hall is ready,  
And all prepared for thee.
2. "O what's your luck, young Johnny?"  
" 'T is very bad indeed;  
I lost both ship and cargo  
Along the raging sea."
3. Johnny, feeling very drowsy,  
Hung down his head,  
Called for a candle  
To light him to bed.
4. "Our beds are full of strangers,  
And have been for a week;  
And now with<sup>1</sup> other lodging, John,  
You will have to seek."
5. "Go bring your daughter Mary  
And set her down by me  
To drown the melancholy,  
And married we will be."
6. "My daughter's very rich, John,  
And you are very poor;  
I'm sure if she was here,  
She would turn you out of the door."
- .....
7. "Thirty shillings of the new  
And forty of the old";  
John pulled out with both hands,  
And they were full of gold.
8. The sight of so much gold  
Made the old lady rue;  
Says she, "My daughter Mary  
Will soon be in to you."

---

<sup>1</sup> For *for*.

9. In steps Mary .....  
    With a smile upon her face,  
    Gives John one kiss  
    And one kind embrace.

.....

10. "Now while money's plenty,  
    I'll seek the tavern hall,  
    And with a bottle of brandy  
    On a merry girl I'll call."

## B

No title given. Contributed by Mr. John Riley, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from the singing of his father, Mr. C. M. Riley. June 4, 1935.

1. Johnny's been on sea  
    And Johnny's been on shore,  
    And Johnny's been to Ireland,  
    Where he has been before.
2. "You're welcome home, young Johnny;  
    You're welcome home from sea,  
    For last night my daughter Polly  
    Lay dreaming of thee.
3. "What luck have you had, young Johnny?  
    What luck had you at sea?"  
    "Bad luck! bad luck!" said Johnny,  
    "O it happened unto me.
4. "For I lost my ship and cargo  
    All in the raging sea,  
    .....  
    .....
5. "Go bring your daughter Polly  
    And sit her down by me,  
    And we'll drown the melancholy,  
    For it's married we will be."



6. "My daughter's not at home, John,  
And will not be today;  
And if she was at home, John,  
She would not let you stay.
7. "For she's so very rich, John,  
While you are very poor;  
And if she was at home, John,  
She'd turn you out of doors."
8. Johnny on hearing this  
He hung down his head,  
And called for a candle  
To light him off to bed.
9. "My beds are all full, John,  
Of forty men or more;  
They're valiant young strangers,  
While you are very poor."
10. John on hearing this  
He walked to the hall,  
Saying, "How much do I owe you,  
For I am ready for it all."
11. "There's twenty shillings of the new  
And thirty of the old,"  
And John pulled out both hands  
(And they were) full of gold.
12. The sight of this money  
Caught the old woman's view:  
"My daughter she's at home, John,  
And she'll attend to you."
13. Down the stairs Polly came,  
With a smile upon her face,  
And one sweet kiss from<sup>2</sup> John's lips  
.....she did embrace.

---

<sup>2</sup> For for?

14. "You're welcome home, young Johnny;  
    You're welcome home from sea,  
    For our big beds are empty  
    For you and for me."
15. It takes plenty of big money, boys,  
    To take you through the world;  
    You can have a bottle of good whiskey,  
    And on your knee a girl.

## THE BRAMBLE BRIAR

Two good texts of this song have been found in Indiana, both under the title "The Bamboo Briars."

See, for a full discussion, Belden's paper, "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and The Bramble Briar" (*PMLA*, XXXIII, 327). For additional American texts, see Cox, p. 305; *Journal*, XX, 259; XXIX, 168; XXXV, 359; XLV, 49; XLVI, 25; Payne, *PTFLS*, II (1923), 6; Pound, p. 53; Campbell and Sharp, p. 151; *Sewanee Review*, XIX, 222, 321; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 57; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 161.

British: *JFSS*, I, 160; II, 42; V, 123, 126.

## A

"The Bamboo Briars." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. April 3, 1935. With music.

## THE BRAMBLE BRIAR

Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins; noted by Miss Johnson



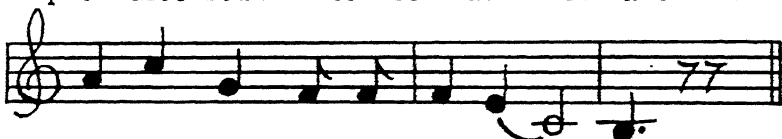
In Smith-ford Town there liv'd a merchant who



had two sons and a daughter fair; An ap-



prentice bound to be his servant En-



raptured was with his lady Claire.

1. In Smithford Town there lived a merchant  
     Who had two sons and a daughter fair  
     And an apprentice bound for to be his servant,  
     Who enraptured fell with the Lady Claire.
2. Ten thousand pounds was this lady's portion ;  
     She was a meek and a comely dame.  
     And upon this young man who'd crossed the ocean  
     She did intend to bestow the same.
3. 'T was on one night when they were courting  
     Her brothers chanced to overhear.  
     "O soon this courtship it shall be ended ;  
     We will send him headlong to his grave."
4. O friends, believe that on the morrow  
     A-hunting did these two brothers go,  
     And upon this young man they both did flatter  
     That he along with them should go.
5. They traveled over hills and mountains ;  
     Through lonesome valleys they did go  
     Until they came to the Bamboo Briars,  
     And there they did him kill and throw.
6. When they returned home again,  
     She kindly asked for the servant man :  
     "I ask because you seem to whisper ;  
     Pray, brothers, tell me if you can."
7. 'T was late that night as she lay sleeping  
     He came to her bedside and stood.  
     She was covered over with tears a-weeping ;  
     He was wallowed o'er with gores of blood.
8. "Don't weep for me, you charming creature ;  
     It is but folly to repine.  
     Your brothers killed me, being rash and cruel ;  
     In such a place, love, you may me find."

9. She traveled over hills and mountains;  
Through lonesome valleys she did go  
Until she came to the Bamboo Briars,  
And there she found him killed and thrown.
10. His cherry cheeks with blood were dyed;  
His ruby lips were salt as brine.  
She kissed him over and over, crying,  
"You dearest bosom friend of mine!"
11. Three days and nights she tarried by him,  
A-kissing him on her bended knees,  
Until sharp hunger came creeping on her  
And forced her back to her home to go.
12. When she returned home again,  
They kindly asked her where she'd been:  
"O you false, deceitful, hard-hearted wretches,  
For him alone you both shall hang!"
13. O friends, believe that on the morrow  
To sea did these two villains go,  
And the raging waves they now lie under;  
The raging sea provides their graves.

## B

"The Bamboo Briars." Contributed by Miss Tollie Toole, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. September 11, 1935. Identical with A. Miss Toole and Mrs. Hopkins are sisters, and learned the song from their parents.

## CHARMING BEAUTY BRIGHT

Only one text of "Charming Beauty Bright" has been recovered in this state. It is known by the contributor as "I Courted a Lady." The song is also known as "The Lover's Lament," and sometimes begins: "Don't you remember last Friday night?" Professor Kittredge kindly writes me<sup>1</sup>: "Your 'I Courted a Lady' is a considerably changed version of 'Charming Beauty Bright.' The song is of long standing in America. My grandmother (born in 1799) used to sing it to me when I was a child. Her version began—'Once I did court a fair beauty bright.'"

American texts are to be found in Campbell and Sharp, No. 57; Cox, p. 342; *Journal*, XXV, 2; XXVI, 176; XXVIII, 147; XXIX, 184 (Indiana); XXXV, 389; *PTFLS*, X, 158; Sharp, *American-English Folk-Songs*, p. 48; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 312 (air); Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, p. 22.

British: *JFSS*, II, 81 (fragment and air).

"I Courted a Lady." Contributed by Mrs. Olevia A. Montgomery, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. February 25, 1935.

1. I courted a lady; her beauty was so bright  
     (I courted her by day and I courted her by night);  
 I courted for her love, and her love I did obtain;  
     Had I any reason of her to complain?
2. But then her cruel father he came for to see;  
     He locked her in her chamber and kept there  
     (from me?).  
 No, never nevermore could I get to see my dear;  
     No, never nevermore could I get to see my dear.
3. Then to her father straightway did I go  
     To see if I could obtain my love or no;  
 She answered from her window as she made me thus reply:  
     "I love the boy that loves me, and I'll love him till I die."
4. Then to the army straightway did I go  
     To see if I could forget my love or no;  
 When I got there, my arms they shone so bright  
     I had a ready thought of my own heart's delight.

<sup>1</sup> In a letter of April 10, 1935.

5. Then seven long months I served the king,  
And in seven weeks more I returned home again.  
When I got back, my arms they shone so bright  
I had a ready thought of my own heart's delight.
6. Then to her father straightway did I go  
To see if my love remained yet or no;  
Her mother answered from her window as she made me  
thus reply:  
"My daughter loved thee dearly, and for thy sake did  
die."
7. Then, O, I was struck like one that was slain;  
The tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain.  
No, never nevermore would I see my love again!  
No, never nevermore would I see my love again!

## THE BUTCHER'S BOY

Nine variants have been found in Indiana, most of them badly corrupted.

For other American texts, see Barry, No. 41; Belden, No. 21; Campbell and Sharp, II, 76; Cox, p. 430; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 160; *Journal*, XXIX, 169; XXXI, 73; XXXV, 157; XLIV, 76; XLV, 72; Mackenzie, p. 9; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 157; Pound, p. 60; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 282; Shearin and Combs, p. 24; Fauset, *Folk-Lore from Nova Scotia*, p. 110; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 33; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, pp. 146-49; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 195.

British: *JFSS*, I, 252; V, 181.

For the composition of "The Butcher's Boy," see Cox, headnote, p. 430.

## A

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Ira V. Rothrock, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. May 20, 1935.

1. In Jersey City where I did dwell  
    A butcher boy I loved so well;  
He courted me my life away;  
    In Jersey City I cannot stay.
2. There is an inn in yonder town;  
    There my love goes and sits him down.  
He takes a strange girl on his knee,  
    And tells to her what he won't tell me.
3. 'T is grief for me, I'll tell you why;  
    Because she has more gold than I.  
But her gold will melt and silver fly,  
    And such true love will always die.
4. She went upstairs to make her bed,  
    And nothing to her mother said;  
"O Mother, O Mother, you do not know  
    What pain and grief and sorrow and woe!"



5. And when her father he came home,  
    He said, "Where has my daughter gone?"  
He went upstairs; the door he broke,  
    And found her hanging upon a rope.
6. He took his knife and cut her down,  
    And on her breast these lines he found:  
    "O what a silly girl am I,  
    To hang myself for a butcher boy!
7. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep;  
    Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
    And on my breast a turtle dove  
    To show this world I died for love."

B

"The Butcher's Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 7, 1935.

1. In Jersey City where I did dwell  
    A butcher's boy I loved so well;  
He courted me my life away,  
    And now with me he will not stay.
2. There is a girl in this very same town  
    Where he goes right up and sits right down;  
He takes this strange girl on his knee  
    And tells her things he won't tell me.
3. I have to grieve, I'll tell you why;  
    Because she has more gold than I.  
But her gold will melt and her silver will fly,  
    And some day she'll be as poor as I.
4. I went upstairs to go to bed,  
    And nothing to my mother said.  
My mother she did seem to say,  
    "What is the matter, my daughter dear?"

5. "My mother, dear, you need not know  
The faint and sorrowful griefs that flow;  
Go get me a chair and set me down  
With pen and ink to write words down."
6. And on each line she dropped a tear,  
A-crying for her Willie dear;  
And then her father he came home,  
Saying, "Where's my daughter? Where has she gone?"
7. He went upstairs; her door he broke,  
And found her hanging to a rope;  
He took his knife and cut it down,  
And on her breast this note he found.
8. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep;  
Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And on my breast place a snowy-white dove  
To warn young girls not to fall in love."

# C

"The Butcher's Boy." Contributed by Mr. Kenneth Williams, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured by him from an uncle. March 19, 1935.

1. In London City where I did dwell  
A butcher's boy I loved so well;  
He stole from me my heart away,  
And with me now he will not stay.
2. There is a strange girl in this town;  
My love he goes and he sits down,  
And takes that strange girl on his knee,  
And tells to her what he won't tell me.
3. It's a grief to me, I'll tell you why,  
Because she has more gold than I.  
But gold will melt and silver fly;  
True constant love will never die.

4. Last night my lover promised me  
    He'd take me across the deep blue sea;  
But now he's gone and left me alone,  
    Poor orphan girl to weep and mourn.
5. Go dig my grave both wide and deep;  
    Place a marble slab at my head and feet.  
Place o'er my eyebrow a snow-white dove  
    To prove to the world that I died for love.

D

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured from her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mason, of Mifflin, Indiana. Crawford County. May 12, 1935. Eight stanzas.

E

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. April 26, 1935. Eight stanzas.

F

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Harry Holderbaugh, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. February 10, 1935. Three stanzas.

G

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mr. James McGregor, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. January 29, 1935. Two stanzas.

H

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Hiram Enlow, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 3, 1935. Four stanzas.

I

"The Butcher Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Elvira Durham, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 30, 1935. Six stanzas.

# YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW

Only one text of this English song has been recovered in Indiana. For references and texts, see Campbell and Sharp, No. 46; Cox, p. 345; Flanders and Brown, p. 106; *Journal*, XX, 274; XXXV, 421; XLV, 40; XLIX, 230; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 92; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 164; Wyman and Brockway, *Songs*, p. 42.

English versions appear in Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, II, art. 123; *JFSS*, I, 124; III, 266; VIII, 227; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, III, 24.

*JFSS*, VII, 217, contains the Welsh analogues "Vad traauae yn Keayn" (They Were Ploughing the Wave) and "Yn Shiaulteyr" (The Sailor).

"Edwin Doe." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from an aunt, Miss Carrie McMurtry, more than fifty years ago. April 6, 1935.

1. 'T was five long years or better since Edwin left his home;  
He went unto young Emily's house and she was all alone.  
He went unto young Emily's house his gold dust for to show  
That he had gained while on the main he plowed the lowlands  
low.
2. "My father keeps a public inn down by the seashore side;  
Go there, my honored lover, and there till morning bide.  
I'll meet you there in the morning; don't let my parents  
know  
Your name is young Edwin who plows the lowlands low."
3. Young Edwin being weary he went unto his bed,  
But little did he think of the sorrow that overcrowned his  
head.  
Said Emily's cruel father, "His gold will make a show;  
We will send his body a-sinking down in the lowland low."
4. While Emily was a-sleeping, she dreamed a dreadful dream;  
She dreamed she saw her lover down in a crystal stream.  
She arose just at the dawning to see how her love did go,  
Because she loved him dearly who plowed the lowlands low.

5. "O Mother, where's that stranger came here last night to dwell?"  
"He's dead and safe in sea harbor, and you no tales must tell;  
He's dead and safe in sea harbor; his gold will make a show.  
We sent his body a-sinking down in the lowland low."
6. She wept; she wrung her lily-white hands; she tore her golden hair.  
.....  
Said she, "Most cruel father, your death will make a show,  
For murdering of young Edwin who plowed the lowlands low."
7. She ran unto the squire, her story unto him made known.  
The squire had him arrested; the trial it came on.  
The jury found him guilty, and he was hung also  
For murdering of young Edwin who plowed the lowlands low.

## THE WEXFORD GIRL (THE CRUEL MILLER)

Only one Indiana text of this ballad has been found, the title being given as "My Confession." Belden notes that the song is "a reduction" of the English broadside "The Berkshire Tragedy, or, The Wittam Miller." In the early part of the nineteenth century appeared a condensed American version of "The Wittam Miller," under the title of "The Lexington Miller."

For references and other American versions, see Cox, p. 311; Dobie, *Texas and Southwestern Lore*, p. 213; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 119; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 141; *Journal*, XXV, 11; XLV, 126; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 293; Payne, "Songs and Ballads—Grave and Gay" (*PTFLS*, VI, 213); Shearin and Combs, pp. 13, 28; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 150; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 214; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 160.

"My Confession." Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured from her mother, Mrs. Hiram Vaughan. March 5, 1935.

1. My parents brought me up  
    And provided for me well;  
    They brought me to Lexington  
    And placed me in the mill.
2. And there I saw a pretty fair maid;  
    She pleased me in my mind.  
    I promised her I would marry her  
    If with me she would comply.
3. At length I saw another one  
    That pleased me fully as well;  
    The devil put it in my head  
    My first true-love to kill.
4. I went to her sister's house  
    At eight o'clock at night;  
    But little did this poor girl think  
    That I owed her any spite.
5. I asked her to walk with me,  
    Just walk a little way,  
    That she and I might both agree  
    Upon our wedding day.

6. I took her by the little white hand  
    And led her to the place;  
I drew a stick from off the fence  
    And struck her in the face.
7. She fell on her bended knees  
    And did for mercy cry:  
"O pity me, kind sir,  
    For I am not fit to die!"
8. I paid no heed to what she said,  
    But only struck her more,  
Until I had taken her sweet life  
    Which I could ne'er restore.
9. I took her by the coal-black hair;  
    To cover up my sin  
I dragged her to the riverside  
    And there I plunged her in.
10. The next day she was sought for,  
    But nowhere could be found,  
While I in my chamber . . . . .  
    In my chamber bound.
11. Her sister swore against me;  
    She said there was no doubt  
But that I had taken her sweet life;  
    She seen me lead her out.
12. I confess that I am guilty;  
    I tell to the world the truth.  
Farewell to lovely Anna!  
    I die for killing Ruth.
13. So the people gathered around me  
    To see me depart this life;  
Farewell to lovely Anna,  
    My own intended wife!

## JACKIE FRAISURE

Two good copies of this song have been found in Indiana. One bears the title "Jack Monroe"; the other is called by the contributor "A Merchant of London."

For additional American texts, see Campbell and Sharp, No. 55; Cox, p. 330; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 147; *Journal*, XII, 249; XX, 269; XXV, 9; XXXV, 377; XLV, 76; XLVI, 38, 48; *PTFLS*, X, 151; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 203; Wyman and Brockway, p. 38; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 208.

British: *JFSS*, II, 227.

## A

"A Merchant of London." Contributed by Mr. Willis Swallow, 77, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in the 1860's from the singing of his parents, Young and Patsy Swallow. May 19, 1935. With music.

1. There was a rich merchant;  
In London he did dwell.  
He had one only daughter,  
The truth to you I'll tell;  
O the truth to you I'll tell.
2. She had sweethearts aplenty  
To court her day and night,  
But in one Jackie Fraisure  
She placed her heart's delight;  
O she placed her heart's delight.
3. The old man called his daughter  
And quickly she stepped in:<sup>1</sup>  
"Good morning, Mrs. Fraisure,  
Or is that your sweetheart's name?  
Or is that your sweetheart's name?"
4. "O daughter, dear daughter,  
My advice you'd better mind  
Or I'll lock you in a dungeon;  
It's you I will confine,  
O it's you I will confine."

<sup>1</sup> For *And quickly in she came?*

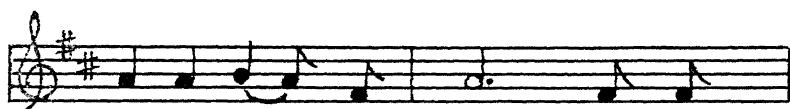


## JACKIE FRAISURE

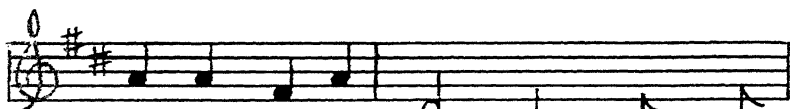
Sung by Mr. Willis Swallow; noted by Mrs. Johnson



There was a rich mer-chant In



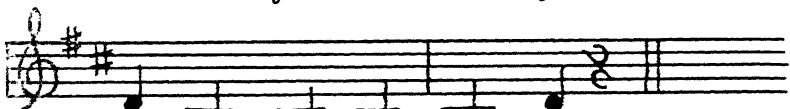
London Town did dwell; And he



had one only daugh---ter; The



truth to you I'll tell, O the



truth to you I'll tell.

5. "O father, dear father,  
My body you may confine,  
But there's none but Jackie Fraisure  
That'll ever suit my mind,  
O that'll ever suit my mind."
6. The old man he stands waiting  
To see his child so brave,  
Saying, "Here's my fortune; take it;  
My children's all I crave,  
O my children's all I crave."

7.    Now Mary set at liberty,  
       With money at her command,  
       She set a resolution  
       To view some foreign land,  
       O to view some foreign land.
8.    She stepped into a tailor shop,  
       All dressed in men's array,  
       And she bargained with an officer  
       To bear her far away,  
       O to bear her far away.
9.    "Your waist it is too slender;  
       Your fingers are too small;  
       Your cheeks too red and rosy  
       To face those cannon balls,  
       O to face those cannon balls."
10.   "I know my waist is slender;  
       My fingers too are small,  
       Yet I have got the courage  
       To face those cannon balls,  
       O to face those cannon balls."
11.   Now Mary's gone a-sailing  
       All across the deep blue sea  
       Till she landed safely over  
       In the wars of Germany,  
       O in the wars of Germany.
12.   In looking over the battle-ground,  
       All troubled in her mind,  
       Among the dead and wounded  
       Her darling boy she found,  
       O her darling boy she found.
13.   She took him up all in her arms,  
       Had him taken to some town;  
       And she bargained with a physician  
       To heal his deadly wound,  
       O to heal his deadly wound.

14. And now this couple was married,  
With money at their command,  
And they set a resolution  
To view some foreign land,  
O to view some foreign land.

## B

"Jack Monroe." Contributed by "Uncle Reuben" Hurt, eighty-four, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned during his boyhood in Kentucky from the singing of his father, James Harvey Hurt. March 11, 1935.

1. There was a wealthy merchant;  
In London he did dwell;  
He had one only daughter,  
The truth to you I'll tell.
- .....
2. Her waiting-maid was standing by  
And to her father went,  
And told him of his daughter  
And what she did intend.
3. He called for his daughter  
And in she quickly came;  
"Good morning, Jack the Sailor,  
If that's your sweetheart's name.
4. "If this be true, my daughter,  
As I have heard of thee,  
I intend to banish Jack away  
And you confined shall be."<sup>2</sup>
5. He stepped up to an officer  
And unto him did say:  
"I'll give you five hundred pounds  
To take young Jack away.

---

<sup>2</sup> The first time "Uncle Reuben" recited the song, he gave this stanza as follows:

"If this be true I hear of thee,  
Then you had better mind;  
I intend to banish Jack away.  
And you shall be confined."

6. "Here's five hundred guineas;  
I'll give them unto thee  
If you will press young Jackie  
Across the raging sea."
7. Now Jack the Sailor has gone on board,  
With sore and troubled mind  
At leaving of his country  
And his darling girl behind.
8. This maid was left at liberty,  
With money at her command,  
And she had no other notion  
Than to see some foreign land.
9. She applied unto a tailor  
For a suit of man's array;  
She applied unto a captain  
To carry her away.
10. "Before you come on board,  
Your name I'd like to know";  
She smiled in his countenance,  
Saying, "Call me Jack Monroe."
11. "Your waist it is too slender;  
Your fingers are too small;  
Your cheeks too red and rosy  
To face the cannon ball."
12. "I know my waist is slender;  
I know my fingers are small."  
Said she, "I will not tremble  
To face the cannon ball."

.....

## 38

## THE SILVER DAGGER

Four texts of this song have been recovered in Indiana, all of them under the title "The Silver Dagger." All four tell the same story.

For other American texts and references, see Campbell and Sharp, II, p. 229; Cox, p. 350; *Journal*, XX, 267; XXX, 362; XLVI, 45; XLIX, 211; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 188; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 52; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, p. 30; Thomas, p. 110; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 162.

## A

"The Silver Dagger." Contributed by Mrs. Dora McAtee, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 20, 1935.

1. A young man courted his own dear darling,  
And he loved her as he loved his life;  
He often thought that he would marry  
And make of her his own dear wife.
2. But when his parents came to know it,  
They strove to part them both night and day,  
To part him from his own dear darling;  
" 'T is true she is poor," they oft would say.
3. When this young lady came to hear it,  
She soon resolved what she would do;  
She wandered forth and left the city,  
Her pleasant home no more to view.
4. She wandered down by the flowing river,  
And there for death she did prepare;  
"Here I lay<sup>1</sup> my youthful morning,  
For I am lost in sad despair."
5. She then picked up a silver dagger  
And pierced it through her snowy breast;  
At first she reeled and then she staggered,  
Saying, "O my love, I'm going to rest."

---

<sup>1</sup> For leave?

6. Her lover being in a thicket near her,  
Thought he heard his true-love's voice.  
He ran, he ran like one distracted,  
Saying, "O my love, I fear you're lost!"
7. He then picked up the bleeding body  
And rolled it over in his arms,  
Saying, "Isn't there power or gold can save you,  
Or must you die with all your charms?"
8. He then picked up the bloody weapon  
And pierced it through his own warm heart,  
Saying, "Let this be an old folks' warning,  
That young true-lovers can never part."

B

"The Silver Dagger." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. August 3, 1935. With music.

1. Young men and maids, pray lend attention  
To these few lines I'm about to write;  
It is as true as ever was mentioned  
Concerning a fair and a beautiful bride.
2. A young man courted her to be his darling;  
He loved her as he loved his life;  
And unto her he had often vowed  
That he would make her only his wife.
3. Now when his father came to know this,  
He strove to part them night and day,  
To part him from his own dear jewel;  
"She is poor," he would often say.
4. Now when the lady came to know this,  
She quick resolved what she should do;  
She wandered off and left the city,  
No more its pleasant groves to view.
5. She wandered down by a flowing river  
And sat herself down by a tree;  
She sighed and said, "O shall I never,  
Never no more my true-love see?"

## THE SILVER DAGGER

Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



Young men and maids, pray lend attention To



these few lines I'm a-bout to write; It



is as true as ev-er was men-tioned, Con-



cern-ing a fair and a beautiful bride.

6. Then out she took a silver dagger,  
And pierced it through her tender breast;  
At first she reeled and then she staggered,  
Saying, "True-love, I am going to rest."
7. He happened nearby in a thicket,  
Not knowing that she was so near;  
He ran, he ran like one distracted,  
Saying, "I have lost my only dear!"
8. Then up he picked the bleeding body,  
And folded it closely in his arms,  
Saying, "Is there no friends nor gold can save you,  
Or must you die with all your charms?"

9.    Her coal-black eyes like stars did open,  
      Saying, "True-love, you have come too late;  
      Prepare to meet me on Mount Zion  
      Where all our joys shall be complete."
10.   Then up he picked the bloody dagger  
      And pierced it through his own dear heart,  
      Saying, "Let this be a woeful warning  
      To all who may true-lovers part."

C

"The Silver Dagger." Contributed by Mrs. Hiram Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. April 21, 1935. Eight stanzas.

D

"The Silver Dagger." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 15, 1935. Eleven stanzas.



## GEORGE REILLY

One variant of this song has been found in Indiana, under the title "George Riley." For texts in songsters and broadsides, see Cox, headnote, p. 323.

For American texts, see Campbell and Sharp, II, p. 22; Wyman and Brockway, p. 37; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 95.

"George Riley." Contributed by Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Louisa Sponsler. June 10, 1935.

1. On a bright summer morning, the weather being fair,  
I strolled for a season down by the river clear,  
Where I overheard a damsel most grievously complain  
All for an absent lover who plowed the distant main.
2. While she was thus lamenting and mourning for her dear,  
I saw a bold young sailor; he unto her drew near.  
With eloquence most surprising, he address the affair,<sup>1</sup>  
Saying, "Fair and pretty maiden, and why do you mourn  
here?"
3. "All for an absent lover," the maiden did reply,  
"Which causes me to wander, for to lament and cry.  
It's three long years and better his absence I have mourned;  
Although the war has ended, he has not yet returned."
4. Then said this gallant sailor, "What was your true-love's  
name?  
Both that and his description, I wish to know the same;  
For 't is really most surprising that he was so unkind  
As to leave so fair a maiden in agony behind."
5. "George Riley I call him, a lad both neat and trim,  
So manly in deportment but few could excel him;  
His amber locks in ringlets, his sturdy shoulders spare,  
And then his skin doth far exceed the fragrant lily fair."

---

<sup>1</sup> For he thus addressed the fair?

6. "Fair one, I had a messmate; George Riley was his name;  
I'm sure from your description that he must be the same.  
Two years we spent together upon the old Belle Flower,  
And such a gallant sailor I never knew before.
7. "'T was on the 10th of April, near to Port Royal bay,  
We had a tight engagement that lasted a whole day.  
Between Rodney and De Grasse, where many a man did fall,  
Your true-love fell a victim to a Frenchman's cannon ball.
8. "While weltering in his gore your generous lover lay,  
With faltering voice and broken sighs, these words I heard  
him say:  
'Farewell, my dearest Nancy; were you but standing nigh  
To gaze your last upon me, contented would I die.'"
9. This melancholy story wounded her heart so deep  
She wrung her hands in agony, and bitterly did weep,  
Saying, "My joys are ended if what you say be true;  
Instead of having happiness, I've naught but grief in view."
10. On hearing which, his person himself he no longer could  
conceal;  
He flew into her arms and himself he did reveal.  
Now these two constant lovers did each other embrace;  
He kissed the bright tears from her eyes, and wiped her  
lovely face.  
Saying, "My dearest Nancy, with you I'll forever stay;  
And never more will I depart till my mainmast's cut away."

## FATHER GRUMBLE

Three texts of this song have been found in this state, under the following titles: "Mr. Grumble," "The Teeny Cow," and "John Grumlie." The last-named is a Scottish version contributed by Mr. William Jardine (see headnote to "Lizie Lindsay"). For discussions of this version, see Child, *English and Scottish Ballads*, VIII (1858), 116; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, I, 43.

For additional texts and tunes, see Belden's Missouri collections; Campbell and Sharp, II, 265; Cox, p. 455; Flanders and Brown, p. 104; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 175; *Journal*, XXV, 366; XXVI, 365; XXIX, 173 (Indiana); XXXIX, 156; XLIV, 237; XLIX, 237; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 36 (reprinted from *Journal*, XXVI, 365); Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 243; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 88.

Scottish: Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, II, 125 ("The Wife of Auchtermuchty").

## A

"Mr. Grumble." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie McMurtry. April 26, 1935.

1. Mr. Grumble he did vow .....  
By the green leaves on the tree, tree,  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three, three;  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.
2. Mrs. Grumble she did say,  
"It's you can do so now, now;  
You may do the work in the house,  
And I will follow the plow, plow;  
You may do the work in the house,  
And I will follow the plow.
3. "You must milk the muley cow  
For fear that she goes dry, dry,  
And you must feed those little pigs  
That lay within the sty, sty;  
And you must feed those little pigs  
That lay within the sty.

4. "You must watch the speckled hen  
For fear she lays astray, astray;  
And you must spin the spool of yarn  
That I spin every day;  
And you must spin the spool of yarn  
That I spin every day.
5. "You must churn the cream in the crock  
That stands within the frame, frame;  
You must watch the fat in the pot, or it  
Will all go up in a flame, flame;  
You must watch the fat in the pot, or it  
Will all go up in a flame."
6. Mrs. Grumble took the whip  
To go and follow the plow, plow;  
Mr. Grumble took the pail  
To milk the muley cow, cow;  
Mr. Grumble took the pail  
To milk the muley cow.
7. She rared, she pitched, she hit him a biff;  
She sniffled up her nose, nose;  
She hit him a biff right under the chin,  
And the blood streamed down to his toes, toes;  
She hit him a biff right under the chin,  
And the blood streamed down to his toes.
8. He went to feed those little pigs  
That lay within the sty, sty;  
He hit his head against a rail,  
And how the blood did fly, fly;  
He hit his head against a rail,  
And how the blood did fly!
9. He went to watch the speckled hen  
For fear she'd lay astray, astray;  
He forgot the spool of yarn  
His wife spun every day, day;  
He forgot the spool of yarn  
His wife spun every day.

10. He went to churn the cream in the crock  
That stands within the frame, frame;  
He forgot the fat in the pot,  
And it all went into a flame, flame;  
He forgot the fat in the pot,  
And it all went into a flame, flame.
11. He looked to the east; he looked to the west;  
He looked toward the sun, sun;  
He swore the day was six weeks long  
And his wife would never come, come;  
He swore the day was six weeks long  
And his wife would never come.
12. Mrs. Grumble she came in;  
He was looking very sad, sad;  
She whirled around and clapped her hands,  
A-saying, "I am glad, glad";  
She whirled around and clapped her hands,  
A-saying, "I am glad!"

## B

"The Teeny Cow." Contributed by Mrs. M. M. Roberts, of Louisville, Kentucky. Learned in Indiana from the singing of her mother. October 11, 1935.

1. There was an old man lived down in the woods,  
As you shall shortly see,  
Who said he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.
2. "Be it so," this good woman said;  
"And this I will allow;  
If you will stay in the house today,  
I'll go follow the plow.
3. "You must milk the teeny cow  
For fear she will go dry,  
And you must give the hogs their hire  
That stands within the sty.

4. "And you must watch the speckled hen  
For fear she'll lay astray,  
And you must wind the bobbin of thread  
That I spun yesterday."
5. The old woman took the staff in her hand  
To go and follow the plow;  
The old man took the pail in his hand  
To milk the teeny cow.
6. But Teeny winched<sup>1</sup> and Teeny flinched,  
And Teeny curled her nose,  
And gave the old man such a kick in the face  
The blood ran down to his toes.
7. The old man took the basket of corn  
To give the hogs their hire;  
The old sow ran between his legs  
And threw him down in the mire.
8. The old man watched the speckled hen  
For fear she'd lay astray,  
But forgot to wind the bobbin of thread  
His wife spun yesterday.
9. The old man swore by sun, moon, and stars  
And the green leaves on the tree,  
That his wife could do more work in a day  
Than he could do in three.

C

"John Grumlie." Contributed by Mr. William Jardine, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Vigo County. Learned in Scotland from the singing of his father, Alexander Jardine. July 7, 1935.

1. John Grumlie he swore by the light o' the moon  
And the green leaves on the tree  
That he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.  
His wife rose up in the morning  
Wi' cares and troubles eneugh:  
"John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,  
And I'll gae haud the pleugh.

---

<sup>1</sup> For winced.

2. "First ye maun dress your children fair  
    And put them a' in their gear,  
And ye maun turn the malt, John,  
    Or else you'll spoil the beer.  
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,  
    That I spun yesterday;  
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,  
    Else they'll a' lay away."
3. O he did dress his children fair  
    And put them a' in their gear,  
But he forgot to turn the malt,  
    And so he spoiled the beer.  
And he sang aloud as he reel'd the tweel  
    That his wife spun yesterday,  
But he forgot to put up the hens,  
    And the hens a' laid away.
4. The hawkit crummie loot doun nae milk,  
    He kirned nor butter gat;  
And a' gaed wrang and naught gaed right,  
    He danced wi' rage and grat.  
Then up he ran to head of the knowe  
    Wi' mony a wave and shout;  
She heard him as she heard him not,  
    And steered the stots about.
5. John Grumlie's wife came hame at e'en  
    And laughed as she'd been mad  
When she saw the house in siccan a plight  
    And John sae glum and sad.  
Quoth he: "I gie up my housewife's kep;  
    I'll be nae mair gudewife."  
"Indeed," qu' she, "I'm weel content;  
    You may keep it the rest of your life."

6. "The deil be in that!" quo' surly John;  
 "I'll do as I've done before."  
 Wi' that the gudewife took up a stout rung,  
 And John made off to the door.  
 "Stop, stop, gudewife! I'll haud my tongue;  
 I ken I'm sair to blame,  
 But henceforth I maun mind the pleugh  
 And ye maun bide at hame."

The following chorus is to be repeated after each stanza. Its last two lines are taken from the stanza preceding.

Singing fal de ral lal, de ral lal,  
 Fal lal lal lal lal la,  
 "John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,  
 And I'll gae haud the pleugh."



## THE BOSTON BURGLAR

This song is an Americanized version of the English "Botany Bay," texts of which appear in Ashton, *Modern Street Ballads*, p. 359; Barrett, *English Folk-Songs*, p. 90; *JFSS*, V, 85; Sharp, *One Hundred English Folk-Songs*, No. 86.

Five texts of "The Boston Burglar" have been recovered in this state. For other American texts, see Cox, p. 296; Lomax, p. 147; Pound, p. 57; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 289; Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, p. 177; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 206; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 69; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 52; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 89.

## A

"The Boston Burglar." Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Lenington, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. November 20, 1935.

1. I was born in Boston, a city you all know well,  
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell;  
Brought up by honest parents and reared most tenderly  
Till I became a sporting lad, which proved my destiny.
2. My character was taken, and I was sent to jail;  
My father tried to bail me out, which proved to no avail.  
The judge he read the sentence; the clerk he wrote it down,  
For I was proven guilty and I'm going to Charleston town.
3. You ought to have heard my father a-pleading at the bar,  
Likewise my aged mother, a-tearing of her hair,  
A-tearing of her old gray locks while the tears came stream-  
ing down;  
Says she, "My son, what have you done that you're going to  
Charleston town?"
4. O there lives a girl in Boston, a girl that I love well;  
If ever I gain my liberty, at home with her I'll dwell.  
If ever I gain my liberty, bad company I will shun,  
And leave off all night-walking, likewise all bad rum.

5. And you that have your liberty, pray keep it while you can;  
And never, O never, in all your life, do break the laws of man.  
For if you do, you'll surely rue and then you'll be like me,  
A-serving out a term in the penitentiary.

B

"The Boston Burglar." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. No source given. April 11, 1936.

1. I was born in Boston, a city we all know well,  
Brought up by honest parents, the truth to you I'll tell;  
Brought up by honest parents and raised most tenderly  
Till I became a sporting man at the age of twenty-three.
2. My character was taken and I was sent to jail;  
My friends found it was in vain to get me out on bail.  
The jury found me guilty, the clerk he wrote it down;  
The judge then passed my sentence; I was sent to Charles-  
town.
3. See my aged father, standing at the bar,  
Likewise my poor old mother, a-tearing of her hair,  
Yes, tearing of her old gray locks while tears came pouring  
down,  
Saying, "Son, dear son, what have you done that you're sent  
to Charlestown?"
4. I was put on board an eastern train one cold December day;  
At every station that we passed I'd hear the people say,  
"There goes the Boston Burglar; in strong chains he's bound;  
For some crime or another he is going to Charlestown."
5. There is a girl in Boston, a girl that I love well;  
And when I get my freedom, along with her I'll dwell.  
And when I get my freedom, bad company I'll shun,  
Likewise prowling, gambling, and also drinking rum.
6. All you who have your freedom, pray keep it if you can,  
And don't go 'round the streets at night to break the laws  
of man;  
For if you do, you'll surely rue, and find yourself like me,  
Serving out full twenty years in the penitentiary.

C

"The Boston Burglar." Contributed by Mrs. Dora McAtee, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 24, 1935. Six stanzas.

D

"The Boston Burglar." Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured by her from an uncle, Mr. Paul Mason, of Mifflin, Indiana. Crawford County. May 6, 1935. Eight stanzas.

E

"The Evansville Burglar." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 12, 1935. Four stanzas.

## THE FROG WENT A-COURTING

As Professor Hyder E. Rollins has shown in his *Analytical Index to the Ballad Entries in the Register of the London Company of Stationers*, this interesting old song was registered on November 21, 1580, under the title "A Moste Strange Weddinge of the Frogge and the Mouse." Further particulars regarding its antiquity and history have been given by Professor Kittredge (*Journal*, XXXV, 394 f.).

Eleven texts and two melodies have been recovered in this state.

For other texts and airs, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 312; Cox, p. 65; Flanders and Brown, p. 122; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 90; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 282; *Journal*, XXVI, 134; XXXII, 399; XXXIII, 98; XXXV, 394; XXXIX, 166; XLII, 298; Lomax, *American Ballads and Folk-Songs*, p. 310; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 373; Odum and Johnson, *Negro Workaday Songs*, p. 187; *PTFLS*, V, 5 f.; Richardson, p. 78; Scarborough, pp. 46, 49; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 245; Sharp, *Nursery Songs from the Appalachian Mountains*, No. 1; Shoemaker, p. 268; Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes*, pp. 167, 190; Thomas, p. 154; White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, p. 218; Wyman and Brockway, p. 86; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 194; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, pp. 86-88.

British: Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, pp. 142-43.

## A

"The Frog He Went A-Courting." Contributed by Mrs. Nancy E. Brewster, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Pike County. August 3, 1935.

1. Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride;  
     Uh-huh;  
    Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
    Sword and pistol by his side,  
     Uh-huh.
2. Mr. Frog went a-courting in his ruffled shirt,  
     Uh-huh;  
    Mr. Frog went a-courting in his ruffled shirt;  
    He kicked Mr. Jaybird down in the dirt,  
     Uh-huh.

3. Then he rode up to Lady Mousie's den,  
Uh-huh;  
Then he rode up to Lady Mousie's den;  
Says he, "Lady Mousie, may I come in?"  
Uh-huh.
4. Then he took Lady Mousie on his knee,  
Uh-huh;  
Then he took Lady Mousie on his knee;  
Says he, "Lady Mousie, will you marry me?"  
Uh-huh.
5. "No, not without Uncle Rat's consent,"  
Uh-huh;  
"No, not without Uncle Rat's consent,  
Would I marry the President."  
Uh-huh.
6. Then Uncle Rat he grinned and smiled,  
Uh-huh;  
Then Uncle Rat he grinned and smiled  
To think his niece would be a bride.  
Uh-huh.
7. Then Uncle Rat he rode to town,  
Uh-huh;  
Then Uncle Rat he rode to town  
To buy his niece a wedding gown.  
Uh-huh.
8. "Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
Uh-huh;  
"Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
" 'Way down yonder in a hollow tree."  
Uh-huh.
9. "What shall the wedding supper be?"  
Uh-huh;  
"What shall the wedding supper be?"  
"Blackeyed peas and hominy."  
Uh-huh.

10. The first that came was a little black bug,  
Uh-huh;  
The first that came was a little black bug;  
He carried his bottle and his jug.  
Uh-huh.
11. The next that came was young Miss Flea,  
Uh-huh;  
The next that came was young Miss Flea;  
She danced a jig with a bumblebee.  
Uh-huh.
12. The next that came was old Miss Tick,  
Uh-huh;  
The next that came was old Miss Tick;  
She ate so much that she got sick.  
Uh-huh.
13. Then they sent for Doctor Fly,  
Uh-huh;  
Then they sent for Doctor Fly;  
He came and said Miss Tick must die.  
Uh-huh.
14. In came the cat, and she made her mouth flutter,  
Uh-huh;  
In came the cat, and she made her mouth flutter;  
She ran Lady Mousie into the gutter.  
Uh-huh.
15. Then Mr. Frog thought he'd swim across the lake,  
Uh-huh;  
Then Mr. Frog thought he'd swim across the lake;  
He was seized and swallowed by a snake.  
Uh-huh.
16. And this is the end of one, two, three,  
Uh-huh;  
And this is the end of one, two, three:  
Miss Tick, Mr. Frog, and Lady Mousie.  
Uh-huh.

## B

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. June 30, 1935. With music.

## THE FROG WENT A-COURTING

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



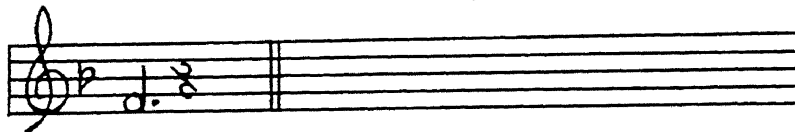
Frog went a-court-ing, he did ride, Uh-



huh! Frog went a-court-ing, he did ride,



Sword and a pis-tol by his side, Uh-



huh!

1. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Uh-huh!  
Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
Uh-huh!

2. He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,  
Uh-huh!  
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door,  
Just as he had done before.  
Uh-huh!
3. Says he, "Is Mistress Mousie in?"  
Uh-huh!  
Says he, "Is Mistress Mousie in?"  
"Yes, don't you hear her big wheel spin?"  
Uh-huh!
4. Down he jumped and in he walked,  
Uh-huh!  
Down he jumped and in he walked,  
And he and Miss Mousie began to talk.  
Uh-huh!
5. He took Miss Mousie on his knee,  
Uh-huh!  
He took Miss Mousie on his knee,  
And said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"  
Uh-huh!
6. Down she jumped and away she went,  
Uh-huh!  
Down she jumped and away she went;  
Said she'd have to ask Uncle Rat's consent.  
Uh-huh!
7. Uncle Rat he laughed till he shook his fat sides,  
Uh-huh!  
Uncle Rat he laughed till he shook his fat sides,  
To think his niece would be a frog's bride.  
Uh-huh!
8. "Who shall the wedding company be?"  
Uh-huh!  
"Who shall the wedding company be?"  
"June-bug, dog, and a little red flea."  
Uh-huh!



9. "What shall the wedding supper be?"  
Uh-huh!  
"What shall the wedding supper be?"  
"Two big beans and a blackeyed pea."  
Uh-huh!
10. "Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
Uh-huh!  
"Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
"'Way down yonder in a hollow tree."  
Uh-huh!
11. First to come in was the little June-bug,  
Uh-huh!  
First to come in was the little June-bug,  
Had some whiskey in a two-gallon jug.  
Uh-huh!
12. Next to come in was a bumble-bee,  
Uh-huh!  
Next to come in was a bumble-bee,  
Had a fiddle on his knee.  
Uh-huh!
13. Next to come in was an old gray cat,  
Uh-huh!  
Next to come in was an old gray cat,  
Had the preacher in her hat.  
Uh-huh!
14. Next to come in was the little red flea,  
Uh-huh!  
Next to come in was the little red flea,  
Bit Master Frog right on the knee.  
Uh-huh!
15. Next to come in was a little fice dog,  
Uh-huh!  
Next to come in was a little fice dog,  
Ran Uncle Rat in an old hollow log.  
Uh-huh!

16. Uncle Rat he started to Bumbly Boss,  
Uh-huh!  
Uncle Rat he started to Bumbly Boss,  
Came to the creek and couldn't get across.  
Uh-huh!
17. Started down the creek to the old mill dam,  
Uh-huh!  
Started down the creek to the old mill dam,  
Went to go across and fell in—SLAM!  
Uh-huh!

# C

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Mrs. Eugenie Ehrman, seventy-six, of Rockport, Indiana. Spencer County. Learned from an aunt about sixty years ago. November 5, 1935.

1. A frog he would a-wooing go,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
Whether his mother would let him or no,  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
2. So off he set with his opera hat,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
And on the road he met with a rat,  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
3. "Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,"  
"Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
"Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?"  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
4. When they reached the door of Mousey's hall,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
They gave a loud knock and gave a loud call.  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.

5. "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    "O yes, kind sirs, I am sitting to spin."  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
6. "Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    "For Froggie and I are fond of good cheer."  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
7. "Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?"  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    "But let it be something that's not very long."  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
8. But while they were all a merry-making,<sup>1</sup>  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
9. The cat she seized the rat by the crown,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
10. This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    He took up his hat and wished them goodnight.  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.
11. But as Froggie was crossing over a brook,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
    A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up.  
    With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
    "Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.

---

<sup>1</sup> For *But while they were making a merry din?*

12. So there was an end of one, two, three,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Rowley;  
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggie.  
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach,  
"Sing heigh ho" says Anthony Rowley.

## D

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. The refrain to this variant is very similar to that in Wyman and Brockway, p. 24 ("The Bed-Time Song"). June 7, 1935. With music.

1. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone;  
Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Kitty alone and I!  
Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
Rock-em-a-ray, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I!

This variant is exactly like *B* (from the same source) except for the refrain.

## E

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Mrs. M. M. Roberts, of Louisville, Kentucky. Learned in Indiana from her mother. October 11, 1935.

1. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
A-hum;  
Frog went a-courting, he did ride,  
Sword and pistol by his side,  
A-hum.
2. He rode into Miss Mousie's hall,  
A-hum;  
He rode into Miss Mousie's hall,  
Spied Miss Mousie upon the wall.  
A-hum.

THE FROG WENT A-COURTING

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



Frog went a-courting, he did ride,



Kit-ty alone, Kit-ty alone;



Frog went a-courting, he did ride,



Kit-ty alone and I. Frog went a-



courting, he did ride, sword and pis-tol



by his side, Kitty alone, Kitty a-lone,



Kitty a-lone and I.

3. He asked Miss Mousie to be his bride,  
A-hum;  
He asked Miss Mousie to be his bride;  
She opened her eyes so big and wide.  
A-hum.
4. He asked Uncle Rat for his consent,  
A-hum;  
He asked Uncle Rat for his consent;  
He came downstairs with his back half bent.  
A-hum.
5. Uncle Rat he went to town,  
A-hum;  
Uncle Rat he went to town  
To buy his niece a wedding gown.  
A-hum.
6. "Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
A-hum;  
"Where shall the wedding supper be?"  
"Way down yonder in the hollow tree."  
A-hum.
7. "What shall the wedding supper be?"  
A-hum;  
"What shall the wedding supper be?"  
"Catfoot<sup>2</sup> broth and dogwood tea."  
A-hum.
8. First that came was a bumblebee,  
A-hum;  
First that came was a bumblebee,  
With his fiddle on his knee.  
A-hum.
9. Next that came was a big black flea,  
A-hum;  
Next that came was a big black flea  
To dance a jig with the bumblebee.  
A-hum.

---

<sup>2</sup> For catnip?

10. The bread and cheese all sets on the shelf,  
       A-hum;  
 The bread and cheese all sets on the shelf;  
 If you wish anymore, you must sing it yourself.  
       A-hum.

## F

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. June 16, 1935. Similar to A. Seven stanzas. With music.

## THE FROG WENT A-COURTING

Sung by Mrs. Jennie L. Wade; noted by Mrs. Johnson



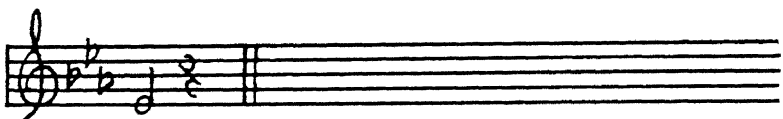
A frog went a-courting, he did ride, Um-



huh! A frog went a-courting, he did ride,



With a sword and a pistol by his side, Um-



huh!

G

"The Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Miss Edith Baynes, of Salem, Indiana. Washington County. "Sung by Mrs. Ella Baynes, of Salem, who learned it from her mother, an English woman." April 15, 1936. Six stanzas.

H

"Frog Went A-Courting." Contributed by Mrs. Aline McKinney Martin, of Petersburg, Indiana. Pike County. Secured from the singing of her grandfather, Mr. Orion Peed, eighty-one. The latter learned the song from his father, Mr. Solomon Peed, while the family was living in North Carolina. March 12, 1935. Six stanzas.

I

"The Frog and the Mouse." Contributed by Miss Mary Gene Waller, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured from her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Norrington. May 1, 1935. One stanza.

J

"The Frog and the Mouse and the Bumblebee." Contributed by Mr. Charles Kelsey, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. October 22, 1935. Two stanzas.



## THE SILK-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

The following variant of "The Silk-Merchant's Daughter" is the only one recovered in this state, not even fragments of other variants having been found.

For American texts, see Brown, p. 10; Campbell and Sharp, No. 54; Cox, p. 334; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 57; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 148; *Journal*, XXVIII, 160; XXXIX, 113; Shearin and Combs, p. 12.

British texts will be found in *JFSS*, II, 33; III, 292; in Sharp and Marson, *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, I, 28; and in Ord, *Bothy Songs and Ballads*, p. 63.

"The Silk-Merchant's Daughter." Contributed by Mr. Byers Brenton, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured from Mrs. John S. Mason, of Dongola, Indiana. October 28, 1935.

1. Come listen, good people (come listen unto me),  
To a comedy, although very near a sad tragedy.  
A silk-merchant's daughter in London, we hear  
How a Londoner stole her, her heart did ensnare.
2. She fancied his person, he made it but light,  
And by false endeavors he gained her quite.  
He began for to slight her, as many he'd done;  
'T was hard to remove her affections so strong.
3. They both met together by chance on a day,  
And being alone, these words she did say:  
"I desire to know, love, what I ask of you;  
I think by your actions your love is not true."
4. "I do not love you," he told her plain;  
"Neither do I hate you, nor you I disdain.  
But I'll leave this land, love, and I'll go to sea;  
'Out of sight, out of mind,' love; you'll not think of me."
5. "O be not exposed to the ocean, my dear;  
I will not disturb you, you need not to fear."  
"But I am determined to say I will go  
To try my heart's fortune where'er the wind blow."

6. Straightway to a ship she resolved she would go  
To see if what he told her was certainly so.  
He said nothing to her when she came there;  
He took leave of the ladies, and slighted his dear.
7. She resolved she would go to a tailor straightway;  
She bought her a suit and changed her array.  
She went and enlisted; they had a fair gale,  
And alone, undiscovered, with him she set sail.
8. While they were sailing all with the fair wind,  
The soldiers one evening being merrily inclined,  
They all had their way of confessing at sea,  
To drink to their true-loves wherever they be.
9. When it came to this young man, these words he did say:  
"I love nary woman that lives on this earth,  
Nor unto no woman ne'er tied will I be,  
But a health to the damsel that I know loves me.
10. "A silk-merchant's daughter in London," said he,  
"A lady of wealth, and witty was she.  
For my sake I left her in tears on the shore,  
And I do believe I'll ne'er see her more."
11. These words stung her so she could no longer stay;  
She claimed herself sick, and left the company.  
And as she turned away from him, she made this reply,  
"I am along with him; why need I to cry?"
12. In a few hours after, a storm did arise;  
The clouds gathered thick and dark in the skies.  
For many a long day on the ocean they tossed  
Till the pilots their course had entirely lost.
13. Sharp hunger came on.....  
They cast lots among them to see who'd be first;  
They cast lots among them to see who would die  
To feed the rest on him, their excellency (?).

14. The silk-merchant's daughter in readiness stands;  
She holds a death warrant all in her own hands.  
She said nothing still, and they cast lots again  
To see by whose hand this young man should be slain.
15. Now mark how endeavors (?) these lots did agree;  
It fell on her true-love the butcher to be.  
It set the whole ship-crew all in a surprise  
To see how the tears did flow from her eyes.
16. "My father and mother are old and at home,  
The pride of their old age about to be slain.  
A silk-merchant's daughter in London I be;  
Now see what I come to by the loving of thee!"
17. "O hush, my dear damsel, my heart it will burst;  
In hopes of your long life, love, I'll die first."  
"O hush, my dear jewel, O don't you say so;  
I'll yield to my doom, I'm ready to go."
18. With a knife in his hand, he drew near where she stood,  
And, too, with a basin to catch her blood.  
She cried: "For God's sake, do hold your hand;  
I'm sure we are nearing some ship or some land!"
19. In a few minutes after, they all heard a gun;  
Away to the roundtop they gladly did run.  
And to their great joy they all spied a sail,  
An American vessel after them in full gale.
20. She had a long sight, an hour at the most;  
The sons of Old England were all overjoyed.  
They gladly received the last joy in arrear (?),  
And all joined together their course to steer.
21. He treated her well on crossing the main  
Until they arrived at fair London again,  
Until they arrived at her own parents' door;  
They had no objections, and married they were.

22.    Young men they will blow, they'll flatter, they'll lie;  
         They'll gain your affections, but seldom comply.  
     They seldom prove loyal or stand to the truth;  
         O this is the failing of men in their youth!

## GRANDMA'S ADVICE

Four texts of this well-known song have been recovered in this state. It is sometimes known in Indiana as "Little Johnny Green."

For other American texts and references, see Cox, p. 469; Gardner, *Folklore from the Schoharie Hills*, p. 206; *Journal*, XXXV, 402; XXXIX, 157; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 379; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 374; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 85.

## A

"Grandma's Advice." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 9, 1935.

1. My grandmother lived on yonder little green,  
As fine an old lady as ever was seen;  
She oft-times taught and instructed me with care  
Of all false young men to beware.  
Tiddy-um-dum-dum; tiddy-ay-de-air,  
Of all false young men to beware.
2. "And now, my dear daughter, pray don't you believe,  
For men will fib and continually deceive;  
They will cruelly deceive you before you are aware,  
Then away goes poor old grandma's care!"  
Tiddy-um-dum-dum; tiddy-ay-de-air,  
Then away goes poor old grandma's care!
3. The first that came courting was honest young Green,  
As fine a young gentleman as ever was seen,  
But grandmother's words so rang in my head  
I could not attend to one word he said.  
Tiddy-um-dum-dum; tiddy-ay-de-ed,  
I could not attend to one word he said.
4. The next to come courting was young Farmer Grove,  
With whom I exchanged most bountiful love;  
Of such sweet truthful love one should not be afraid,  
For it's better to be married than to die an old maid.  
Tiddy-um-dum-dum; tiddy-ay-de-aid,  
For it's better to be married than to die an old maid.

5. And now I'm convinced there must be some mistake  
When I think what a fuss these old folks make;  
For if all young ladies of young men had been afraid,  
Why grandma herself would have died an old maid!  
Tiddy-um-dum-dum; tiddy-ay-de-aid,  
Why grandma herself would have died an old maid!

B

"Grandma's Advice." Contributed by Mrs. Helen B. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Learned in Indiana from the singing of her parents. June 14, 1935.

1. My grandmother lived on yonder little green,  
As fine an old lady as ever was seen.  
She ofttimes taught and instructed me with care  
Of all false young men to beware.  
Tee-i-um-dum; tee-i-a-dare,  
Of all false young men to beware.
2. The first who came courting was young Farmer Grover;  
I almost was engaged to this wonderful lover,  
But grandmother raved and almost tore her hair;  
Of all false young men I must beware!  
Tee-i-um-dum; tee-i-a-dare,  
Of all false young men I must beware!
3. The next who came courting was young Farmer Green,  
As fine a young gentleman as ever was seen,  
But grandmother's words so rang in my head  
I couldn't half attend to one word he said.  
Tee-i-um-dum; tee-i-a-ded,  
I couldn't half attend to one word he said.
4. O dear, what a fuss these old ladies make!  
Thinks I to myself, "There must be some mistake;  
For if all young ladies of young men had been afraid,  
Why grandma herself would have died an old maid!"  
Tee-i-um-dum; tee-i-a-dade,  
Why grandma herself would have died an old maid!

C

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. June 3, 1935. Four stanzas.

D

"Grandma's Advice." Contributed by Mrs. M. M. Roberts, of Louisville, Kentucky. Learned in Indiana from the singing of her mother. October 11, 1935. Three stanzas.

## MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

Only one version of this song, known also as "A Cold Winter's Night" and "The Winds that Blow Across the Wild Moor," has been recovered in this state.

For other texts and references, see Cox, p. 437; *Journal*, XXVI, 355; XXIX, 185; XXXV, 389; XLV, 70; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 164; Pound, No. 35; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 335; Shoemaker, p. 96; Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, p. 114; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, p. 36; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 149; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 87.

British: Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 77.

"Mary of the Wild Moor." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. May 27, 1935.

1. It was on a cold winter night,  
And the wind very loudly did roar;  
Poor Mary came wandering home with her babe  
Till she came to her own father's door.
2. "O why did I leave this dear spot,  
Where I once was so happy and free,  
And now I must roam without friends or a home,  
And no one to take pity on me?
3. "O father, dear father," she cried,  
"Come down and open the door,  
Or this child in my arms will perish and die  
As the winds blow across the wild moor."
4. But the old man was deaf to her cries;  
Not a sound of her voice reached his ears,  
But the watchdog did howl and the village bell tolled  
As the wind blew across the wild moor.
5. Then how must the old man have felt  
When he opened his door in the morn?  
Poor Mary was dead, but the child was alive,  
Tightly clasped in his dead mother's arms.



6. The old man in grief pined away,  
And the child to its mother went soon;  
And no one, they say, will live there to this day,  
And the cottage to ruin has gone.
7. Now the village points out to the spot  
Where the winds of the cold winters roar,<sup>1</sup>  
Saying, "Poor Mary died here, a gay village bride,  
As the winds blew across the wild moor."

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<sup>1</sup> Variant line: *When they hear the winds blow, and sea roar.*

## FLORELLA

The Indiana collection contains six versions of this song, under the following titles: "Flo-Ella," "The Jealous Lover," "Florella," and "Down by the Weeping Willow." "Florella" is often confused with "Pearl Bryan," and stanzas of the one frequently appear in texts of the other.

For texts, see Allsopp, *Folklore of Romantic Arkansas*, II, 204; Combs, p. 203; Cox, p. 197; Finger, p. 81; Flanders and Brown, p. 59; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 365; Hudson, No. 46; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 185; *Journal*, XXII, 370; XXX, 344; XLII, 280, 301; XLV, 131; XLVI, 39; Pound, No. 43; Richardson, p. 30; Shoemaker, p. 49; Neely, *Tales and Songs from Southern Illinois*, p. 160; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 320.

## A

"Floella." Contributed by Mr. Doral Robling, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured by him from his mother, Mrs. Delsa Robling, who learned it in Pike County from her mother, Mrs. Emma White. May 4, 1935.

1. Down in a lonely valley  
Where the violets fade and bloom  
Lies our sweet Floella  
So silent in her tomb.
2. She died not broken-hearted,  
Nor in sickness fell,  
But in one moment's parting  
From one she loved so well.
3. One night as the moon shone brightly,  
Soft over hill and dell,  
Into this maiden's cottage  
Her jealous lover came.
4. "Floella, let us wander  
Down by yon meadow gay,  
Where we will sit and ponder  
Upon our wedding day."

.....

5. "O Edward, I'm tired and weary  
Of wandering here along;  
O Edward, dearest Edward,  
I pray you take me home."
6. "You have not the wings of an eagle,  
Nor from me can you fly.  
No earthly soul can save you;  
You instantly must die!"
7. Down on her knees she bended  
And begged him for her life;  
Into her snowy bosom  
He plunged a gleaming knife.
8. "O Edward, I'll forgive you  
With my last and dying breath;  
I never have deceived you  
As I close my eyes in death.
9. "Adieu to my proud parents,  
And to my friends adieu;  
But you, my dearest Edward,  
Will find my words come true."
10. Down on his knees he bended,  
Crying, "O what have I done?  
I've murdered my Floella,  
True as the rising sun."
11. Now in that lonely valley,  
Where the willows weep o'er her grave,  
Floella lies forgotten  
While the merry sunbeams wave.

B

"The Jealous Lover." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 22, 1935.

1. Down in a lonely valley  
Where the violets are in bloom,  
There sleeps a fair young maiden  
All in her silent tomb.

2. She died not broken-hearted  
From grief nor want nor woe,  
But in one moment parted  
From all she loved below.
3. One eve the moon shone brightly,  
And gently fell the dew,  
When unto this maiden's cottage  
A jealous lover drew.
4. Said he to fair Florella,  
"Down by the sparkling bay  
We'll watch and wait and wander  
Until our wedding day."
5. The way was cold and dreary;  
The night was coming on,  
When in this lonely valley  
He led this maiden on.
6. "O Edward, I am tired,  
And care not for to roam,  
For roaming is so dreary;  
Please, Edward, take me home."
7. "You haven't the wings of an angel,  
Nor from me you cannot fly.  
No soul on earth can save you;  
So, Florella, you must die!"
8. On her bended knees a-begging,  
Asking him to spare her life,  
When in her fair young bosom  
He plunged a dagger knife.
9. "O Edward, I forgive you  
With my last and dying breath;  
I never have deceived you,  
Now I close my eyes in death.

10. "Here's adieu to my parents;  
    To all my friends adieu.  
    And all my love to Edward,  
    And may all my words come true."
11. Now in that lonely valley  
    Where the weeping willows wave,  
    Florella lies forgotten  
    All in her lonely grave.

## C

"Florella." Contributed by Mrs. Mount Wood, of Selvin, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Rust. July 11, 1935.

1. Deep, deep in yonder valley  
    Where the flowers fade and bloom  
    There lies our own Florella  
    In the cold and silent tomb.  
    She died not broken-hearted,  
    Nor from long illness fell,  
    But suddenly departed  
    From a home she loved so well.
2. Close to her bedroom window  
    Her treacherous lover drew,  
    Saying, "Come, my own Florella,  
    Let's to the meadow go.  
    Let's go into the meadow,  
    Among the new-mown hay,  
    And there we'll chat together  
    And name our wedding day."
3. "'T was for your sake, dear Edward,  
    That I have strayed away;  
    And of rambling I've grown weary,  
    And would retrace my way."  
    "Retrace your way? No, never!  
    From me you cannot fly;  
    I have you in these woods now;  
    Florella, thou must die!"

4. Then on her knees before him  
She pleaded for her life;  
Deep, deep into her bosom  
He plunged the fatal knife.  
"What have I done, dear Edward,  
That you should take my life?  
I always have been loving,  
And would have been your wife.
5. "Farewell, dear loving parents;  
You'll never see me more.  
Long, long you'll wait my coming  
Around the cabin door.  
Dear Edward, I'll forgive you,"  
She said with dying breath;  
Her heart was hushed forever  
As she closed her eyes in death.

## D

"Down by the Weeping Willow." Contributed by Miss Wilma McDonald, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Secured by her from her mother, Mrs. Ralph McDonald, who learned it from her mother, Mrs. Frank Corne. March 26, 1935. Eight stanzas.

## E

"The Jealous Lover." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. November 16, 1935. Six stanzas. The sweetheart's name given as Emma.

## F

"Flo-Ella." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 1, 1935. Eight stanzas.

## BROTHER GREEN

Only one text of this song has been recovered in Indiana, but several people remember having heard it sung in the state.

For other texts, see Cox, p. 273; Wyman and Brockway, p. 18 (text and air); Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 212; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 13.

"Brother Green." Contributed by Mr. O. F. Kirk, seventy-nine, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. "This song has been in our family ever since I can recollect. I don't know who we learned it from, or any more of its history." June 10, 1935.

1. O Brother Green, do come to me,  
For I am shot and bleeding;  
And I must die, no more to see  
My wife and my dear children.
2. A Southern foe hath laid me low,  
On this cold ground to suffer;  
Dear brother, stay and lay me away,  
And write my wife a letter.
3. Tell her I am prepared to die,  
And hope we'll meet in heaven;  
When I believed on Jesus Christ,  
My sins was all forgiven.
4. I know that she has prayed for me,  
And now her prayers are answered,  
That I might be prepared to die  
If I should fall in battle.
5. My little babes, I love them well;  
O could I once more see them!  
To bid them both a long farewell  
Till we should meet in heaven.
6. But I am here in Tennessee  
And they are in Illinois,  
And I must now soon buried be,  
No more to hear their voices.

7. Dear Mary, you must treat them well  
And train them up for heaven;  
Teach them to love and serve the Lord,  
And they will be respected.
8. And when your work on earth is done  
And all life's toils are over,  
We'll meet again in that bright world  
Where all is peace and pleasure.
9. Dear Father, you have suffered long  
And prayed for my salvation;  
But I shall beat you home at last  
And say, "Farewell, temptation!"
10. Your eyes are dim and ears are deaf,  
But O, the wondrous story!  
When we shall meet in that bright world,  
There we'll sing "Glory! Glory!"
11. Dear sister Nancy, do not grieve  
The loss of your poor brother,  
For I am gone with Christ to live  
And see my blessed mother.
12. Dear sister Mary's gone there, too;  
She lives and reigns with angels,  
And Jefferson he died when young;  
I know I'll see their faces.



## THE OLD MAN WHO CAME OVER THE MOOR

Two texts of this song have been recovered in Indiana, under the titles "Old Shoes and Leggings" and "Old Boots and Leggin(g)s."

For other American texts, see Campbell and Sharp, II, p. 93; Cox, p. 489; *Journal*, XXVIII, 158; XXIX, 188 (Indiana); Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin Collected in the Appalachian Mountains*, 2d series, p. 66; Shoemaker, p. 307.

English and Scottish versions will be found in Bell, *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, p. 237; Graham, *Dialect Songs of the North of England*, 2d ed., p. 11; Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, cxlix; Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 92; Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 33; and Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 73.

## A

"Old Shoes and Leggings." Contributed by Mrs. Elvira Durham, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. March 3, 1935.

1. O Mother she told me to open the door;  
    I won't have him!  
I opened the door and he fell in the floor,  
    With his old shoes and leggings.
2. O Mother she told me to set him a stool;  
    I won't have him!  
I set him a stool and he acted like a fool,  
    With his old shoes and leggings.
3. O Mother she told me to put him to bed;  
    I won't have him!  
I put him to bed, and he laid like he was dead,  
    With his old shoes and leggings.
4. O Mother she told me to wake him up;  
    I won't have him!  
I woke him up, and he quacked like a duck,  
    With his old shoes and leggings.
5. O Mother she told me to drive him off;  
    I won't have him!  
I drove him off, and he climbed in the loft,  
    With his old shoes and leggings.

6. O Mother she told me to get the gun;  
I won't have him!  
I got the gun, and Lord how he run!  
With his old shoes and leggings.

B

"Old Boots and Leggin(g)s." Contributed by Mr. Clinton Huppert, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Obtained from his aunt, Mrs. Grant Huppert. November 11, 1935.

1. My mother told me to open the door,  
But I didn't want to;  
I opened the door and he fell on the floor,  
With his old boots and leggings.
2. My mother told me to set him a stool,  
But I didn't want to;  
I set him a stool and he stood like a fool,  
With his old boots and leggings.
3. My mother told me to put him to bed,  
But I didn't want to;  
I put him to bed and he stood on his head,  
With his old boots and leggings.
4. My mother told me to fire a gun,  
But I didn't want to;  
I fired the gun and how he did run,  
With his old boots and leggings!

## THE DEATH OF A ROMISH LADY

Two texts, both incomplete, of this song have been found in Indiana. Each is known to the contributor as "The Romish Lady."

The song is mentioned, under the title "The Death of a Romish Lady," in Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613, where the opening line is given as "It was a lady's daughter of Paris properly."

For other American texts, see Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 137; Jackson, *White Spirituals from the Southern Uplands*, p. 188; Pound, No. 25; and Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 176. There is a good English broadside version in *The Roxburghe Ballads*, I, 43.

## A

"The Romish Lady." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. January 24, 1936.

1. There lived a Romish lady,  
Brought up in Popery;  
Her mother always taught her  
The priest she must obey.
2. "O pardon me, dear mother,  
I humbly pray thee now,  
For unto these false idols  
I can no longer bow."
3. Assisted by her handmaid,  
Her Bible she concealed,  
And there she gained instruction  
Till God his love revealed.

(A stanza here about the stealing of the Bible)

4. "I'll bow to my dear Jesus  
And worship him unseen,  
And work by faith unfailing;  
The works of men are vain.
5. "I can not worship idols  
Nor pictures made by men;  
Dear mother, use your pleasure,  
But pardon if you can."

6. With grief and great vexation,  
Her mother straight did go  
To inform the Romish clergy  
The source of all her woe.
7. The priests were soon assembled  
And for the maid did call;  
They forced her in a dungeon  
To affright her soul withal.

- .....
8. "Weep not, ye tender ladies,  
Shed not a tear for me;  
Whilst my poor body's burning,  
My soul the Lord shall see.
  9. "Yourselves you need to pity  
On Zion's deep decay;  
Dear ladies, turn to Jesus,  
No longer make delay."
  10. In comes her raging mother,  
Her daughter to behold;  
And in her hand she brought  
An image decked with gold.
  11. "O take from me those idols;  
Remove them from my sight.  
Restore to me my Bible,  
In which I take delight."

- .....
12. Instead of gold and bracelets,  
With chains they bound her fast;  
She cried, "Lord, give pardon,  
Or else I sink at last!
  13. "With Jesus and his angels  
Forever I shall dwell;  
God pardon priest and people,  
And so I bid farewell."

B

"The Romish Lady." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. Learned from the singing of her mother, who knew the entire song. December 31, 1935.

1. There was a Romish lady,  
    Brought up in popery;  
Her mother had always taught her  
    The priest she must obey.
2. Assisted by her servant,  
    Her Bible she concealed,  
And thereby was instructed  
    Until God his love revealed.

.....

3. "O pardon me, dear mother,  
    I humbly pray thee now,  
For unto these false idols  
    I can no longer bow.
4. "Just take from me those idols  
    And pictures framed in gold,  
And give to me my Bible  
    Which from me has been stole."

## WILLIAM REILLY

The story of William Reilly is told in three ballads: 1. "William Reilly's Courtship"; 2. "Reilly's Trial"; and 3. "Reilly's Answer, Release, and Marriage with Coleen Bawn." The Indiana text seems to be a variant of the second, which begins with Coleen's offer to elope, tells of William's imprisonment and trial, and ends with the sweetheart's request that he wear her ring when he is transported.

For other American texts and references, see Barry, No. 54; Belden, No. 81; Campbell and Sharp, No. 104; Cox, p. 336; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 184; Pound, No. 38; Shearin and Combs, p. 13; Thomas, p. 166; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 152.

British: *JFSS*, III, 133; O'Connor, *Old Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland*, p. 86.

"Willie Reilly." Contributed by Mrs. Mayme C. Waller, of Winslow, Indiana. Pike County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. W. Corn. June 16, 1935.

1. "O rise up, Willie Reilly, and come along with me;  
I mean for to go with you and leave this countrie.  
I'll leave my father's dwelling, his houses and his land,  
And I'll go with Willie Reilly, he's my dear Coleen Bawn."<sup>1</sup>
2. Over lofty hills and mountains, along the lonesome dales,  
Through shady groves and fountains, rich meadows and  
sweet vales,  
We climbed the ragged woods, and rid o'er silent lawn,  
But I was overtaken with my dear Coleen Bawn.
3. They hurried me to prison, my hands and feet they bound,  
Confined me like a murderer with chains unto the ground.  
But this hard, cruel treatment most cheerfully I'll stand;  
Ten thousand deaths I'd suffer for my dearest Coleen Bawn.
4. In came the jailor's son and to Reilly he did say,  
"Rise up, unhappy Reilly, you must appear today,  
Proud Squire Falliard's anger and power to withstand;  
I fear you'll suffer sorely for your dear Coleen Bawn."

<sup>1</sup> This line is obviously incorrect, as Coleen is the speaker. Cf. Greenleaf and Mansfield's "And away goes Willy Reilly, and his dear Coleen Bawn."

5. "This is the news, young Reilly, last night I heard of thee;  
The lady's oath will hang you, or she will set you free."  
"If that is true," said Reilly, "some hope begins to dawn,  
For I never can be injured by my dear Coleen Bawn."
6. "The lady she is sensible and in her tender youth;  
If Reilly has deluded her, she will declare the truth."  
Then like a spotless angel before them she did stand;  
"You are welcome here," said Reilly, "my dear Coleen  
Bawn."
7. Next spoke the noble Fox, who stood attentively by,  
"Gentlemen of the jury, for justice we reply;<sup>2</sup>  
To hang a man for love is foul murder, you may see;  
So save the life of Reilly, and banished let him be."
8. Then spoke the lovely lady, with tears in her eyes,  
"The fault is not sweet Reilly's; on me alone it lies.  
I made him leave his home, sir, and go along with me;  
I love him to distraction, such is my destiny."
9. The noble lord replied: "We may let the prisoner go;  
The lady hath quite cleared him, the jury well doth know.  
She hath released young Reilly; the bill must be withdrawn;  
Then set at large the lover of the fair Coleen Bawn."
10. "But stop, my lord, he stole her bright jewels and nice things,  
Gold watches and diamond buckles, with many costly rings.  
I gave them to my daughter; they cost a thousand pound;  
When Reilly was first taken, these things with him were  
found."
11. She said, "My lord, I gave them in token of true love;  
He never stole my jewels, I swear by all above.  
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home to me."  
"I will, my generous lady, with many thanks," said he.
12. "There is a ring amongst them I wish for you to wear;  
'T is set with costly diamonds and plaited with my hair.  
As a token of true friendship, wear it on your right hand;  
Think of my broken heart, love, when in a foreign land."

---

<sup>2</sup> For *applied*.

## JOHNNY SANDS

Three texts, practically identical, have been recovered. One melody is on file.

For texts and references, see Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 198; *Journal*, XXIX, 179; XXXV, 385; XLIX, 235; Pound, p. 114; *PTFLS*, VI, 224; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 175.

Scottish: Ord, p. 93.

## A

"Johnny Sands." Contributed by Mrs. D. Strouse, of Danville, Indiana. Hendricks County. Learned from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Leora Harvey, who learned it from her own mother. December 13, 1935.

1. A man whose name was Johnny Sands  
    He married Betty Hague;  
    Although she brought him gold and lands,  
    She proved a terrible plague.
2. For O she was a scolding wife,  
    Full of caprice and whim;  
    He said that he was tired of life,  
    And she was tired of him.
3. He said, "Then I will drown myself;  
    The river runs below."  
    "Pray do," said she, "you silly elf;  
    I wished it long ago."
4. Said he, "Upon the bank I'll stand,  
    And you run down the hill,  
    And push me in with all your might";  
    Said she, "My love, I will."
5. "For fear that I might courage lack  
    And try to save my life,  
    Pray tie my hands behind my back";  
    "I will," replied his wife.



6. She tied them fast, as you may think,  
And when securely done,  
"Now stand," said she, "upon the brink  
While I prepare to run."
7. All down the hill his lovely bride  
Now ran with all her force  
To push him—he stepped aside,  
And she fell in, of course.
8. Now splashing, dashing like a fish,  
"O save me, Johnny Sands!"  
"I can't, my love, though much I wish,  
For you have tied my hands."

B

"Johnny Sands." Contributed by Mrs. Helen B. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Identical with C. June 25, 1935.

## C

"Johnny Sands." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. Similar to A, but lacks stanza 6. Seven stanzas. June 18, 1935. With music.

## JOHNNY SANDS

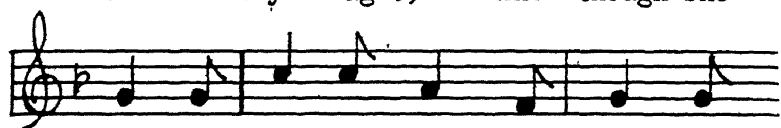
Sung by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



A man there was, named Johnny Sands, had



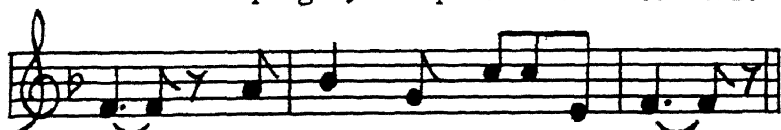
married Betty Hague; And though she



brought him gold and lands, she proved a



terrible plague, she proved a terrible



plague, she proved a terrible plague.

## THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER

Two variants of this song are contained in the Indiana collection, one bearing the title given above, the other called "Bill Stafford."

For other texts, see Belden, No. 110; Campbell and Sharp, II, 238; Cox, p. 239; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 208; *Journal*, XXVI, 173; Lomax, p. 226; and Shearin and Combs, p. 15; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 211.

## A

"Bill Stafford." Contributed by Mr. John Riley, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from the singing of his father, Mr. C. M. Riley. June 21, 1935.

1. My name it is Bill Stafford; I was born in Buffalo town;  
For nine long years I've rambled this wide world 'round and  
'round.  
It's many ups and downs through life, it's many hard times  
I've saw,  
But I never knew what misery was till I struck old Arkan-  
saw.
2. It was in the year of '75, in the merry month of June  
That I landed in Van Buren one sultry afternoon;  
Up stepped a walking skeleton, had a long and lantern jaw;  
He invited me down to his hotel, the best in Arkansaw.
3. I followed that big loafer down to his dwelling-place;  
Starvation it was written on his sad and haggard face.  
He fed me on corn dodger, and his beef I couldn't chaw;  
He charged me fifty cents a meal, way down in Arkansaw.
4. I was to be up early to catch a morning train;  
Says he, "Young man, you'd better stay; I have some land  
to drain.  
I'll give you fifty cents a day, your board and washing all;  
B'gosh, you'll be a different lad when you leave old Arkan-  
saw."

5. I worked for that big loafer, Jess Herald was his name,  
He stood 6-7 in his boots and as slim as any crane;  
And his hair hung down like rat tails on his long and lantern  
    jaw;  
He was a photograph of all the gents that I saw in Arkansaw.
6. He fed me on corn dodger that was hard as any rock  
Till my teeth began to loosen and my knees began to knock,  
And I got so thin on sassafras tea I could hide behind a  
    straw;  
You bet I *was* a different lad when I left old Arkansaw!
7. The day I left old Arkansaw (I dread the memory still!)  
I shook both boots from off my feet with an everlasting chill,  
And I staggered into his saloon and called for whiskey raw;  
I got as drunk as a son-of-a-gun when I left old Arkansaw.
8. His wife came into the room, she was just sweet sixteen;  
Her cheeks were red as any rose, she was fair as any queen.  
And she put her arms around my neck and kissed me on the  
    jaw,  
Saying, "Bill, O do remember me when you leave old Ark-  
    ansaw!"
9. So it's fare-you-well, old Arkansaw, the canebrakes and the  
    chills;  
It's fare-you-well, old sassafras tea and old corn dodger pills,  
For if ever I see that land again, I extend to you my paw,  
It'll be by means of a telescope from here to Arkansaw!

B

"The Arkansaw Traveller." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Obtained by him from Mr. Jeremiah Jillett. June 29, 1935.

1. My name it is Bill Stillions; I was born in Buffalo town;  
For nine long years or more I've roamed this wide world  
    round.  
I've had many ups and downs, boys, since the day I left my  
    ma,  
But I never knew what misery was till I struck Arkansaw.

2. In eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, about the first of June,  
I landed in old Parragool one sultry afternoon.  
Then up stepped a walking skeleton, with his bold lantern  
    jaw,  
And invited me down to his hotel in the state of Arkansaw.
3. I followed up that big bloat<sup>1</sup> (Jess Merrial was his name) ;  
He stood six feet and eleven inches, as tall as any crane.  
His long hair, coarse as shoestrings, covered his lantern jaw ;  
He was a photograph of all the boys that was born in  
    Arkansaw.
4. I followed old Jess Merrial down to his dwelling-place ;  
The hine<sup>2</sup> wheels of poverty shone on his melancholy face.  
He fed me on corn dodger, but his beef I could not chaw,  
And he taxed me fifty cents a meal in the state of Arkansaw.

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<sup>1</sup> For *bloke* ?

<sup>2</sup> For *hind*.

## THE SKIN-AND-BONE LADY

For American texts, see Brown, p. 10; Cox, p. 482; Flanders and Brown, p. 180; *Journal*, XXVI, 142; Lomax, *The North Carolina Booklet*, July, 1911, XI, 29.

British versions appear in Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, I, 240; *Folk-Lore*, XXII, 274; XXIV, 81; Halliwell, *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1842, p. 64, 180; Rimbault, *Nursery Rhymes with Ancient Tunes*, p. 32.

No title given. Contributed by Miss Mary E. Hayes, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from an aunt, Mrs. Bertha H. Fuller, of Inglewood, California, who learned it in Indiana. The latter writes: "This old song mother used to sing to us and frighten us nearly to death. I have since seen other words, but these are the words she sang—your father may recall it. . . . The *dead* was shouted at us in a loud weird cry, and was truly awful to young ears." May 12, 1935.

1. There was an old woman was heard to say,  
"I believe I'll go to church today."
2. And when she got to the churchyard stile,  
She thought she'd rest a little while.
3. And when she got to the churchyard door,  
She thought she'd rest a little more.
4. She first stepped up and then stepped down;  
She saw a corpse lying on the ground.
5. The old lady to the parson said,  
"Will I look so when I am dead?"

## SWEET WILLIAM (THE SAILOR BOY)

Only one text, incomplete, of this song has been recovered in Indiana.

For other texts, American and British, see Belden, No. 20; Brown, p. 10; Campbell and Sharp, II, 84; Cox, p. 353; Greig, *Folk-Song of the North-East*, lxiv; *Journal*, XXIX, 199; XXX, 363; XXXI, 170; XXXV, 410; XLV, 80; *JFSS*, I, 99; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, XVII, 18; Pound, p. 42, 69; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 319; Stone, *Sea Songs and Ballads*, p. 174; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 188; Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, p. 74; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 177; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 89.

"The Sailor Boy." Contributed by Mrs. R. M. Johnson, of Franklin, Indiana. Johnson County. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Nancy Prichard Coleman. October 31, 1935.

1. The sailor's trade is a dreary life;  
It robs pretty maids of their hearts' delight,  
Which causes them to weep and mourn  
For the loss of a truelove that never can return.<sup>1</sup>
2. Dark was the color of my truelove's hair;  
His cheeks resemble the lady's fair.  
If he would return, it would give me joy,  
For I'll have no other but my sailor boy.
3. "O Father, O Father, build me a boat,  
That on the ocean I may float,  
And every vessel that I pass by  
Of them I'll inquire of my sweet sailor boy."
4. As she was sailing up the main,  
She spied three ships coming down from Spain.  
She hailed the captain as he drew nigh;  
Of him she did inquire for her sweet sailor boy.
5. "O Captain, O Captain, tell me true,  
Does my sweet William sail with you?  
O tell me quick and give me joy  
That I may find my sweet sailor boy."

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<sup>1</sup> The last two lines of each stanza are to be repeated as a refrain.

6. "No, honored lady, he is not here;  
He was drowned in the gulf, my dear.  
Near Rocky Island as we passed by  
There we left your sweet sailor boy."
7. She wrung her hands and tore her hair  
Just like a lady in despair.  
She rowed her boat against a rock;  
I think that lady's heart was broke.
8. "O bring me a chair and set me down,  
A pen and ink to write it down!"  
At the end of each line she dropped a tear,  
At the end of each verse cried, "O, my dear!"
9. "Dig my grave both wide and deep,  
A marble stone at the head and feet,  
And on my breast a turtle dove  
To let the world know I died for love."



## THE GYPSY'S WARNING

Two Indiana texts of "The Gypsy's Warning" have been recovered.

For other American texts and references, see Belden, No. 35; Brown, p. 12; Cox, p. 439; Pound, p. 43; Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, p. 20; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 154. The song was published in 1864, but the author is unknown. For references to its appearance in songbooks and broadsides, see Cox, p. 439, headnote.

"The Gypsy's Warning." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Indiana from the singing of her father, Mr. Stephen Cox. November 30, 1935.

1. Trust him not, O gentle lady,  
    Though his voice be low and sweet;  
Heed not him who kneels before thee,  
    Softly pleading at thy feet.  
Now thy life is in its morning;  
    Cloud not this thy happy lot.  
Listen to the gypsy's warning;  
    Gentle lady, trust him not.
2. Lady, once there was a maiden  
    Young and pure and, like thee, fair;  
Yet he wooed, he wooed and won her,  
    Filled her gentle heart with care.  
Then he heeded not her weeping;  
    He cared not her life to save;  
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping  
    In the cold and silent grave.
3. Lady, turn not from me coldly;  
    I have only told the truth;  
From a stern and withering sorrow,  
    Lady, I would shield thy youth.  
I would shield thee from all danger,  
    Shield thee from the tempter's snare.  
Lady, shun the dark-eyed stranger;  
    I have warned thee, now beware.

4.    Take thy gold, I do not want it;  
         Lady, I have prayed for this,  
      For the hour that I would foil him,  
         Rob him of expected bliss.  
      Ah, I see thou art filled with wonder  
         At my look so fierce and wild;  
      Lady, in the churchyard yonder  
         Lies the gypsy's only child.

B

"The Gypsy's Warning." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. Identical with A. July 7, 1935.

## ANSWER TO THE GYPSY'S WARNING

Only one text of the "Answer" has been recovered in this state. See Belden, No. 35; Shoemaker, p. 94.

"Answer to the Gypsy's Warning." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. July 7, 1935.

1. Lady, do not heed her warning;  
    Trust me, thou shalt find me true.  
Constant as the light of morning,  
    Lady, I will be to you.  
Lady, I will not deceive thee,  
    Fill thy guiltless heart with woe.  
Lady, trust me and believe me;  
    Sorrow thou shalt never know.
2. Lady, all life's joys would perish,  
    Pleasures all would wither fast,  
If no hearts would love and cherish  
    In this world of storm and blast.  
E'en the stars that gleam above thee  
    Shine the brightest in the night;  
So would he who fondly loves thee  
    In the darkness be thy light.
3. Down beside a flowing river  
    Where the dark-green willow weeps,  
Where the lofty branches quiver,  
    There a gentle maiden sleeps.  
In the morn a lonely stranger  
    Comes and lingers many hours;  
Lady, he's no heartless ranger,  
    For he strews her grave with flowers.
4. Lady, do not heed her warning;  
    Lay thy soft white hand in mine,  
For I seek no fairer laurel  
    Than the constant love of thine.  
When the silvery moonbeams brighten,  
    Thou shalt slumber on my breast,  
Tender words thy soul enlighten,  
    Lull thy spirit unto rest.

## THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE

For American and English texts and references, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 66; Cox, p. 294; Gillington, *Eight Hampshire Folk-Songs*, p. 14; *Journal*, XXVIII, 164; XLV, 51.

"The Sheffield Apprentice" is common in English and American songsters and broadsides. For references, see Cox, p. 294, headnote. See also *JFSS*, I, 200; II, 169; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of England*, II, 44; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 183.

"The Apprentice Boy." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. November 15, 1935.

1. I lived in Transylvania, not of a high degree;  
My parents did adore me, having no other child but me.  
I served my youthful pleasure wherein my fancy led;  
At last they apprentice bound me, then all my joys had fled.
2. I did not like my master, he did not treat me well;  
I set a resolution not long with him to dwell.  
Unbeknown to friends or parents, from them<sup>1</sup> I stole away;  
I steered my course to London; I rue that fatal day!
3. At first I went to Leedsboro and met a lady fair;  
She offered me high wages to dwell with her one year.  
Being deluded by her promises, with her I did agree  
To serve one year in Holland, which proved my destiny.
4. I had not served my mistress but about two weeks or three  
Until my cruel mistress grew very fond of me;  
She says, "My gold and silver, my houses and my land  
If you will agree to marry me, shall be at your command."
5. "O pardon me, dear mistress; O pardon me," I said;  
"For I am bound to pretty Polly, thy only chambermaid."  
All in an angry passion, out of my arms she flew,  
And how to get revenge of me she did know how to do.
6. One day as I was walking to take the pleasant air,  
My mistress followed after me to view the meadows fair.  
Three gold rings off her finger just as she passed me by  
She slipped them in my pocket, and for the same I die.

<sup>1</sup> For him?

7. The sheriff soon came after me and took me off in speed,  
Before an angry jury my innocence to plead.  
Long time they held me guiltless, but that would not avail;  
My mistress swore against me, which laid me close in jail.
  
8. Come all you young people, a warning take from me,  
.....  
For here I must die, this world may plainly see;  
Farewell, pretty Polly, I die for loving thee.

## LOVE HAS BROUGHT ME TO DESPAIR

This is an abbreviated and considerably changed version of the English "A Brisk Young Sailor." It shows some points of resemblance also to "Sheffield Park," to the seventeenth century broadside "An Excellent New Song, call'd Nelly's Constancy; or, Her Unkind Lover" (Pepys, V, 217; Ebsworth, *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 791), and to another seventeenth century broadside, "The Forlorn Lover."

For English texts and references, see Broadwood, *English Traditional Songs and Carols*, p. 92; Butterworth, *Folk Songs from Sussex*, p. 14; *JFSS*, I, 252; II, 155, 158, 168; III, 188; V, 181, 183, 184, 188; Kidson, *Traditional Tunes*, p. 44, 46; Kidson and Neal, *English Folk-Song and Dance*, p. 57; Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, p. 205; Sharp, *One Hundred English Folk-Songs*, No. 94; R. Vaughan Williams, *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties*, p. 9; *Roxburghe Ballads*, IX, 635 ("The Constant Lady and the False-Hearted Squire"); Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, p. 153 (fragment and air). See also *Journal*, XXIX, 170.

## A

"False Lover." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from her mother and sisters. May 22, 1935. With music.

1. In Oxford Town in Halifax fair  
As I walked out to take the air,  
I viewed the hills and the valleys 'round,  
And at length I heard a doleful sound.
2. "My father he is a wealthy man;  
My mother she is a lady fair,  
And I their child, the only heir;  
False lover has brought me to despair."
3. Then through yonder meadow at will she goes,  
A-picking the flowers just as they grow,  
First a pink and then a blue  
Until she has gathered the meadow through.
4. Then out of the flowers she made her a bed,  
A flowery pillow to ease her head.  
Then she lay down, and then she spoke:  
Saying, "O false lover, my heart is broke.

## LOVE HAS BROUGHT ME TO DESPAIR

Sung by Mrs. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



In Ox-ford Town in Halifax fair, As



I walked out to take the air, I



viewed the hills and valleys 'round; At



length I heard this dole-ful sound.

5. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep;  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,  
And on my breast put a turtle-dove  
That the world may know I died for love."
6. When Mary's truelove this news came to be told,  
That her fair body was dead and cold,  
"I'm glad," said he, "she has done so well;  
I long to hear the tolling bell.
7. "When Mary in Abraham's bosom shall sleep,<sup>1</sup>  
So softly, softly she will sleep;  
When Mary in Abraham's bosom shall sleep,  
My poor soul in hell it will weep."

<sup>1</sup> The *sleep* in the first line of this stanza should probably be *keep*.

## B

"False Lover." Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant. Obtained from her aunt, Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. November 15, 1935.

1. In Oxford Town in Halifax fair  
    As I walked out to take the air,  
    I viewed the hills and valleys round;  
    At length I heard a doleful sound.
2. "My father is a wealthy man;  
    My mother she is a lady fair,  
    And me their child, their only heir;  
    False lover has brought me to despair.
3. "I wish I was and I know where,  
    And I know who would be with me there.  
    In my truelove's arms who once loved me  
    Then happy, happy I would be."
4. O yonder she goes the meadow through,  
    Picking the flowers just as they grew;  
    It's first the pink and then the blue  
    Until she gathers the meadow through.
5. Out of those flowers she made her a bed,  
    A flowery pillow to ease her head;  
    And as she lay down, 't was low she spoke,  
    Saying, "O false lover, my heart is broke!
6. "Go dig my grave both wide and deep;  
    Place a marble stone at my head and feet,  
    And on my breast a turtle dove  
    To let this world know that I died for love."



## THE LADY'S FAN

Here in folk ballad form is, with some differences, the story told in Browning's "The Glove," Schiller's "Der Handschuh," Leigh Hunt's "The Glove and the Lions," and other less familiar literary works. The earliest text of the song, as Professor Kittredge has pointed out, is to be found in one of the broadsides of Bishop Percy.

For other texts and references, see Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 139; *Journal*, XLIX, 227; Kittredge, "The Ballad of *The Den of Lions*," in *Modern Language Notes*, XXVI, 113, 167; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 82; Shearin, *The Sewanee Review*, April, 1911; *JFSS*, V, 114 (air), 258; Ord, *The Bothy Songs and Ballads*, p. 393; Creighton, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, p. 87.

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. January 2, 1936.

1. Down in Carlyle there lived a lady  
And she was beautiful and gay;  
And she was determined to live a lady,  
And no man could her betray,
2. Unless it was a man of honor,  
A man of honor by land or sea,  
Until at length there came two brothers  
This fair lady for to see.
3. One he was a bold Lieutenant,  
A bold Lieutenant, a man of war;  
The other was a bold sea captain,  
Belonged to the ship called Karnal-Car.<sup>1</sup>
4. Then up spoke this fair young lady,  
"I ne'er can be but one man's bride;  
So come ye here tomorrow morning,  
And we will this case decide."
5. She called for horse and coach all ready,  
All ready to be at her command,  
And so together those three they marched  
Until they came to a lion's den.

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake for *Colonel Carr*, the captain's commander. The ship was the *Tiger*. (See Christie, *Traditional Ballad Airs*, II, 126.)

6. There they stopped and there they halted,  
While those two brothers stood gazing 'round  
All for the space of half an hour  
While she lay speechless on the ground.
7. When to herself she did recover,  
She threw her fan in the lion's den,  
Saying, "Which of you for the sake of a lady  
Will bring to me my fan again?"
8. Then up spoke the bold Lieutenant,  
A-raising his voice so clear and high,  
Saying, "Madam, I'm a man of honor,  
But for love I will not die."
9. Then up spoke the bold sea captain,  
A-raising his voice so clear and high,  
Saying, "Madam, I'm a man of honor,  
And I'll return your fan or die."
10. Into the den he boldly entered,  
The lions looking both fierce and grim;  
He ran a race all around among them,  
Then returned out again.
11. When she saw her lover coming,  
And unto him no harm was done,  
She threw herself upon his bosom,  
Saying, "Here, my love, the prize you've won."
12. Then up spoke the bold Lieutenant  
Just like someone that's troubled in mind,  
Saying, "In some lonesome wood I'll wander  
Where no one can e'er me find."

## AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY

This song, the title of which has been supplied, is known in Scotland as "The Wily Auld Carle" or "The Wife of Kelso." It should be carefully distinguished from "Johnny Sands," with which it has often been confused.

Texts and references will be found in Belden's Missouri collection; Campbell and Sharp, No. 45; Cox, p. 464; *Journal*, XXVIII, 174; XXIX, 178; XXXV, 385; Pound, No. 48; *PTFLS*, X, 165; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 239; Shearin and Combs, p. 10; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 151 ("The Old Woman from Slab City").

No title given. Contributed by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Traditional in her family. "This song was taught by my great-grandmother Coleman to my grandmother Evans. She taught it to my mother, Mary Way, and I learned it from her." June 24, 1935.

1. There was an old woman, in Ireland she did dwell;  
She loved her husband dearly, but another'n twice as well.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
2. She went unto the doctor to see if she could find  
Anything at all at all to make the old man blind.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
3. She got six mar<sup>1</sup> bones and made him eat them all,  
Which made the old man so blind he could not see at all.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
4. The old man says, "I'll destroy myself if I can find the way";  
The old woman said, "I'll go along for fear he runs astray."  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?

---

<sup>1</sup> For *marrow*.

5. He went unto the river and swore that he'd jump in;  
The old woman stepped to his side to push him headlong in.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
6. The old man feeling doubtly,<sup>2</sup> afraid he could not swim,  
He stepped to the other side, and she went head-on in.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
7. The old man being doubtly, afraid that she might swim,  
He gathered up a great long pole and shoved her away out in.  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?
8. According to my promise, I will not sing no more,  
But wasn't she an old fool for not swimming ashore?  
Sing Dear, O Dear, what ails you?  
Think, sez I, what ails you?  
What can the matter be?

---

<sup>2</sup> For *doubtful*.

## 61

## PEARL BRYAN

The following song, though telling of a murder committed in the neighboring state of Kentucky, may lay claim to being an Indiana ballad, as the victim was a native of this state. It was well known in Indiana twenty-five or thirty years ago, and has been found (often mingled with stanzas of "Florella") by collectors in many other states. Eight texts and two airs have been recovered in Indiana.

The story told of the tragedy is this: Pearl Bryan, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer near Greencastle, was seduced by a William Wood (Woods). Becoming pregnant, she left home, ostensibly for Indianapolis. Instead, however, she went to Cincinnati, where she appealed to an acquaintance, Scott Jackson, at the time a student in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery, to give her medical attention. On January 29 she left the Indiana House, where she had registered under an assumed name, in company with Jackson and a fellow-student of his, Alonzo Walling. She was never again seen alive. On February 1, 1896, her body, minus the head, was found near Fort Thomas, Kentucky. Her death was the result of a criminal operation. Identification was made through her shoes, purchased in Greencastle, and by her feet, Miss Bryan being web-footed. Jackson and Walling were tried in Newport, Kentucky, on a charge of first-degree murder. Each accused the other of the murder, Walling denying acquaintance with the girl. They were found guilty, and were hanged on March 20, 1897.

For other texts, see Combs, p. 203; Cox, p. 197; *Journal*, XXVIII, 168; XXX, 344 (list of versions); XLII, 280, 302; Pound, No. 43; Shoemaker, p. 49; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 109; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 158.

## A

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Miss Larue Smith and Miss Frances Hunt, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from Mrs. Flossie Blythe. January 8, 1935.

1. Young girls, if you'll listen,  
    A story I'll relate  
    That happened near Fort Thomas  
    In the old Kentucky state.
2. On January the thirty-first  
    The dreadful deed was done  
    By Jackson and by Walling;  
    How cold Pearl's blood did run!

3. But little did her parents think  
When she left her happy home,  
Their darling girl just in her youth  
Would never more return.
4. How sad it would have been to them  
To have heard Pearl's lonely voice  
At midnight in that lonely spot  
Where those two boys rejoiced!
5. And little did Pearl Bryan think  
When she left her home that day,  
The grip she carried in her hand  
Would hide her head away.
6. She thought it was her lover's hand  
She could trust both night and day,  
Although it was her lover's hand  
That took her life away.
7. The driver in the seat is all  
Who tells of Pearl's sad fate,  
Of poor Pearl Bryan away from home  
In the old Kentucky state.
8. Of her aged parents we all know well  
What a fortune they would give  
If Pearl could but to them return,  
Her natural life to live.
9. In came Pearl Bryan's sister,  
And falling to her knees,  
Begging to Scott Jackson,  
"My sister's head, O please!"
10. Scott Jackson he set stubborn;  
Not a word would he proclaim.  
"I'll meet my sister in heaven,  
Where I'll find her missing head."<sup>1</sup>
11. In came Walling's mother,  
Pleading for her son,  
.....  
.....

---

<sup>1</sup> Parts of two stanzas seem to have been run together here.

12. "Don't take my son, my only son;  
From him I cannot part.  
O please don't take him to prison;  
It would break my poor old heart!"
13. The jury gave a verdict,  
And to their feet they sprung:  
"For the crime these boys committed  
They surely must be hung."

## B

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Mrs. Dora McAtee, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from Mrs. Jesse N. Engler, of Pike County. March 11, 1935.

1. Now, ladies, if you'll listen, a story I'll relate  
What happened near Fort Thomas in the old Kentucky state.  
'T was late in January this awful deed was done  
By Jackson and by Walling; how cold their blood did run!
2. How bold these cruel villains to do this awful deed,  
To ride away Pearl Bryan when she to them did plead!  
The driver tells the story of how Pearl Bryan did moan  
From Cincinnati to the place where the cruel deed was done.
3. But little did Pearl's parents think when she left her happy  
home  
That their own dear darling daughter would ne'er return  
again.  
We know her dear old parents their fortune they would give  
If Pearl could just return home a happy life to live.
4. The driver was the only one could tell her awful fate,  
Of poor Pearl far away from home in the old Kentucky state;  
A farmer passing by next day her lifeless form he found,  
A-lying ..... where her blood had stained the ground.
5. Pearl Bryan left her parents on a dark and gloomy day;  
She went to meet the villain in a spot not far away.  
She thought it was the lover's hand that she could trust  
each day;  
Alas, it was a lover's hand that took her life away!

6. Young ladies, now take warning; young men are so unjust;  
It may be your best lover, but you know not whom to trust.  
Pearl died away from home and friends, out on that lonely  
spot;  
Take heed! take heed! believe me, girls; don't let this be  
your lot!

C

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Hiram Vaughan. Interesting as a combination of "Pearl Bryan" and "Florella." July 16, 1935.

1. Way down in yonder valley  
Where the violets fade and bloom,  
Our own Pearl Bryan slumbers  
In a cold and silent tomb.
2. She died not broken-hearted,  
Nor lingering ill befell,  
But in an instant parted  
From the one she loved so well.
3. One night the moon shone brightly,  
The stars were shining too,  
When to her cottage window  
Her jealous lover drew.
4. "Come, Pearl, and let us wander  
In the valley deep and gay;  
Come, Pearl, and let us ponder  
Upon our wedding day."
5. Deep down into the valley  
He led his love so dear;  
She said, "'T is for you only  
That I have wandered here.
6. "The way seems dark and dreary,  
And I'm afraid to stay.  
Besides, I'm worn and weary;  
I would retrace my way."



7. "Retrace your way? No, never!  
    These woods you'll roam no more.  
    No one on earth can save you;  
    Pearl Bryan, you must die!"
8. Down on her knees before him  
    She pleaded for her life;  
    Deep in her snow-white bosom  
    He plunged a fatal knife.
9. "What have I done, Scott Jackson,  
    That you should take my life?  
    You know I've always loved you,  
    And would have been your wife.
10. "Farewell, my loving parents,  
    My happy peaceful home;  
    Farewell, my dear old schoolmates;  
    With you no more I'll roam.
11. "Farewell, my dear, dear sister,  
    My face you'll see no more;  
    Long, long you'll wait my coming  
    At the little cottage door."
12. And while the birds were singing  
    So gaily all around,  
    A stranger found Pearl Bryan,  
    Cold, headless, on the ground.

D

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Mrs. C. H. Allardin, of McLeansboro, Illinois. Learned in Indiana. April 24, 1936. Nine stanzas.

E

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Obtained from Mrs. Earl Underhill. January 24, 1936. Five stanzas.

## F

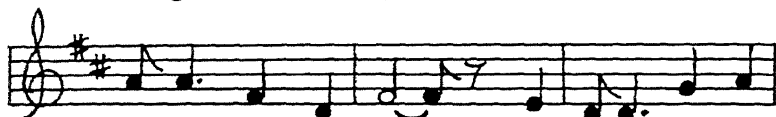
"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from her grandmother. June 23, 1935. Four stanzas. With music.

## PEARL BRYAN

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



Young la-dies, if you'll listen, a sad



story I'll re-late; It happened in Fort



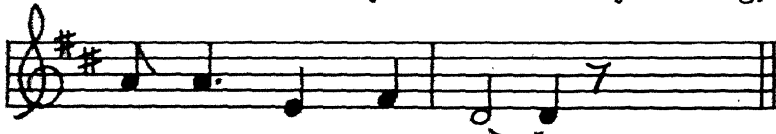
Thomas in the old Kentucky state. 'Twas



January the thirtyfirst that dreadful



deed was done By Jack-son and by Walling;



how cold Pearl's blood did run!

G

"Pearl Bryan." Contributed by Mr. Junior Griesemer, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from his mother, Mrs. H. E. Griesemer, who learned it when a girl. March 1, 1935. Two stanzas.

## THE TAILOR AND THE CROW

The oldest form of this song occurs in Sloane MS 1489, and is found in several collections of the time of Charles II. The Sloane MS was written in 1627. The song appears to be an allegory, the only safe vehicle for criticism of political and religious conditions in that day. The carrion crow is Charles II, the term being applied to him because of his having deprived the puritan clergy of their livings, and possibly also because of his having ordered the bodies of the regicides exhumed. The praying of the little pigs for the old sow's soul indicates clearly enough the religion in the mind of the composer. The cloak on which the tailor is engaged represents the Genevan gown; the spoon which he requests his wife to bring is the spatula used in administering the Eucharist. The identity of the tailor himself is not clear, but the reference is possibly to some puritan divine named Taylor, who hated both the Church of England and the papacy.

For texts, English and American, see Baring-Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 39; Baring-Gould and Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, p. 98; Baring-Gould and Sheppard, *A Garland of Country Song*, p. 102; Campbell and Sharp, II, 324; Dixon, *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 202; Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, p. 12; Halliwell, *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, 2d ed., 1843, p. 57; Lang, *The Nursery Rhyme Book*, p. 163; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 375; Pound, p. 13; *PTFLS*, VI, 231.

I reproduce the Dixon text here as *B*.

## A

"The Sow and Little Pigs." Contributed by Mr. A. T. McAllister, of Stendal, Indiana. Pike County. Learned from his mother. July 16, 1935.

1. Don't you see a milk-white crow,  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo,  
   A-laughing at a tailor a-cutting out a cloak?  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo.
2. The old man cocked his gun and he did shoot,  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo,  
   And he shot the old sow down the throat,  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo.
3. "Dear wife, go bring me a ladle and spoon,"  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo;  
   "I'm sure this old sow will die right soon."  
     Tum a long down pully down kimo.

4. "We'll take this old sow up to the house,"  
    Tum a long down pully down kimo;  
    "I'm sure we'll have cheese, puddin', and souse."  
    Tum a long down pully down kimo.
5. The old sow's dead and buried in a hole,  
    Tum a long down pully down kimo,  
    And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul,  
    Tum a long down pully down kimo.

Chorus

Kimo kaly crow  
Up jumped pully down  
Pully with a round down  
Round down pully down kimo.

B

1. The carrion crow he sat upon an oak,  
    And he spied an old tailor a-cutting out a cloak.  
    Heigho! the carrion crow.
2. The carrion crow he began for to rave,  
    And he called the tailor a lousy knave!  
    Heigho! the carrion crow.
3. "Wife, go fetch me my arrow and my bow,  
    I'll have a shot at that carrion crow."  
    Heigho! the carrion crow.
4. The tailor he shot, and he missed his mark,  
    But he shot the old sow through the heart.  
    Heigho! the carrion crow.
5. "Wife, go fetch me some treacle in a spoon,  
    For the old sow's in a terrible swoon!"  
    Heigho! the carrion crow.

6.    The old sow died, and the bells they did toll,  
      And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul!  
      Heigho! the carrion crow.
  
7.    "Never mind," said the tailor, "I don't care a flea;  
      There'll be still black-puddings, souse, and chitterlings  
      for me."  
      Heigho! the carrion crow.

## 63

## THE ORPHAN GIRL

Five texts and two airs of this song have been recovered. All five of the variants are practically alike, the chief difference being in the stanza division, *C* having an eight-line stanza instead of the usual four.

For additional texts, see Brown, p. 10; Cox, p. 446; *Journal*, XXVIII, 170; XLV, 66; XLVI, 49; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 364; Shearin and Combs, p. 32; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 124.

## A

"The Orphan Girl." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Indiana from her father, Mr. Stephen Cox. November 30, 1935.

1. No room, no room for the orphan girl,  
No room at the friendless hall,  
As she trembling stood on the polished steps  
And leaned on the marble wall.
2. Her dress was thin and her feet were bare,  
And the snow had covered her head;  
"O give me a home," she feebly cried,  
"A home and a bit of bread!"
3. The night was dark and the snow fell fast,  
And the rich man closed his door,  
And he proudly scorned as he hastily said,  
"No room, no bread for the poor."
4. The rich man slept on his velvet cot  
And dreamed of his silver and gold,  
While the little girl in her bed of snow  
Still murmured, "So cold, so cold."
5. "My father, alas, I never knew,"  
And a tear dimmed her eyes so bright;  
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave,  
'Tis her orphan that begs tonight."

6. "I must sleep," said she as she strove to wrap  
The tattered dress round her feet;  
Covered with snow, yes, covered with snow,  
All covered with snow and sleet.
7. The night was dark, and the midnight winds  
Blew round the winding dell,  
While the little girl in her bed of snow,  
And the drifting snow still fell.
8. The morning dawned, and the orphan girl  
Lay at the rich man's door;  
Her soul had gone to her home above  
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

B

"The Orphan Girl." Contributed by Mr. Clinton G. Huppert, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Grant Huppert. November 20, 1935.

1. "No home, no home!" cried a poor little girl,  
At the door of a princely hall,  
As she trembling stood on the polished steps  
And leaned on the marble wall.
2. Her dress was thin, and her feet were bare;  
The snow had covered her head.  
"O give me a home!" she feebly cried,  
"A home and a piece of bread.
3. "My father, my father I never knew,"  
And tears dimmed the eyes so bright,  
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave;  
'T is an orphan that's begging tonight."
4. The rich man lay on his velvet couch  
To dream of his silver and gold,  
While the little girl lay on her bed of snow,  
And she murmured, "I'm cold, so cold."



5. The night wore on and the midnight came,  
And the drifting snow still fell;  
The earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet  
That came like a funeral knell.
6. The night wore on and the morning came;  
She lay at the rich man's door.  
Her soul had fled to that realm above  
Where there's home and bread for the poor.

## C

"The Orphan Girl." From a MS collection in the possession of Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana.

1. "No home, no home," an orphan girl cried  
At the door of a princely hall,  
As she trembling stood on the polished steps  
And leaned on the marble wall.  
Her clothes were torn and her head was bare,  
And she tried to cover her feet  
With her dress that was tattered and covered with  
snow,  
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.
2. Her dress was thin and her feet were bare,  
And the snow had covered her head.  
"O give me a home!" she feebly cried,  
"A home and a piece of bread.  
My father, alas, I never knew,"  
Tears dimmed the eyes so bright,  
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave;  
'T is an orphan that begs tonight.
3. "I must freeze!" she cried as she sank on the steps,  
And strove to cover her feet  
With her ragged garments covered with snow,  
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.  
The rich man lay on his velvet couch  
And dreamed of his silver and gold,  
While the orphan girl in her bed of snow  
Was murmuring, "So cold, so cold."

4. The night was dark and the snow fell fast  
 As the rich man closed his door,  
 And his proud lips curled with scorn as he said,  
 "No bread, no room for the poor."<sup>1</sup>  
 The morning dawned, but the orphan girl  
 Still lay at the rich man's door,  
 And her soul had fled to that home above  
 Where there's bread and room for the poor.

## D

"The Orphan Girl." Contributed by Mrs. G. W. Smith, of Oakland City, Indiana. July 12, 1935. Five stanzas. With music.

## THE ORPHAN GIRL

Sung by Mrs. G. W. Smith; noted by Mrs. Johnson



"No home, no home," cried the little girl



As she lay at the prince's door, As she



trembling stood on the marble steps And



leaned on the polished wall.

<sup>1</sup> These lines should precede the last four lines of stanza 3.

E

"The Orphan Girl." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie **McMurtry**. May 22, 1935. Eight stanzas.

## PRETTY POLLY

The fragments which follow derive from "The Gosport Tragedy, or The Perjured Ship Carpenter" of about the middle of the eighteenth century, probably via "Polly's Love, or The Cruel Ship Carpenter," a condensed version.

According to the "Polly's Love" version, Polly's lover, a ship carpenter, goes to sea after the murder, but the ship is unable to sail because of the presence of a murderer aboard. The captain suspects, but, like the others of the crew, William protests his innocence. Polly's ghost then tears him to pieces. In the longer "Gosport Tragedy" the ghost appears before the sailing of the ship, and causes the murderer to die raving.

For other American and English texts, see Ashton, *Real Sailor-Songs*, p. 86; Ashton, *A Century of Ballads*, p. 101; Campbell and Sharp, No. 39; Cox, p. 308; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 120; *Journal*, XX, 262; XLII, 276; XLIV, 108; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 55; Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 128; Sharp and Marson, *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, IV, 8; Wyman and Brockway, p. 79; *JFSS*, I, 172; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, pp. 60, 62, 63; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 74; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 229; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 53.

## A

"Pretty Polly." Contributed by Mr. Elmo Davis. Obtained from his grandmother, Mrs. William Davis, of Oakland City, Indiana. January 8, 1935.

1. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Before we get married, some friends to see;  
Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Before we get married, some friends to see."
2. They rode o'er hills and valleys so deep;  
At last pretty Polly began to weep.  
They rode o'er hills and valleys so deep;  
At last pretty Polly began to weep.
3. They rode a piece further to see what they could spy;  
They saw a grave dug and a spade lying nigh.  
They rode a piece further to see what they could spy;  
They saw a grave dug and a spade lying nigh.

4. She threw her arms round him and suffered no fear,  
Saying, "How could you kill a girl who loves you so  
dear?"  
She threw her arms round him and suffered no fear,  
Saying, "How could you kill a girl who loves you so  
dear?"
5. He drew a sharp knife, and the blood it did flow;  
And down in this grave pretty Polly must go.  
He drew a sharp knife, and the blood it did flow;  
And down in this grave pretty Polly must go.
6. He threw some dirt over in time to get home,  
And left nothing behind but the birds to mourn;  
He threw some dirt over in time to get home,  
And left nothing behind but the birds to mourn.
7. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll bid you goodnight;  
All raving distracted, he died the same night.  
Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'll bid you goodnight;  
All raving distracted, he died the same night.

## B

"Pretty Polly." Contributed by Mrs. Nancy E. Brewster, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Pike County about fifty years ago. February 26, 1935.

1. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come go with me,  
Before we get married, some friends to see."  
.....
2. "Weep on, pretty Polly, with all of your might;  
I dug the biggest part of your grave last night."
3. He drew his sword; the blood it did flow,  
And under the ground pretty Polly must go.

## LOCKS AND BOLTS

This song appears to be related to Part I of "A Constant Wife" (Rollins, *The Pepys Ballads*, II, 201, No. 80), a black-letter ballad entered at Stationers' Hall on September 5, 1631, and re-entered March 13, 1656, and March 1, 1675 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, Nos. 386-88). I give Part I here as *B*.

For other texts, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 17; *Journal*, XLV, 100; XLIX, 236; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 253; *Roxburghe Ballads*, VI, 230 ("The Masterpiece of Love-Songs—The Bold Keeper").

## A

"Locks and Bolts." Contributed by Mrs. Thomas M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Lucinda McNeely, about fifty years ago. November 30, 1935.

1. I dreamed last night of my true love;  
     My arms were all about her;  
     But when I awoke she was not there,  
     And I could not sleep without her.
2. I went down to her father's house,  
     Inquiring for my sweet one;<sup>1</sup>  
     But the answer was, "There's none such here,"  
     Which set my heart to weeping.
3. I heard her voice from up above,  
     A-calling me at the window:  
     "O my love, for to be with you,  
     But the locks and bolts does hinder!"
4. ....  
     .....  
     .....  
     And I swore that room I'd enter.
5. The locks and bolts to flinders flew;  
     How the locks and bolts did shatter!  
     That pretty little girl I loved so well,  
     Then quickly I came at her.

<sup>1</sup> Apparently for *sweeting*, which would make a better rhyme. Cf. *B*, 5.

6. There was bloodshed on every side  
Till I got my love from among them.  
Fight on, brave boys; if you gain such a bride,  
You must fight and overcome them.

## B

Part I of "A Constant Wife," No. 80 in Rollins, *The Pepys Ballads*, II.

1. Young men and maids lend me your aids,  
to sing of my deare Sweeting:  
It shoves how Fortune hath betrayd's  
and often spoils our meeting.  
She likely was for to be rich,  
and I a man but meanely,  
Wharefore her friends at me did grutch,  
and vsde me most vnkindly.
2. Her constancy I will declare,  
wherein she proued loyall:  
But few with her that will compare  
when they are put to tryall.  
Her friends against her did contend,  
because she lent me fauour,  
They said, I quickly all would spend,  
if that I might but haue her.
3. They did conuey her from my sight,  
because she should exempt me:  
I could not find my heart's delight,  
which sore did discontent me.  
I traueled ouer craggy rockes,  
ore mountaine, hills, and valleys,  
But she was kept from me with lockes,  
onely through spight and malice.
4. But Loue that conquers Kings and Queens,  
herin did shew vs fauour,  
It brought to passe, and wrought the meanes,  
in what place I should haue her.  
She had an Vncle did detaine,  
and keepe her presence from me:  
Whom I was very like t'haue slaine,  
because he so did wrong me.

5. *I boldly came where he did dwell,  
and asked for my Sweeting:  
They said of her they could not tell,  
which was to me sad greeting.  
But presently shee heard my voyce,  
and call me at her windor.  
O I would come to thee my choise,  
but doores and lockes doe hinder.*
6. *Whereat amazed I did stand,  
to heare her make that answer:  
I drew my sword into my hand,  
and straight the house did enter,  
And then I made the lockes to flie,  
and doores in pieces shatter:  
I vow'd to haue her company,  
and quickly I came at her.*
7. *Her Vncle and some of his men,  
did after present follow:  
Who said I should ne'r out againe,  
but in my blood should wallow:  
But with some hurt done on both sides,  
I brought my Sweet-heart from them.  
Young men to win yourselues such Brides,  
fight for to ouercome them.*
8. *Then ioyn'd we hands in Hymens bands  
to loue and liue together,  
She lov'd me not for house nor lands,  
for I had none of either.  
Her loue was pure, and doth endure,  
and so shall mine for euer:  
Till death doth vs so much iniure,  
as part vs from each other.*



## 66

## WICKED POLLY

For texts and references, see Cox, p. 411; *Journal*, XXIX, 192; XXXV, 430; Lomax, *American Ballads and Folk Songs*, p. 569; Pound, No. 47.

"Wicked Polly." Contributed by Mr. A. T. McAllister, of Stendal, Indiana. Pike County. April 10, 1935.

1. Young people who delight in sin,  
    I'll tell you what has lately been,  
A woman who was young and fair  
    She died in sin and sad despair.
2. She'd go to frolics, to dance and play  
    In spite of all her friends could say;  
"I'll turn to God when I get old,  
    And He will then receive my soul."
3. One Friday morning she took sick;  
    Her stubborn heart began to break:  
"O must I burn forever more  
    Until ten thousand years are o'er?"
4. She called her mother to her bed;  
    Both eyes were rolling in her head:  
"O mother, mother, pray for me;  
    My soul will soon be doomed from thee."
5. She called her father to her bed;  
    Both eyes still rolling in her head:  
"O father, father, fare thee well;  
    My soul will soon go down to hell."
6. She gnawed her tongue before she died;  
    She rolled and groaned; she screamed and cried.  
Alas, alas, her days were spent;  
    Good God! too late for to repent!

## THE SOLDIER'S POOR LITTLE BOY

Five texts of this song have been recovered in Indiana. For other American texts, see Belden's Missouri collection; Cox, p. 275; Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 201; *Journal*, XXXV, 366; Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 88. Cox thinks that the song may have been modeled upon "The Poor Fisherman's Boy," a version of which is given in Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 200.

## A

"The Soldier's Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. April 3, 1935.

1. O the snow was fastly falling,  
    And the winds did loudly roar,  
When a poor little boy quite frozen  
    Came up to a rich lady's door.  
He spied her up in her window so high;  
    It filled his heart with joy,  
Saying, "For mercy sake, some pity on me take;  
    I'm a soldier's poor little boy.
2. "My mother died when I was young;  
    My father went to the wars;  
And he fought through many a battle so brave  
    Till he was covered with wounds and scars.  
And many a mile on his knapsack he took  
    And carried me with joy,  
But now I am left quite parentless,  
    A soldier's poor little boy.
3. "O the snow is fastly falling,  
    And the night is coming on,  
And if you don't protect me  
    I'll perish before 'tis morn.  
And then it will grieve your peaceful heart  
    To think of me when gone;  
You'll find me next morning dead at your door,  
    A soldier's poor little boy."

4. She spied him from her window so high,  
Threw open unto him her door,  
Saying, "Come in, you unfortunate little one,  
And you never need wander no more.  
My only son in the army was slain,  
My heart's delight and joy,  
And as long as I live some shelter I'll give  
To a soldier's poor little boy."

B

"A Soldier's Poor Little Boy." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. July 19, 1935.

1. The snow was fast a-falling  
And night was coming on,  
When a poor little boy quite frozen  
Came up to a lady's door.  
And when he saw her standing in her window so high,  
It filled his heart with joy,  
And he said, "For mercy's sake, some pity on me take;  
I'm a soldier's poor little boy.
2. "My mother died when I was young;  
My father went to the war.  
He fought through many a battle brave,  
And was covered with many a scar.  
And many a mile on his knapsack  
He carried me with joy;  
But now I am left quite parentless,  
A soldier's poor little boy.
3. "The snow is fast a-falling  
And night is coming on;  
If someone don't protect me  
I shall perish before it is morn.  
And then it would grieve your kind heart sore  
And rob your heart of joy  
To find me next morning lying dead at your door,  
A soldier's poor little boy."

4. Then down from her window high she stept,  
     And opened unto him the door:  
 "Come in, you little unfortunate;  
     You shall never know want any more.  
 For my own dear son in the army was slain,  
     My pride, .....my joy,  
 And as long as I live some shelter will I give  
     To a soldier's poor little boy."

## C

"A Soldier's Poor Little Boy." Contributed by Mr. Kenneth D. Williams, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from his grandmother, Mrs. Minnie Bel oat. March 2, 1935. Three eight-line stanzas.

## D

"The Soldier's Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Ira V. Rothrock, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. Learned from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schultheis. May 22, 1935. Two eight-line stanzas.

## E

"The Soldier's Poor Little Boy." Contributed by Mrs. Elizabeth Craig Lenington, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. January 8, 1936. Two four-line stanzas.

## THE YOUNG MAN WHO WOULDN'T HOE HIS CORN

This is the song sometimes known as "Harm Link." For other texts, see Barry, No. 72; Belden, No. 106; Campbell and Sharp, p. 314; Cox, p. 494; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 200; *Journal*, XXIX, 181; Pound, No. 46.

"The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe His Corn." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. July 16, 1935.

1. There was a young man who wouldn't hoe his corn;  
    He was the laziest man that ever was born.  
He planted it in the month of June,  
    And in July it was laid by.
2. He went to the fence and he peeped through,  
    Saying, "O dear me, what shall I do?"  
The careless weeds had grown so high  
    They caused this young man for to sigh.
3. He courted a girl, her name was Sue;  
    She was a fair girl, both kind and true.  
He told to her his troubles sore,  
    But she sent the young man from her door.
4. Says she, "Do you come here me for to wed,  
    When you can't raise your own cornbread?  
Single I am, and single I'll remain,  
    For a lazy man I won't maintain."

## CALOMEL

See Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 217; *Journal*, XII, 250 ("Old Doctor Grey"); XXXIX, 186; Pound, No. 54; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 203.

## A

"A Dose of Calomel." Contributed by Miss Mabel Leigh Hunt, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Amanda Harvey Hunt. April 16, 1936.

1. If Mr. A. or B. gets sick,  
"Send for the doctor; go, be quick!"  
The doctor comes with a free good will  
And gives him a dose of calomel.
2. He says unto the patient's wife,  
"Get me some paper and a knife;  
I think your husband will do well  
To take a dose of calomel."
3. The patient now grows worse indeed;  
"Send for the doctor; go with speed!"  
The doctor comes with a free good will  
And *doubles* the dose of calomel.
4. The patient now is dead and gone,  
His friends are left to weep and mourn;  
His goods are all exposed for sale  
To pay for the dose of calomel.

## B

"Calomel." Contributed by Miss Mabel Leigh Hunt, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Marion County. From a MS in her possession. "The spelling and the punctuation, or lack of it, is Ely's. You probably know that calomel was once used in copious doses for practically every 'fever, parch, or swell,' deserving, no doubt, these ironic lines." (Miss Hunt.) April 16, 1936.

1. Physicians of the highest rank  
To pay their fees we need a bank  
Combine all wisdom art & skill  
Science and sense in Calomel.

2. Howe'er their patients may complaine  
Of head or heart or nearve or vein  
Of fever high or parch or swell  
The remedy is Calomel.
3. When Mr. A. or B. is sick  
Go fetch the doctor & be quick  
The doctor comes with much good will  
But ne'er forgets his Calomel.
4. He takes the patient by the hand  
And compliments him as a friend  
He sits a While his pulse to feel  
And then takes out his Calomel.
5. He then turns to the patient's Wife  
Have you clean paper spoon & knife  
I think your husband might do well  
To take a dose of Calomel.
6. He then deals out the precious grains  
This Madam I am sure will ease his paines  
Once in three hours at sound of bell  
Give him a dose of Calomel.
7. He leaves his Patient in her care  
And bids goodbye with gracefull are  
In hopes bad humours to expel  
She freely gives the Calomel.
8. The man grows worse quite fast indeed  
Go call for counsel ride with speed  
The counsel comes like post with mail  
Doubling the dose of Calomel.
9. The man in Death begins to groane  
The fatal job for him is done  
His soule is wing'd for heaven or hell  
A sacrifice to Calomel.

10. Physicians of my former choice  
Receive my counsel and advice  
Be not offended though I tell  
The dier effects of Calomel.
  
11. And when I must Resign my breath  
Pray let me die a natural death  
And bid you all a long farewell  
Without one dose of Calomel.

Coppied by Ely Hussey  
In the year of our Lord  
1832





## THE OLD BACHELOR

For other American texts, see Belden, No. 105; Cox, p. 468; and *Journal*, XXV, 281.

"The Old Bachelor." Contributed by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from an aunt, Mrs. Carrie McMurtry, between 1880 and 1887. November 4, 1935.

1. As I was walking all alone,  
I met an old bachelor making his mourn:<sup>1</sup>  
"Of all the girls wherever they may be,  
I can't find a pretty girl that will marry me.
2. "I've courted the rich and I've courted the poor;  
Many of a time I've been kicked out of doors.  
Of all the girls wherever they may be,  
I can't find a pretty girl that will marry me.
3. "I've offered them silver, I've offered them gold,  
And many a lie in my lifetime told;  
Of all the girls wherever they may be,  
I can't find a pretty girl that will marry me.
4. "I've rode three horses out of breath;  
I've rode three horses all to death;  
I've rode three saddles off to the tree;  
I can't find a pretty girl that will marry me."
5. He threw himself down on the bed;  
He tore all the hair off the top of his head.  
There he layed; he screamed and he cried;  
In this condition he kicked and died.
6. Come, young ladies, assemble all around  
To put the old bachelor under the ground;  
For if he ever comes to life,  
Strive he will for to get a wife.

---

<sup>1</sup> For *moan*.

7.    Come, young men, take warning too,  
         And live the life of a bachelor through;  
      Then when you come to die,  
         No wife you'll have to weep and cry.

## BABES IN THE WOOD

This song was written at least as early as 1595 (Rollins, *Analytical Index*, No. 1962). Mention of it by title occurs in stanza 22 of "The Lamentation of a Bad Market," a broadside dating from about 1680 (Rollins, *The Pepys Ballads*, III, 56, No. 100). See also Bishop Percy's account of it in the *Reliques* (1865).

For other texts, see Baring-Gould, *A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes*, p. 40; *Journal*, XXXV, 348 (with additional references); McGill, p. 104; Mason, *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, p. 22; Pound, No. 115; Scarborough, p. 57; Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 217; *Roxburghe Ballads*, II, 214 ("The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament"); Cox, *Traditional Ballads*, p. 73.

"The Three Babes." Contributed by Mrs. Alidore Cassidy Huffman, of Tell City, Indiana. Perry County. March 15, 1936.

1. O don't you remember a long time ago,  
Three little babes whose names I don't know  
Were stolen away one bright summer day  
And lost in the woods, I've heard people say.
2. And when they were gone, so sad was their plight;  
The moon shone bright, the stars gave good light.  
They sighed; they sighed and bitterly cried,  
And those three little babes all lay down and died.
3. And when they were dead, the robins so red  
Scattered strawberry leaves all over their bed;  
They sang sweet songs and mourned along<sup>1</sup>  
For those three little babes who are now dead and gone.

---

<sup>1</sup> For *alone*?

## THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Professor Kittredge kindly informs me that "The Battle of the Boyne" is to be found in Peter Buchan's *Scarce Ancient Ballads* (Peterhead, 1817), pp. 37-40. It begins, "July the first . . .," and has twelve eight-line stanzas. I owe to his kindness also the corresponding stanzas from that source, which I include as *B*. See also Croker, *The Historical Songs of Ireland* (Percy Society: London, 1841). This version consists of ten eight-line stanzas.

## A

"King William III, or, The Battle of the Boyne." Contributed by Mr. O. F. Kirk, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in the '80's from an Irishman in Somerville, Indiana. May 6, 1935.

1. King William said, "I don't deserve  
The name of faith's defender  
If I did not venture life or limb  
To make a foe surrender."
2. A bullet from the Irish came  
That grazed our monarch's arm;  
We thought at first his majesty was slain,  
But it did him little harm.
3. "Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed  
At the losing of one commander,  
For God will be our king this day  
And I will be general under."
4. Then let us all with heart and hand  
Unite forever after,  
And bless this noble memorial<sup>1</sup> day  
Of King William that crossed the water.

---

<sup>1</sup> For *memorable*.

## B

4. A bullet from the Irish came,  
Which grazed King William's arm;  
They thought his majesty was slain,  
But he received no harm.  
His general in friendship came,  
His king would often caution  
To shun the spot where bullets hot  
Did fly in rapid motion.
5. "He don't deserve," King William said,  
"The name of Faith's defender,  
That will not venture life and limb  
To make his foes surrender."  
Now let us all kneel down and pray,  
Both now and ever after,  
And let us ne'er forget the day  
King William cross'd o'er Boyne-water.
6. Then said King William to his men,  
"Brave boys, we are well armed;  
And if you'll all courageous be,  
We'll venture and take the water."  
The horse were ordered to march first,  
And the foot did follow after,  
But brave Duke Schomberg<sup>2</sup> lost his life  
By vent'ring o'er the water.
7. "Be not dismayed," King William said,  
"By the loss of one commander;  
For God this day shall be our king,  
And I'll be gen'ral under."

---

<sup>2</sup> Frederick Herman Schomberg, a Dutchman and the most distinguished general of William III, was created an English duke in 1689, and placed in command of the expeditionary forces in Ireland.

## THE TEXAS RANGER

For other American texts, see Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 227; *Journal*, XXV, 14; XXVI, 186; XXXV, 417; XLII, 281; XLIV, 85; XLVI, 48; Lomax, p. 44; Pound, No. 73.

"The Texas Ranger." Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. June 21, 1935. With music.

## THE TEXAS RANGER

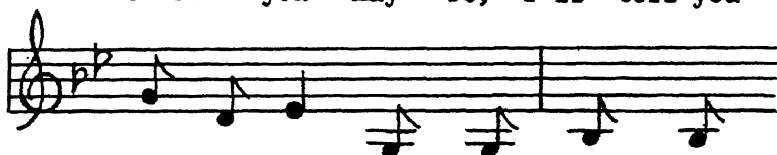
Sung by Mrs. Hopkins; noted by Mrs. Johnson



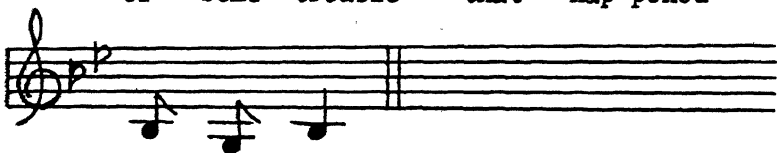
Come all ye Texas rangers, where-



ev-er you may be; I'll tell you



of some trouble that hap-pened



un-to me.

1. Come all you Texas rangers  
Wherever you may be,  
And I'll tell you of some trouble  
That happened unto me.

2. When I was the age of nineteen,  
I joined a jolly band  
To march from San Antonio  
Unto the Rio Grande.
3. Our captain he informed us,  
Perhaps he thought it right,  
That before we reached the station  
We'd surely have to fight.
4. We saw the smoke arising;  
It seemed to touch the sky,  
And the very first thought that struck me was  
"Is this my time to die?"
5. We saw the Indians coming;  
Our colonel gave command:  
"To arms, to arms!" he shouted,  
"And by your horses stand."
6. We fought them full nine hours  
Before the strife was o'er,  
And the like of the dead and wounded  
I never saw before.  
.....
7. Lest this be your situation,  
Although you like to roam,  
I'd advise you by experience  
You'd better stay at home.

## JOHNNIE O'ROGERS

Contributed by Miss Louise Husband, of New Harmony, Indiana. Posey County. Obtained from Mrs. Morris Stallings, of the same city. Miss Husband writes: "The following song has been handed down through four generations, and was sung by James Hamilton Cox, a Posey County pioneer. He was born in 1837 and died in 1911. . . . It was sung to his daughter, Mrs. Henry Hancock, who sang it to her daughter, Mrs. Louella Hancock Stallings, who in turn sang it to her son, Harold Trueman Stallings. . . . The tune is pretty, but as there isn't anyone around very adept at writing music who is free to spend the time on it, I can't get it for you." September 15, 1935.

1. 'T was Johnnie O'Rogers, the tin-maker man,  
Who lived in a garret in New Amsterdam,  
And showered down blessings like rain in the spring;  
All maids and maidens of him they will sing.

## Chorus

There never was yet a boy or man  
Who better could mend a kettle or pan  
Than Johnnie O'Rogers, the tin-maker man:  
Che whang! che whang! te rattle, te rattle te bang!

2. 'T was Johnnie O'Rogers had two pairs of eyes;  
His glasses, called specks, were uncommon in size.  
His nose, like a strawberry, racy and red,  
What a snuffer by daylight, that trumpeted in bed!
3. His pipe was a meerschaum of powder and clay;  
He smoked it and colored it many a day.  
Though short, black, and stumpy, his teeth held it tight,  
And he puffed up its business and carried it by its light.



## THE DERBY RAM

For other American texts and references, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 184; Colcord, p. 68; Flanders and Brown, p. 100; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 273; *Journal*, XVIII, 51; XXXVI, 377; XXXIX, 173; XLV, 44; Shoemaker, p. 266; Gordon, *Folk-Songs of America*, p. 74; Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, p. 175.

British: Kinlock, *The Ballad Book* (1827), p. 80; Chappell, *Old English Popular Music*, p. 140 ("Martin Said to His Man"); Broadwood and Maitland, *English County Songs*, pp. 44-47.

Analogues of this "lying song" are numerous. See, for example, *Journal*, XXIV, 300; *Roxburghe Ballads*, Nos. 34-35, p. 425 ("Tom Tell-Truth"); Bartok, *Hungarian Folk Music*, p. 183—

"I caught a gnat, it was bigger than a horse.  
I melted its fat, there was over a hogshead of it.  
|:Who believes this, is a donkey—worse than a horse.:|

and Grundtvig, *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*, No. 31—

"And I have yet a Danish horse  
Was born in Saebylund;  
And ev'ry time he goes to mill  
Bears fifteen hundred pounds."

## A

"The Mighty Sheep." Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. Learned from the singing of her mother, Mrs. A. J. Hopkins. June 4, 1935. With music.

1. There was a mighty sheep, sir;  
He was a Ram-o-ree;  
He was the biggest sheep, sir,  
That ever I did see.

Sing fractoroll, de, ding, ding,  
Sing fractoroll, de, day;  
Sing fractoroll, de, ding, ding,  
Sing fractoroll, de, day.

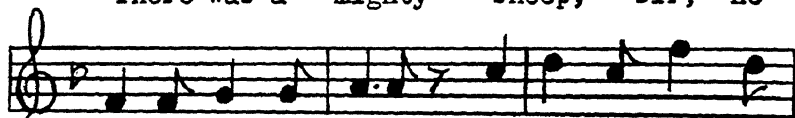
2. The sheep he had four feet, sir,  
And on them he did stand,  
And every time he set one down  
It covered an acre of land.

## THE DERBY RAM

Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



There was a mighty sheep, sir; he



was a Ram--o---ree; He was the big-gest



sheep, sir, that ever I did see!

3. The sheep he had two horns, sir,  
That reached up to the moon;  
A man went up in February  
And never got back till June.
4. The man that sheared the sheep, sir,  
Declared there was no doubt  
But that the fleece would make  
Ten thousand yards of cloth.
5. The man that butchered the sheep, sir,  
Was strangled in the blood,  
And all the men in Ireland  
Were drowned in the flood.
6. And if you don't believe me, sir,  
And think I tell a lie,  
Why, just go down to Derby town  
And see as well as I.

## B

"Hark to the Roaring Sheep!" Contributed by Dr. Claude Lomax, of Dale, Indiana. Spencer County. Obtained from Mr. Nath Underhill, of Doolittle Mills, Indiana. Perry County. February 5, 1936.

1. Hark to the roaring sheep, sir;  
Hark to the break of day,  
For the biggest sheep I ever saw  
Was fed on corn and hay.
2. Four feet he had, sir;  
Upon four feet he stood.  
Every foot he had, sir,  
Covered an acre of ground.<sup>1</sup>
3. The wool upon his back, sir,  
Reached to the sky;  
The eagles built their nests there,  
For I heard the young ones cry.
4. Two horns he had, sir,  
Reached up to the moon;  
A man went up in May, sir,  
And never got back till June.
5. One tooth he had, sir,  
Held a bushel of corn;  
The other tooth he had, sir,  
Made a good bugle horn.
6. The man that owned this sheep, sir,  
Was liable to get rich,  
But the man that made this song, sir,  
Was a lying son-of-a-b——!

---

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the second stanza of A.

## SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN

According to Cox, the incident commemorated by this American folk-song occurred at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, in 1761, the song being composed soon after. For other texts, under many different titles, see Belden's Missouri collection; Campbell and Sharp, II, 166; Cox, p. 292; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 184; *Journal*, XIII, 107; XXII, 366; XXIX, 188; XXXV, 515; XLIV, 116; XLV, 176; XLIX, 263; Pound, No. 42; *PTFLS*, VI, 210; Shoemaker, p. 126; *BFSSNE*, II, 10; III, 20; V, 14-15; VII, 4-5; VIII, 3-6; IX, 8-10; X, 6-8; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 223.

"Down in the Meadow." Communicated by Mrs. Oda Dearing, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. July 19, 1935.

1. Johnnie went down in the meadow for to mow;  
A poison snake bit him on the toe.  
To-do-ray, to-do-ray, to-do-ray, ro-do-ray.
2. "O Johnnie dear, what made you go  
Down in the meadow for to mow?"
3. "Why, Sally dear, I thought you knowed  
It was father's hay and it had to be mowed."

## 77

## THE FOX

For other English and American versions, see Baring-Gould and Sharp, *English Folk-Songs for Schools*, p. 64; Brown, p. 12; Campbell and Sharp, II, 332; Cox, p. 474; Graham, *Traditional Nursery Rhymes*, p. 37; Halliwell, *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, 1842, p. 30; Hewett, *Nummits and Crummits*, p. 196; *Journal*, XXXVI, 377; Logan, *A Pedlar's Pack of Ballads and Songs*, p. 292; Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 247; White, *American Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 177.

"Old Miss Flipper Flopper." Sent in by Mrs. John W. Wright, of Aurora, Indiana. Dearborn County. Learned in North Vernon, Jennings County, from the singing of her grandfather. January 17, 1936.

1. Old Miss Flipper Flopper flopped out of bed,  
    And out of the window she popped her head,  
Saying, "John, John, John, the gray goose is gone,  
    And the fox is off to his den-O, den-O, den-O,  
    And the fox is off to his den-O!"
2. John ran out to the top of the hill  
    And blew a blast both loud and shrill;  
The fox did say, "That's pretty music—still  
    I'd rather be off to my den-O, den-O, den-O,  
    I'd rather be off to my den-O!"

## KEEMO-KIMO

Only fragments of this old English nonsense rhyme have been found. For other texts and fragments, see Odum and Johnson, *Negro Workaday Songs*, p. 187; Scarborough, pp. 156 (air and fragments) and 285 (a version from Christy and Wood's *New Song Book*, an old minstrel songster); and White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, p. 175. Cf. also Kittredge's note in *Journal*, XXXV, 396.

## A

Communicated by Mr. A. T. McAllister, of Stendal, Indiana. Pike County. July 11, 1935.

1. Away down yonder on Beaver Creek,  
Sing-song, Kitty, won't you ki-meo?  
The fish there grow full sixteen feet,  
Sing-song, Kitty, won't you ki-meo?

Keemo-kimo, dear old wife,  
Hey diddle, hoe diddle, mummy diddle;  
Set back pennywinkle, Sally with your bootees on,  
Sing-song, Kitty, won't you ki-meo?

2. For to go to bed there is no use,  
Sing-song, Kitty, won't you ki-meo?  
Your feet stick out for a chicken roost,  
Sing-song, Kitty, won't you ki-meo?

## B

Sent in by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott, of New Harmony, Indiana. Posey County. October 15, 1935.

1. There was a frog lived in a spring,  
Sing-song, Kitty, can't you ki-me-o?  
He had such a cold that he couldn't sing,  
Sing-song, Kitty, can't you ki-me-o?

Keemo, kimo, doro-war  
My hi my ho my in comes Sally  
Singing sometimes Pennywinkle Linkum nip cat  
Sing-song, Kitty, can't you ki-me-o?

C

Sent in by Miss Elizabeth Weedman, of Bristow, Indiana, who could recall only the chorus. Perry County. "I learned the song 'Keemo-Kimo' when I was a very small child from Mrs. P. J. Coultas, of Tell City." January 8, 1936.

Keemo-kimo dar o are  
Me hi me ho me hum drum  
Periwinkle tick tack pit-a-pat  
Blue-eyed pussy cat  
Sing-song, Kitty, and away we go.

## SPEED, BONNIE BOAT

The following fragment was sung for me by Mr. William Jardine, of Terre Haute, Indiana. Vigo County. Mr. Jardine learned this song in Scotland from the singing of his father, Mr. Alexander Jardine, but had forgotten most of it. I am indebted to Professor Reed Smith, Dean of the Graduate School, University of South Carolina, for securing for me from Mr. Phillips Barry the complete text, given below as *B*. Professor Smith informs me that it is to be found in the Harrow School *Songbook*, p. 155, and in the Groton School *Sing-Song Book*, p. 126, under the title "Skye Boat Song." Contributed January 3, 1936.

## A

Mr. Jardine calls this "an old Jacobite song." He knows no title for it, so uses for a title the first three words.

1. Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing;  
    "Onward!" the sailors cry;  
    Carry the lad that's born to be king  
    Over the sea to Skye.

## B

1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar,  
    Thunder-clouds rend the air;  
    Baffled, our foes stand by the shore;  
    Follow they will not dare.  
    Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing,  
    "Onward!" the sailors cry;  
    Carry the lad that's born to be king  
    Over the sea to Skye.
2. Though the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep,  
    Ocean's a royal bed;  
    Rocked in the deep, Flora will keep  
    Watch by your weary head.  
    Speed, bonnie boat, &c.



3. Many's the lad fought on that day,  
Well the claymore could wield,  
When the night came, silently lay  
Dead on Culloden's field.  
Speed, bonnie boat, &c.
  
4. Burned are our homes; exile and death  
Scatter the loyal men.  
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath,  
Charlie will come again.  
Speed, bonnie boat, &c.

## LITTLE SPARROW

Only the following fragment of "Little Sparrow" has been found in this state. For other American texts, see Belden, No. 88; Campbell and Sharp, II, 128; Cox, p. 419; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 167; *Journal*, XLIV, 100; McGill, p. 23; Sharp, *American-English Folk-Songs*, 1st series, p. 32; Shearin and Combs, p. 26; Thomas, p. 82; Wyman and Brockway, p. 55; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 61.

No title given. Sent in by Mrs. Dora Ward, of Princeton, Indiana. Gibson County. November 16, 1935.

1. Once, like you, I had a true-love  
    Who vowed and declared he loved me true;  
    Then he went away and married another,  
    And that is the love they have for you.
2. I wish I was a little sparrow,  
    One of those kind that flies so high;  
    I would fly away to my true-love's window,  
    And there I'd talk as he passed by.
3. But I am not a little sparrow,  
    Neither have I those wings to fly;  
    So I'll set me down in grief and sorrow  
    And try to find some way to die.

## 81

## THE FATAL WEDDING

Four texts of this song have been recovered, and doubtless many others could easily be secured, as "The Fatal Wedding" was once extremely popular in this section.

Other American texts are to be found in Belden's collection (Missouri); Hudson, No. 56; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 195; Pound, No. 63; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 163; and Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep*, p. 172. See also Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 368 (no variant given, but see headnote).

## A

"The Fatal Wedding." Contributed by Mr. Gene Enlow, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from his grandfather, Mr. William Finch. No date given.

1. The wedding bells were ringing  
On a moonlight winter night;  
The church was decorated;  
All within was gay and bright.
2. A woman with her baby came  
And saw the lights aglow,  
And thought of how these same bells chimed  
For her three years ago.
3. "I'd like to be admitted, sir,"  
She told the sexton old,  
"Just for the sake of baby,  
To protect him from the cold."
4. He told her that the wedding there  
Was for the rich and grand;  
Amid the eager waiting throng  
Outside she'd have to stand.
5. She asked the sexton once again  
To let her step inside;  
"For baby's sake you may step in,"  
The gray-haired man replied.

6. "If anyone knows reason why  
This couple should not wed,  
Speak now or hold your peace forever,"  
So the preacher said.
7. "I must object," the woman said,  
In a voice so meek and mild;  
"The bridegroom is my husband,  
And this our little child."
8. "What proof have you?" the preacher said;  
"My infant," she replied.  
She raised the babe, and knelt in prayer;  
The little one had died.<sup>1</sup>
9. The parents of the bride then took  
The outcast wife and child;  
"We'll care for you through life," they said;  
"You've saved our child from harm."
10. The parents, bride, and outcast wife  
Then quickly drove away;  
The husband died by his own hand  
Before the break of day.
11. No wedding feast was spread that night;  
Two graves were made next day,  
One for the little baby,  
And in one the father lay.
12. The story has been often told  
By firesides warm and bright  
Of the parents, bride, and outcast wife  
And the fatal wedding night.

---

<sup>1</sup> A variant stanza is

The statement of the woman  
Was by the groom denied.  
She raised the babe, and knelt in prayer;  
The little one had died.

Refrain

While the wedding bells were ringing,  
The bride and groom were there,  
Marching up the aisle together  
As the organ pealed an air,  
Telling tales of fond affection,  
Vowing never more to part,  
Just another fatal wedding,  
Just another broken heart.

B

"Wedding Bells." Contributed by Miss Nelouise Mason, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from her grandmother, Mrs. Fannie Mason. March 12, 1935. Six long-line stanzas.

C

"The Fatal Wedding." Sent in by Mrs. Ira V. Rothrock, of Mount Vernon, Indiana. Posey County. Learned from the singing of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schultheis. June 3, 1935. Three eight-line stanzas.

D

"The Fatal Wedding." Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from an aunt, Mrs. Paul Mason, of Mifflin, Indiana. Crawford County. Six four-line stanzas.

## YOU'VE GOT TO PUT ON AIRS

Contributed by Mr. Martin G. Fowler, of Petersburg, Indiana. Pike County. Learned by him from Mr. Claiborn Scott, a cousin by marriage. Mr. Fowler writes that he learned this song more than sixty years ago, and that neither he nor Mr. Scott ever saw it in print. May 21, 1935. Cf. Cox, No. 184 ("Putting on the Style").

1. Oh, when a girl is about sixteen,  
    She really thinks she's "some";  
It's the dressed-up beau with the big mustache  
    She always fetches home.  
Two hours before the looking-glass,  
    To catch him she prepares;  
And when she gets her fix-ups on,  
    O don't she spread on airs?

## Chorus

- There's no use in talking, no use talking,  
    The truth itself declares  
If you do with folks that fashions do,  
    You've got to put on airs.
2. There's the rowdy boy with the big boots on;  
    He's always out for fun;  
And in one pocket is a pair of knucks  
    And in the other a gun.  
We see him race to the moving crowds,  
    And they all go off in pairs,  
But the one that leads the procession on  
    Is the one that puts on airs.
  3. There's old man Smart; he drives to church  
    And takes his family along;  
There he sings and he prays and he cuts a dash,  
    And he takes the preachers home.  
Away from church he takes his drinks,  
    And curses loud and long;  
Now people think it not amiss,  
    Because he spreads it on.

4. Now there's a man with his work clothes on ;  
    He sits in the crowd and stares ;  
He's got no part in the program there,  
    For he does not put on airs.  
He might have led the world to fame,  
    Or been their chief in fun,  
If he'd only spread on airs a bit  
    And 'a' put his fix-ups on.

# RACCOON'S GOT A BUSHY TAIL

Contributed by Miss Edith Del Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. War-  
rick County. July 26, 1935.

Stanza 1 appears in Campbell and Sharp, II, 330, and in Scarborough,  
pp. 165, 169. Stanza 2 appears in White, p. 232.

1. Raccoon's got a bushy tail;  
Possum's tail is bare;  
Rabbit's got no tail at all—  
Nothing but a little bunch of hair.

## Chorus

Get along home, home, home;  
Get along home, home, home;  
Get along home, home, home;  
Down the riverside.

2. Someone stole my old 'coon dog;  
They'd better bring him back.  
Chased the raccoon over the fence,  
And the rabbit through the crack.<sup>1</sup>
3. If I had a scolding wife,  
As sure as you are born,  
I'd take her down to New Orleans  
And trade her off for corn.
4. I went up on the mountain  
And gave my horn a blow;  
Thought I heard my true-love say,  
"O yonder comes my beau!"

---

<sup>1</sup>I remember this song because the tune was the first I learned to play (with two  
fingers) on the old parlor organ. The words to this stanza, as I learned them, were

Somebody's stole my old coon dog;  
I wish they'd bring him back.  
He chased the old ones over the fence  
And the little ones through the crack.



## SIMON SLICK

For other texts, see Odum and Johnson, *The Negro and His Songs*, p. 238; Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes* . . . , p. 47; and White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, pp. 227-28.

Professor White writes me<sup>1</sup> regarding Indiana B: ". . . your interesting version of 'Simon Slick' . . . is one of the most complete I have seen. . . . I have always regarded it as probably a descendant from old minstrel or vaudeville days or perhaps an independent composition for white corn-shuckings or other gatherings. The form and diction both make a Negro origin seem decidedly doubtful."

## A

Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from her father, Mr. Hiram Vaughan, who does not remember where he learned it, but says that he has known it since he was a boy. March 19, 1935.

1. There was a man in our town,  
His name was Simon Slick;  
He had a mule with dreamy eyes,  
And how that mule could kick!

## Chorus

Whoa, mule, whoa! whoa, mule, whoa!  
Every time a nigger looks 'round  
It's whoa, mule, whoa!

2. He'd shut one eye and shake his tail  
And greet you with a smile;  
He'd send a telegraph with his leg  
And kick you half a mile.
3. He kicked the feathers off a goose,  
He pulverized a hog,  
Dissected seven Chinamen,  
And killed a yaller dog.

<sup>1</sup>In a letter of January 28, 1935.

4. ....  
 He broke an elephant's back;  
 He stopped a Mexican railway train  
 And kicked it off the track.
5. He stopped a steamboat with his head  
 And kicked it out of sight;  
 He kicked a skating-rink in two  
 At nine o'clock at night.
6. He left the skaters on their heads,  
 A-gasping for their breath;  
 He poked one hindleg down his throat  
 And kicked himself to death.

B

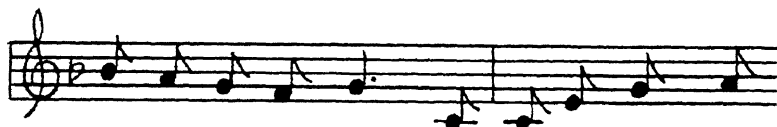
My own version, remembered from the singing of my father, Mr. Harold O. Brewster. With music.

SIMON SLICK

Tune furnished by the editor; noted by Mrs. Johnson



There was a man lived in our town, His



name was Simon Slick, He had a mule with



dreamy eyes, O how that mule could kick! He



kicked the feathers off a goose, He pulver-



ized a hog, Dis-sected seven China--



men, And killed a yaller dog. Whoa, mule,



whoa! whoa, mule, whoa! Ev'ry time that



nigger turned a-round, it's "whoa, mule, whoa!"

1. There was a man lived in our town,  
His name was Simon Slick;  
He had a mule with dreamy eyes,  
O how that mule could kick!

#### Chorus

Whoa, mule, whoa! whoa, mule, whoa!  
Ever' time that nigger turned 'round  
It was whoa, mule, whoa!

2. He'd shut one eye and shake his tail  
And greet you with a smile;  
And then he'd elevate his leg  
And kick you half a mile.

3.    He bit a Thomas cat in two  
         And pulverized a hog;  
      He seized seven Chinamen,  
         And killed a yellow dog.
  
4.    He kicked a feather from a goose  
         And broke an elephant's back;  
      He stopped a Texas railroad train  
         And kicked it off the track.

## THE BLUE-EYED BOY

Only one text of this song has been recovered. Cf. Pound, No. 102 ("My Blue-Eyed Boy").

Contributed by Miss Sylvia Vaughan, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from her mother, Mrs. Hiram Vaughan. March 28, 1935.

1. Remember well and bear in mind  
    A true good friend is hard to find,  
    But if you find one good and true  
    Change not the old one for the new.
2. Must I go bound and him go free;  
    Must I love one that don't love me;  
    Must I turn back to my childhood part,  
    And marry the one that broke my heart?
3. Then bring me back my blue-eyed boy;  
    O bring, O bring him back to me!  
    O bring me back the one I love,  
    And O so happy I will be!
4. I met my true-love in the park;  
    I met him with a broken heart,  
    Saying, "Be my true-love; I'm going away,  
    In some distant land to stay."
5. If I had wings like a snowy white dove,  
    I'd fly, I'd fly so very far away;  
    And then to the arms of the one I love,  
    And O so happy I would be!

## OLD DAN TUCKER

For other versions and fragments, see Gardner, *Folklore from the Scoharie Hills*, pp. 230, 236; *Journal*, XXIV, 309; XXVII, 131, 284; XXXII, 489; XXXIII, 116; XL, 23, 96; XLII, 209; XLIV, 16; Lomax, *American Ballads and Folk Songs*, p. 259; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, p. 150; Cambiaire, p. 140; Botkin, p. 260; Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 5; White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, pp. 160, 446. On pages 446-47 of the last-named book is a typical minstrel version taken from Marsh's *Selection*, p. 622.

## A

Contributed by Mr. Jesse Julian, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from his grandmother, Mrs. Mary Julian. April 16, 1935.

1. Old Dan Tucker went to town,  
Dancing the ladies all around,  
Some to the right and some to the left,  
And some to the ones he loved best.
2. Old Dan Tucker was a very fine man;  
He whipped his wife with a frying pan;  
He combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died with the toothache in his heel.
3. Old Dan Tucker climbed a tree,  
His Lord and Savior for to see;  
The limb it broke, and the bark it flew;  
The devil got the limb and Tucker, too.
4. Old Dan Tucker got a coal in his shoe;  
Lord God Almighty, how the ashes flew!

.....

.....

## B

Contributed by Miss Hollis Huey, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from an aunt, Mrs. Lela Chandler, of Glezen, Indiana. Pike County. April 22, 1935.

1. Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man,  
Washed his face in the frying pan,  
Combed his head with a wagon wheel,  
And died with the toothache in his heel.
2. Old Dan Tucker went down in town,  
Swinging the girls all around,  
First to the right and then to the left,  
Then to the one he loved the best.
3. Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker,  
Came home too late to get his supper;  
Supper was over and the dishes washed,  
.....<sup>1</sup>

## C

Contributed by Mr. Gene Enlow, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from his mother, Mrs. Hiram Enlow. May 27, 1935.

1. Out of the way for old Dan Tucker,  
He's too late to get his supper.  
Supper's eaten, dishes washed,  
Nothing left but a piece of squash.
2. Old Dan Tucker is now in town,  
Swinging the ladies all around,  
First to the right and then to the left,  
And then to the one that he loves best.

## D

Contributed by Mrs. Alidore Cassidy Huffman, of Tell City, Indiana. Perry County. March 15, 1936.

1. Old Dan Tucker was a queer old man;  
He whipped his wife with a frying-pan,  
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,  
And died with the toothache in his heel.
2. Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker;  
Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker;  
Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker;  
If you don't, you'll not be lucky.

---

<sup>1</sup> Cf. stanza 1 of C.

## THE BLUE-COAT MAN

Only one text of this song has been found. It seems to be related to "Well, She Ask Me in De Parlor" in Odum and Johnson, *The Negro and His Songs*, p. 258. Cf. also "She Hugged Me and Kissed Me" in Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 131; and Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 21 ("The Soldier Boy").

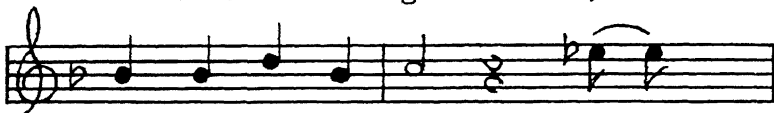
Contributed by Mrs. A. J. Hopkins, of Boonville, Indiana. Warrick County. June 5, 1935. With music.

## THE BLUE-COAT MAN

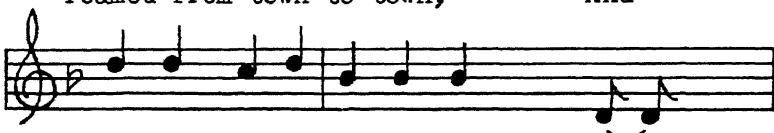
Sung by Miss Hopkins; noted by Miss Wilkin



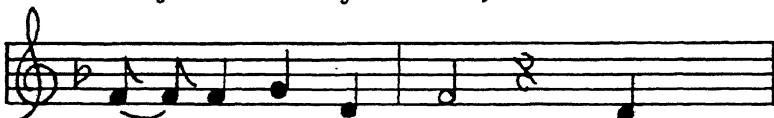
There was a roaming sol-dier; He



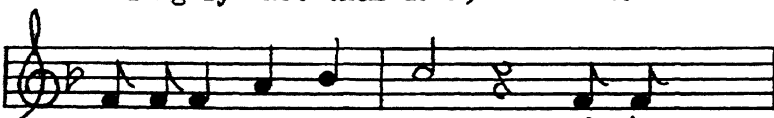
roamed from town to town, And



ev'ry en--e--my he saw, He



willing-ly shot them down; He

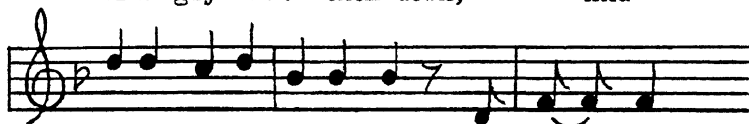


willingly shot them down; He

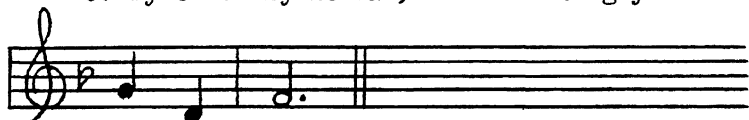




willingly shot them down; And



ev'ry en-e--my he saw, He willingly



shot them down.

1. There was a roaming soldier,  
He roamed from town to town,  
And every time he took a drink  
He paid the money down.

#### Chorus

He paid the money down,  
He paid the money down,  
And every time he took a drink,  
He paid the money down.<sup>1</sup>

2. He was the bravest soldier;  
He rode from town to town,  
And every enemy he'd see  
He'd willingly shoot him down.
3. His pockets lined with greenbacks,  
Six-shooter in his hand—  
The people wave their flags and shout,  
"Here comes the Blue-Coat Man!"

<sup>1</sup> The chorus is formed by using the last line of the stanza for the first, second, and fourth lines, and the third line of the stanza for the third line of the chorus.

4. He is a gallant soldier;  
His charger comes to stand;  
The ladies clap their hands with joy  
When they see the Blue-Coat Man.
5. She asked him in her parlor;  
She cooled him with her fan;  
She whispered low in her mother's ear,  
"I love the Blue-Coat Man."
6. "O daughter, O daughter,  
How can you treat me so,  
To leave your kind old mother  
And with your Blue-Coat go?"
7. "O mother, O mother,  
You know I love you well,  
But the love I have for my Blue-Coat Man  
No human tongue can tell."

## LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

See Shoemaker, *Mountain Minstrelsy of Pennsylvania*, pp. 138-39; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 30; and Neely, *Tales and Songs from Southern Illinois*, p. 226.

Contributed by Mrs. Helen T. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. "I am almost sure there are some other verses, but can't recall them." June 30, 1935.

1. I loved a little beauty, but she's not with me now;  
The lilies of the valley are growing o'er her brow;  
And now I'm sad and lonely and weeping all the day  
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

## Chorus

Tolled, tolled the bell at early dawn of day  
For lovely Nell, so quickly passed away;  
Tolled, tolled the bell so sad and mournfully  
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

2. I loved that little beauty, and my boat it was my pride,  
And with her close beside me, how joyous it was to ride;  
She'd laugh in tones so merry to see the waves go by,  
While wilder blew the stormy wind, and darker grew the sky.

.....

3. Next day her form, all lifeless, was washed upon the beach;  
I stood and gazed upon it, bereft of sense of speech.  
And now I'm sad and lonely, and weeping all the day  
For bright-eyed, laughing little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

## THE UNCONSTANT LOVER

Additional texts will be found in Campbell and Sharp, II, 177 (see also pp. 97 and 123 for stanzas incorporated into other songs); Cox, p. 425; Herd, *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, 1776, II, 180; *Journal*, XLIV, 84; XLV, 104, 105; *Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society*, IV, 33; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of England*, I, 25; Randolph, *The Ozarks*, p. 187; Cambiaire, *East Tennessee and Western Virginia Mountain Ballads*, p. 38. For references to other English and American versions, see *Journal*, XXX, 349-52.

From a MS collection in the possession of Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Written by Viola A. Cox, of Scalesville, Indiana, in 1887. Warrick County. August 4, 1936.

1. O Billy, O Billy, what makes you say so,  
     For I love my old father and mother also,  
     .....  
     And o'er this wide world with a darling boy go.
2. My friends and relation will mourn for my sake;  
     They say I have left them and followed a rake.  
     I will prove them all liars by the powers above;  
     There is nothing can save me but an innocent love.
3. To meeting, to meeting, to meeting, I'll go  
     To see young Jimmy, a boy that I know.  
     A meeting is a pleasure, but parting is grief,  
     And an unconstant lover is worse than a thief.
4. A thief can but rob you of that you have  
     And an unconstant lover will turn you to the grave.  
     The grave will consume you and turn you to dust;  
     There's not one man in twenty a poor girl can trust.
5. The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies;  
     She brings us good news, and she tells us no lies.  
     She sucks all sweet flowers to make her sing clear,  
     And she never sings "cuckoo" till summer is near.

6. Come all ye fair maidens, take warning by me;  
Never place your affections on the tallest of trees.  
The roots they will wither and the tops they will die;  
My true-love has slighted me, and I know not for why.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. *The Shirburn Ballads* (ed. Andrew Clark), pp. 189-91, where the title is given as "My heart is in pain my body within." The corresponding stanza of that version reads

All yow that be lovers, be warned by me;  
graft not the top on a saples tree:  
The top it will wither, the roote it will dye—  
then lost is your love in the turne of an eye.

## THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL

Other texts of "The True Lover's Farewell" or "Turtle Dove" will be found in Belden's Missouri collection; Campbell and Sharp, No. 61; Cox, p. 413; Butterworth, *Folk Songs from Sussex*, p. 20; Hammond, *Folk-Songs from Dorset*, p. 34; Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 170; *Journal*, XLIV, 96; XLV, 77; *JFSS*, II, 55; III, 86; IV, 286; Sandburg, p. 98; Sharp, *One Hundred English Folk-Songs*, No. 55; Sharp, *English Folk Songs*, I, 92; Sharp and Marson, *Folk-Songs from Somerset*, II, 26. See *Modern Language Review*, VI, 514 f. for a discussion by Shearin of the connection of this song with Burns's "Red Red Rose."

"The Crow Is Black." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Indiana from the singing of her father, Mr. Stephen Cox. Warrick County. "This is an old song my father sang fifty years ago." November 30, 1935.

1. O to me the time draws nigh  
    When you and I must part;  
But little do you think or know  
    The grief of my poor heart.

## Chorus

The grief of my poor heart, my love,  
The grief of my poor heart;  
But little do you think or know  
The grief of my poor heart.<sup>1</sup>

2. Sure I am troubled for your sake  
    Since you I loved too, dear;  
I wish that I could go with you,  
    Or that you could stay here.
3. Your company, my dearest dear,  
    Most charming it is to me;  
It appears to me when you're away  
    That every day is three.
4. That every hour (day?) is three, love,  
    And every hour is ten;  
It causes me to weep when I might sleep,  
    And say I lost a friend.

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<sup>1</sup>The last two lines of the chorus are always the last two lines of the preceding stanza

5. Your eyes are of a sparkling jet;  
    Like diamonds they do shine.  
Your disposition is so sweet  
    It charms this heart of mine.
6. Of all the girls I ever saw  
    And all the girls I knew,  
What would I care for this whole world  
    If I was married to you?
7. The crow is black, my love, you know,  
    Although she may turn white;  
If ever I prove false to you,  
    Bright day shall turn to night.
8. Bright day shall turn to night, my love,  
    The sky itself shall turn.  
The elements shall melt with heat;  
    The sea shall rage and burn.
9. I wish my breast was made of glass,  
    Wherein you might behold  
Your name engraved all on my heart,  
    The letters sealed with gold.
10. Of all the girls I ever saw,  
    Believe me what I say,  
You are the one that I shall love  
    Until my dying day.

## ONE MORNING IN MAY

This is a version of "The Forsaken Girl," a song which in turn is related to the English "The Poor Stranger." See, for other versions, Cox, p. 279 ("The Rebel Soldier," an adaptation); Lomax, p. 292 ("Jack o' Diamonds"); Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin* . . . , 2d series, p. 52 ("The Rebel Soldier," a Virginia text).

Communicated by Mr. O. F. Kirk, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Pike County from his mother. July 23, 1936.

1. One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I heard a fair damsel lamenting and say,  
I heard a fair damsel lamenting and mourn,  
Saying, "I am a poor stranger and far from my home."

## Chorus

- O William, O William, it is for your sake alone  
That I left my kind father, my country and home,  
That I left my dear mother, who for me now do mourn;  
For I am a poor stranger and far from my home.
2. You told me that you loved me, your heart lay in my breast,  
And if we didn't get married you never more would rest;  
But now you are away and I am left to roam,  
And I am a poor stranger and far from my home.
  3. I'll build me a cottage on some green hill so high,  
That the wild geese may see me as they are passing by;  
And the turtle dove may hear me and help me to mourn,  
For I am a poor stranger and far from my home.



## KITTY WELLS

For other texts, see Cox, p. 395 (see headnote for broadside and songster references); Pound, No. 94; Shearin and Combs, p. 22; Shoemaker, p. 119; *Journal*, XLVI, 47; Henry, *Songs Sung in the Southern Appalachians*, p. 185; Neely, *Tales and Songs of Southern Illinois*, p. 223.

## A

"Sweet Kitty Wells." Contributed by Miss June Falls, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from an aunt, Mrs. Paul Mason, of Mifflin, Indiana. Crawford County. May 12, 1935.

1. You ask what makes this darky weep,  
    Why he, like others, am not gay,  
What makes the tears roll down my cheek  
    From early morn till close of day?  
My story, darkies, you shall hear,  
    For in my memory fresh it dwells;  
It will cause you all to drop a tear  
    O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.
2. I never shall forget the day  
    That we together roamed the dells;  
I kissed her cheek and named the day  
    That I would marry Kitty Wells.  
But death came to my cabin door  
    And took from me my joy and pride,  
And when I found it was no use  
    I laid my banjo down and cried.
3. O the birds were singing in the morning;  
    The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
The sun on the hilltops adorning;  
    It was there we laid her in the tomb.  
The springtime has no charm for me,  
    Though flowers are blooming in the dells;  
For that sweet form I do not see  
    Is the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

B

"Kitty Wells." Contributed by Miss Hollis Huey, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from Mrs. Martha Johnson. April 3, 1935.

1. You ask what makes this darky weep,  
Why he like others am not gay,  
What makes the tears roll down his cheek  
From early morn till close of day?
2. My story now you all shall hear,  
For in my memory fond it dwells;  
'T will cause you each to shed a tear  
O'er the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.
3. Where the birds were singing in the morning  
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
While the sun o'er the hilltops was dawning,  
'T was there we laid her in the tomb.
4. I never shall forget the day  
When with sweet Kitty in the dells  
I kissed her cheek and named the day  
That I should marry Kitty Wells.
5. But death came to her cottage door  
And stole away my joy and pride,  
And when I found she was no more,  
I laid my banjo down and cried.

C

"Kitty Wells." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Warrick County from her father, Mr. Stephen Cox. November 30, 1937. Lacks stanza 2 of B, and has the following closing stanza:

The springtime has brought no charms for me  
And flowers blooming in the dells;  
There is one form I cannot see,  
And that's the form of Kitty Wells.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG

For other texts, see Flanders and Brown, p. 50 ("The Auld Soldier") and White, *American Negro Folk Songs*, p. 401.

Contributed by Miss Mary Gene Waller, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Obtained from an uncle, Mr. Harrison Risley. February 17, 1935.

1.   There was an old soldier  
      And he had a wooden leg;  
      He had no tobacco,  
      And no tobacco could he beg.

Chorus

So save up your money  
      And throw away your rocks,<sup>1</sup>  
And you'll always have tobacco  
      In your old tobacco box.

2.   Said the soldier to the sailor,  
      "Won't you give me a chew?"  
      "O no," said the sailor,  
      "I'll be dogged if I do!"

---

<sup>1</sup> I have always heard this line given as "And *save up* your rocks."

## THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

This is an ancient English carol, and the only specimen of that type of folksong recovered in this state. The earliest version is to be found, as Professor Gerould points out (*The Ballad of Tradition*, p. 34), in the same manuscript, MS Trin. Coll., Cambridge, B.14.39, as the thirteenth-century "Judas" and in the same handwriting. It bears there the title "Twelfth Day." In olden times in England there was a twelve-day period of merry-making during the Christmas season, and "The Twelve Days of Christmas" recounts the gifts given by the lover to his sweetheart on the twelve successive days.

Other texts, American and British, appear in *Journal*, XIII, 230; XVIII, 57; XXX, 365; XLVI, 46; *Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 244; Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Border*, p. 71; Flanders and Brown, p. 86; *JFSS*, V, 277; Gardner, *Folklore from the Schoharie Hills*, p. 198. One version is given as a rhyme in *Béaloideas*, III, 413.

Gomme, *The Traditional Games . . .*, II, gives four versions: I from Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes*, cccxvi; II from Chambers, *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, p. 42; III from an oral source; and IV from Halliwell, *op. cit.*, cvi, cclxxx. In III the song is part of a forfeit game.

The Flanders and Brown version I give below as B.

## A

"A Christmas Song." Communicated by Mrs. Rufus Bass, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned from her father, Mr. John Bilderback, in Wayne County, Illinois, near Mount Airy. August 3, 1935.

The twelfth day of Christmas  
 Truly<sup>1</sup> sent me  
 Twelve goats milking,  
 Eleven bears bleating,<sup>2</sup>  
 Ten bulls roaring,  
 Nine maids dancing,  
 Eight lads leaping,  
 Seven swans swimming,  
 Six geese laying,  
 Five gold rings,  
 Four collie<sup>3</sup> birds,  
 Three French hens,  
 Two turtle doves,  
 A partridge in a pear tree.

<sup>1</sup> For *truelove*.

<sup>2</sup> A mix-up here!

<sup>3</sup> Probably for *colored*. Cf. B.

## B

The twelfth day of Christmas  
My true love sent to me  
Twelve lions roarin',  
Eleven bears a-leapin',  
Ten lords a-prayin',  
Nine maids a-dancin',  
Eight hares a-runnin',  
Seven swans a-swimmin',  
Six geese a-layin',  
Five gold rings,  
Four colored birds,  
Three French hens,  
Two turtle doves,  
And a partridge upon a pear tree.

## WILLIE AND MARY

This song is a good example of the fidelity-test type. The hero, after having been away for a number of years at sea or in the wars, returns to his sweetheart. Either because of his having adopted a disguise or for some other reason, she fails to recognize him. He pretends to be a stranger, and attempts to supplant the supposedly absent lover in her affections. On finding that she is true, he reveals himself to her, and a happy reunion follows. Other songs of this type are "The Broken Token," "The Single Sailor," "The Banks of Claudie," "The Broken Ring," "Fair Phoebe and her Dark-eyed Sailor," "George Reilly," "The Sailor's Return," etc.

For other American texts, see Flanders and Brown, p. 150; Hudson, *Folk-Songs*, p. 153; *Journal*, XLV, 102; and Pound, No. 93.

Communicated by Mrs. H. M. Harden, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. Learned in Pike County about forty years ago from a cousin, Mr. Charles Colvin. May 22, 1935.

1. The beggar tore off the patch from his eye  
And dropped the crutch at his side;  
His cheeks red as roses and blooming with health,  
'T was William that stood at her side.
2. "Forgive me, kind miss, for what I have done;  
'T was only your love that I tried;  
This very, very day to some church we will go,  
And I'll make little Mary my bride."

## SOLDIER, SOLDIER, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

Additional American texts will be found in Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 93; Campbell and Sharp, II, 40; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin* . . ., 2d series, p. 62; Brown, p. 10; Sharp, *Nursery Songs from the Appalachian Mountains*, No. 5. English texts appear in Dearmer and Shaw, *Song Time*, p. 82; and *JFSS*, V, 156.

Contributed by Mrs. Helen T. Little, of Knoxville, Iowa. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. June 23, 1935.

1. "Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,  
    With your fife and drum?"  
    "How could I marry such a pretty girl as you,  
    With these old clothes on?"
2. Off to the tailor's she did go,  
    Fast as she could run,  
    Bought him a suit, the finest and the best,  
    Saying, "Soldier, put this on."
3. "Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,  
    With your fife and drum?"  
    "How could I marry such a pretty girl as you,  
    With this old hat on?"
4. Off to the hat shop she did go,  
    Fast as she could run,  
    Bought him a hat, the finest and the best,  
    Saying, "Soldier, put this on."
5. "Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,  
    With your fife and drum?"  
    "How could I marry such a pretty girl as you,  
    With these old shoes on?"
6. Off to the shoe shop she did go,  
    Fast as she could run,  
    Bought him some shoes, the finest and the best,  
    Saying, "Soldier, put these on."
7. "Soldier, soldier, will you marry me,  
    With your fife and drum?"  
    "How could I marry such a pretty girl as you  
    And have two wives at home?"

## THE WHITE PILGRIM

For other versions of this song, see Hudson, *Folksongs*, p. 209, and Jackson, *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America*, No. 18. Part II of the Indiana text does not, so far as I know, appear in any other version.

The legend which Professor Hudson quotes (page 209, headnote) I have heard also in this state. However, no *locale* was given.

Communicated in manuscript by Mr. O. F. Kirk, of Oakland City, Indiana, who tells me that it was considered an old song when he was a boy (he is now more than seventy-five), and that he has never seen it in print.

## Part I

1. I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,  
and pensively stood by his Tomb,  
When in a loe whisper a voice seemed to say:  
"how sweetly I sleep here alone.
2. "The Tempest may howl, and loud thunders role  
and gathering storms may arise,  
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul  
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
3. "The cause of my Master compelled me from home  
I bid my companion farewell,  
I left my dear children, who for me does mourn,  
In far distant regions to dwell.
4. "I wanderd an exile and Pilgrim below  
To publish salvation abroad,  
The Trump of the Gospel endeavor to blow  
Inviting poor sinners to God.
5. "But when amoung strangers, and far from my home,  
No Kindred or relation nigh,  
I met the contagion and sank in the Tomb,  
My spirit to mansions on high.



6. "Go tell my companion and children most dear  
to weep not for the loved one thats gone,  
The same hand thats led me through siezens, dark and drear  
has kindly conducted me home."

## Part II

7. I called at the house of the mourner below,  
I enterd the mansion of grief.  
The Tears of deep sorrow, most freely did flow,  
I tried, but could give no relief.
8. There sat a lone widow, dejected and sad,  
by affliction and sorrow oppressed,  
and there were her children in mourning arrayed  
and sighs were escaping each breast.
9. I spoke to the widow, concerning her grief,  
I asked for the cause of her woe.  
And why there was nothing could give her relief  
or sooth her deep sorrow below.
10. She gaised at her children, then looked upon me,  
that look I shall never forget.  
More eloquent far than a seraph can be  
It spoak of the troubles she met.
11. "The hand of affliction falls heavily now,  
I am left with my children to mourn.  
The friend of my youth, lies silent and loe  
In yonder cold graveyard alone.
12. "But why should I mourn, or feel to complain  
or think that my fortun is hard.  
The affliction I have met is truly his gain,  
He enterd the joys of his Lord.
13. "His work is completed and finished below,  
His last tears has fallen I trust.  
He has preached his last sermon, and met his last foe,  
Has conquered, and is now at rest."

## WILL THE WEAVER

For other versions, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 207; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 328; Williams, *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 106.

Contributed by Mrs. C. L. Mansfield, Eaton, Indiana. Text and air collected by Miss Esther M. Wall. For this song I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Gordon F. Briggs, State Director, Federal Writers' Project. October 11, 1937. With music.

## WILL THE WEAVER

Text contributed by Mrs. C. L. Mansfield; noted by  
Miss Doris Mansfield



Mother, mother, now I'm mar--ried,



And I wish I'd long--er tar--ried;



For my wife doth now de--clare That the



breeches she will wear.

1. "Mother, mother, now I'm married  
And I wish I'd longer tarried,  
For my wife doth now declare  
That the breeches she will wear."

2. "Dearest son, go home and love her;  
Never let her once discover,  
And if once she doth rebel  
Take a stick and whip her well."
3. Going home he met a neighbor  
Who had something for to tell him:  
"Neighbor, neighbor, you don't know  
What I saw at your house just now."
4. "There I saw Will the Weaver  
And your wife stood close beside him;  
At the threshold by the door  
They went in, I saw no more."
5. Going home in a wonder,  
Knocking at the door like thunder,  
"Who is there?" the weaver cried;  
" 'T is my husband, you must hide!"
6. Up the chimney Willie scampered;  
In the door the husband entered,  
Searched the room all round and round.  
Nothing of him could be found.
7. Till at length the thought forstooked  
Up the chimney for to look him;  
There he found the wretched soul  
Perched upon the trammel pole.
8. From the trammel pole he took him;  
Round and round the room he shook him,  
Crying out at every stroke,  
"Come no more to stop my smoke!"
9. Never was a chimney sweeper  
Half so black as Will the Weaver,  
Clothes and hands and face likewise;  
He went home with two black eyes.

# PRETTY SAIREY

For additional versions, see Campbell and Sharp, II, 10; *Journal*, XLV, 113; and Scarborough, *Song Catcher*, p. 327.

"Pretty Sairey." Contributed by Mrs. Phoebe Elliott, of New Harmony, Indiana. Posey County. August 21, 1935.

1. 'Way down in some lone valley or in some other place  
Where the small birds do whistle and their notes do increase,  
I'll think on pretty Sairey, her ways so complete;  
I love her, my Sairey, from her head to her feet.
2. My love she won't have me, as I understand;  
She wants a freeholder, and I have no land.  
Yet I could maintain her on silver and gold  
And as many other fine things as my love's house could hold.
3. I went to my Sairey, my love to unfold,  
To tell her my passion, so brave and so bold;  
I said to her, "Sairey, will you be my bride,  
And walk with me ever, right here at my side?"
4. "I love you, my Sairey, as you can well see;  
I'll take you a-travelling o'er land and o'er sea.  
Silks, satins, and jewels I'll buy you to wear,  
For there's no one, my true love, to me is more dear."
5. Then Sairey she held out her sweet little hand  
And said, "I can't love you, for you have no land;  
I've promised another to be his dear wife  
And walk with him ever, for the rest of my life."
6. "Farewell, pretty Sairey, my true-love!" I said;  
"I go from your presence; I wish I was dead.  
Some other lover will kneel at your feet  
And take the dear kisses I once thought so sweet."

## 100

## FULLER AND WARREN

This song, known also as "Ye Sons of Columbia," is a genuine Indiana product, celebrating a killing in Dearborn County, and the subsequent execution of the slayer in Lawrenceburg, the county seat. Seven texts have been recovered.

The song seems to have been composed soon after the murder (which occurred sometime before 1850), but the identity of the composer is unknown. In her column, "A Hoosier Listening Post," Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, special writer for the *Indianapolis Star*, carried on (in 1925) a search for and discussion of old Indiana songs. Among the songs contributed was "Fuller and Warren," the authorship of which was commonly attributed to Moses Whitecotton. Mrs. Rabb, however, believed this to be incorrect. The quoted comments given below I have excerpted from letters written to Mrs. Rabb in 1925, and sent me by her in 1935.

"I saw a request in the 'Hoosier Listening Post' asking anyone who had a version of the song 'Fuller and Warren' to send them a copy of it, and I have lost the address so I will send it to the *Star*, hoping it may find the person who asked for it. The story was told me by my father and mother. It was written by an old Scotchman named Whitecotton; I do not know his given name. He was an old man when my father knew him. He stayed as a guest at my great-grandfather's, Joseph Frakes in Orange Township, Rush County, Indiana, near Moscow. This Mr. Frakes was my mother's grandfather. He was a pioneer of Indiana coming here from Kentucky. He was a ranger in the War of 1812. He was living in Kentucky at the time Fuller was hung. Fuller was a Kentucky man. There was a gang of men on horseback came to the river but the ferry boat was on the Indiana side of the river, and the river was past fording. They had to ride some ways to get across and the hanging was over when they reached Lawrenceburg. They were intending to rescue Fuller, and my great-grandfather said if they could have crossed the river at Lawrenceburg there would have been a fight, but it was all over when they did get there. My father was a near neighbor to Mr. Frakes and often heard him tell the story of Fuller and Warren. My father was born in 1828, my mother in 1827. Father was ninety-six years old when he died; he was a Civil War soldier. I have heard my mother sing 'Fuller and Warren' many times." (Mrs. Ada Fenley, Route 1, Greensburg, Decatur County.)

"As to who he (Whitecotton) was or what he was I don't think they knew any more about him than you or I. My father often heard him sing his songs, and he claimed to have composed them. As to the truth of it I cannot say, but that there was such a character as Old Whitecotton I am sure. And my father often told me of a remarkable picture he painted on a large board, of 'John's Vision' as given in 'Revelations' of the Beast with 7 heads and 10 horns cloven feet and all. Each head was of a different kind, all fierce and lifelike, apparently in action except the one of the snake, which was hanging limp as if dead. 'John' was standing with one foot on the land and one on the water, with one hand raised above his head, while

in the background a negro was running as if terribly scared, looking back over his shoulder the white in his eyes showing. Father said my great-grandfather placed it on his mantel board and it stayed there as long as the old man lived. Father never knew what did become of it. I suppose they were glad to destroy it. . . . How strange that after a hundred years there are those that are trying to get those old ballads and that Old Whitecotton would ever be heard of! I can't think of anyone living now who could tell you anything of him; they are all gone. . . . I have written this just because I want to and because you understand." (Mrs. Ada Fenley, Greensburg, Decatur County. This letter is dated June 10, 1925, at which time Mrs. Fenley was seventy years old.)

"I saw in your column a letter from Ada Fenley in regard to the ballad of 'Fuller and Warren.' I am a great-granddaughter of the author and his name was Moses Whitecotton; he composed that ballad and also put the music to it and lots of other songs and poetry and he was also an artist. We had so many of his pieces, but they got destroyed in a fire. There is a verse or two we have forgotten of 'Fuller and Warren.' We would be very glad to get them through the *Star* or direct to me, and anything else concerning him we would be very thankful to receive." (Mrs. Cynthia Rice, 428 East Pearl St., Lebanon, Indiana. This letter is dated June 16, 1925.)

For other texts, see Cox, p. 217; Lomax, p. 126; Pound, No. 49; Belden, No. 16 (cf. *Journal*, XXV, 12, and *Modern Philology*, II, 574). The incident upon which the song is based has been thoroughly treated by Mr. Phillips Barry in *Bulletin* No. 9 of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast.

## A

"Warren and Fuller." Sent in by Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Vanderburg County. "This was an actual occurrence in the recollection of my grandfather." November 22, 1935.

1. Ye sons of Columbia, your attention I crave  
     Whilst a sorrowful ditty I do tell  
     Which has happened here of late in the Indiana state,  
     Of a hero whom none did excel.
2. Like Samson he courted and made choice of the fair,  
     And intended to make her his wife,  
     But she, like Delilah, when she did his heart ensnare,  
     O she cost him his honor and his life.
3. A golden ring he gave her in token of his love;  
     On the ring was an image of a dove;  
     They mutually agreed to get married in speed,  
     And was promised by the powers up above.

4. But this fickle-minded maid she did vow again to wed  
Unto Warren, a liver of the place;  
O it was a fatal blow, for it caused his overthrow  
And added to her shame and disgrace.
5. When brave Fuller came to hear he was deprived of his dear,  
And was promised by the powers to wed,  
Unto Warren he did go with his heart full of woe,  
And smiling, unto him thus he said :
6. "Young man, you have wronged me to gratify your cause  
By reporting I left a prudent wife;  
O Warren, you have wronged me! Although I break the laws,  
O Warren, I'll deprive you of your life!"
7. At this Warren replied, "Your request must be denied,  
For what I said was true renown;  
And further I can say this is my wedding day  
In spite of all the heroes in town."
8. And then by the anger of love and passion bound,  
Which has caused many a hero to cry,  
Then at one fatal shot he killed Warren on the spot,  
And smiling, says, "I'm willing now to die."
9. Brave Fuller was condemned by the courts of Lawrenceburg,  
Condemned in Dearborn for to die,  
To die an ignominious death, for to hang above the earth,  
Like Haman on the gallows so high.
10. The time was drawing nigh when brave Fuller was to die;  
He most cheerfully bid the audience adieu.  
Like an angel he did stand, for he was a handsome man;  
On his bosom he wore a ribbon of the blue.
11. The smiling gods of love looked with anger from above,  
While the ropes flew asunder like the sand;  
Two doctors for their prey did the murder, we may say,  
For they hung him by the main strength of hand.
12. One pleasing consolation must well remembered be;  
While the gallows hung over his head,  
He had been baptized and from all sin set free,  
And his spirit unto glory had fled.

## B

"Fuller and Warren." Contributed by Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb, special writer for the *Indianapolis Star*. Obtained in 1925 from a correspondent in Lebanon, Indiana. September 6, 1935.

1. Ye sons of Columbia, your attention I do crave  
While a sorrowful ditty I do tell  
That happened here of late in this Indiana state  
Of a hero there's none doth excel.  
Like Samson, he courted and made choice of the fair,  
Intending to make her his wife;  
But she, like Delilah, his heart she did ensnare,  
And it cost him both his honor and his life.
2. A gold ring he gave her in token of his love,  
And on it was the image of a dove;  
And they mutually agreed to be married with speed,  
And they promised by the powers above.  
But this fickle-minded maid she vowed again to wed  
To young Warren, a liver in that place,  
Which was a fatal blow, for it proved his overthrow  
And added to her shame and disgrace.
3. For when Fuller came to hear he was deprived of his dear  
Whom he'd vowed by the powers to wed,  
With his heart full of woe, unto Warren he did go,  
And smiling, unto him this he said:  
"Young man, you have injured me to gratify your cause  
By reporting I have left a prudent wife;  
Now acknowledge you have wronged me or I will break the  
O Warren, I'll deprive you of your life." [laws;
4. Then Warren he replied, "Your request must be denied,  
For my heart to your darling is bound;  
And further I can say this is our wedding day  
In spite of all the heroes in town."  
Then Fuller, by the passion of love and anger bound  
(Alas, it caused many to cry!),  
For at one fatal shot he killed Warren on the spot,  
And smiling said, "I'm willing now to die."



5. Then Fuller was condemned by the honorable court  
    Of Lawrenceburg, in Dearborn to die  
That ignominious death, to be hanged above the earth  
    Like Haman, on the gallows so high.  
When the moment drew nigh that brave Fuller was to die,  
    With a smile he bid the audience adieu;  
Like an angel he did stand, for he was a handsome man;  
    On his bosom wore a ribbon of blue.
6. But the smiling God of Love looked with anger from above,  
    And the rope flew asunder like the sand;  
Two doctors for their prey did the murder, we may say,  
    For they hung him by the main strength of hand.  
His body it was buried and the doctors lost the prize,  
    And the maiden was deprived of a groom;  
His spirit is exalted above the starry skies;  
    She is silently lamenting her sad doom.
7. Now to you who have good wives who are loyal and kind,  
    Pray crown them with honor and with love;  
For it is my weak opinion that they are hard to find;  
    'T is a treasure from the powers above.  
From all the ancient history that I can understand,  
    And we're bound by the Scriptures to believe,  
Bad women are essentially the downfall of man  
    As Adam was beguiled by Eve.
8. It is not a railing spirit nor wicked desire,  
    Nor solemnity is not my design;  
Look in Genesis and Judges, and Samuel, Kings, and Job,  
    And the proof of this doctrine you'll find.  
For marriage is a lottery, and few that draw the prize  
    That is pleasing to the heart and the eye,  
And they that never marry may well be called wise;  
    So, gentlemen, excuse me; goodbye!

## C

"Fuller and Warren." From a MS in the possession of Mrs. T. M. Bryant, of Evansville, Indiana. Written by Miss Dora McNeely, April 10, 1892. August 4, 1936. Twelve four-line stanzas. In stanza 4 the lady is called "feeble-minded" instead of "fickle-minded."

D

"Fuller and Warren." Contributed by Mrs. Mary J. Shriver, of East St. Louis, Illinois. Learned in Warrick County, Indiana. November 30, 1935. Twelve four-line stanzas. Like A.

E

"Fuller and Warren." Sent in by Mr. M. L. Lasher, of Chicago, Illinois. Learned about fifty years ago in Perry County, Indiana, from the singing of Mr. Henry Sprinkle. November 16, 1935. Eight four-line stanzas. Like B, but has one slightly different stanza.

Ten thousand spectators were assembled there,  
 And many were the teardrops from the eye;  
 It's an ignominious death for to hang up in the air  
 Like Haman, on the gallows so high.

F

"Fuller and Warren." Sent in by Mrs. Kate Milner Rabb. Obtained in 1925 from Mrs. Ada Fenley, of Greensburg, Indiana. Decatur County. September 6, 1935. Six four-line stanzas.

G

"Brave Fuller." Communicated by Mrs. James Williams, of Oakland City, Indiana. Gibson County. September 18, 1935. Three stanzas.

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